

CHILLS AND THRILLS!

Special!  
exciting  
number

# SILVER STREAK COMICS

STARRING THE DAREDEVIL

No. 14  
SEPTEMBER  
10¢

CAPT. BATTLE  
vs.  
THE NAZI  
SKULL MEN

Capt. Battle and Hale dived in, fists flying. Down went the Skull-Men, knocked cold. But a new horde of frightful creatures dashed forward...see page 8.

EVERY COMIC A LEADING FEATURE  
CAPT. BATTLE • SILVER STREAK • DAREDEVIL  
PRESTO MARTIN • CLOUD CURTIS • THUNDOR  
DICKIE DEAN • PIRATE PRINCE  
THE CAPT. BATTLE BOYS' BRIGADE

BINDER





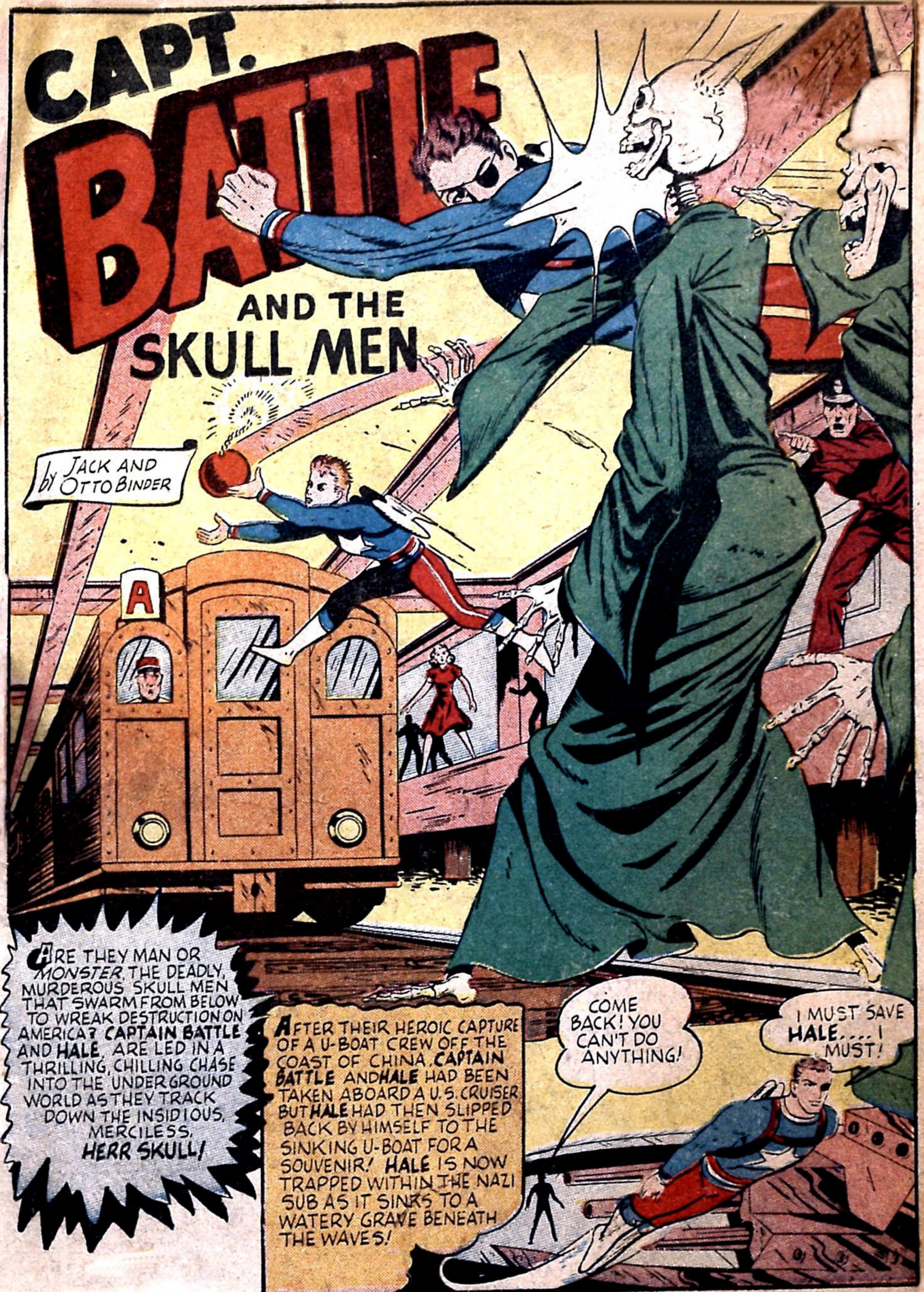
# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# CAPT. BATTLE

## AND THE SKULL MEN

by JACK AND OTTO BINDER



ARE THEY MAN OR MONSTER, THE DEADLY, MURDEROUS SKULL MEN THAT SWARM FROM BELOW TO WREAK DESTRUCTION ON AMERICA? CAPTAIN BATTLE AND HALE, ARE LED IN A THRILLING, CHILLING CHASE INTO THE UNDERGROUND WORLD AS THEY TRACK DOWN THE INSIDIOUS, MERCILESS, HERR SKULL!

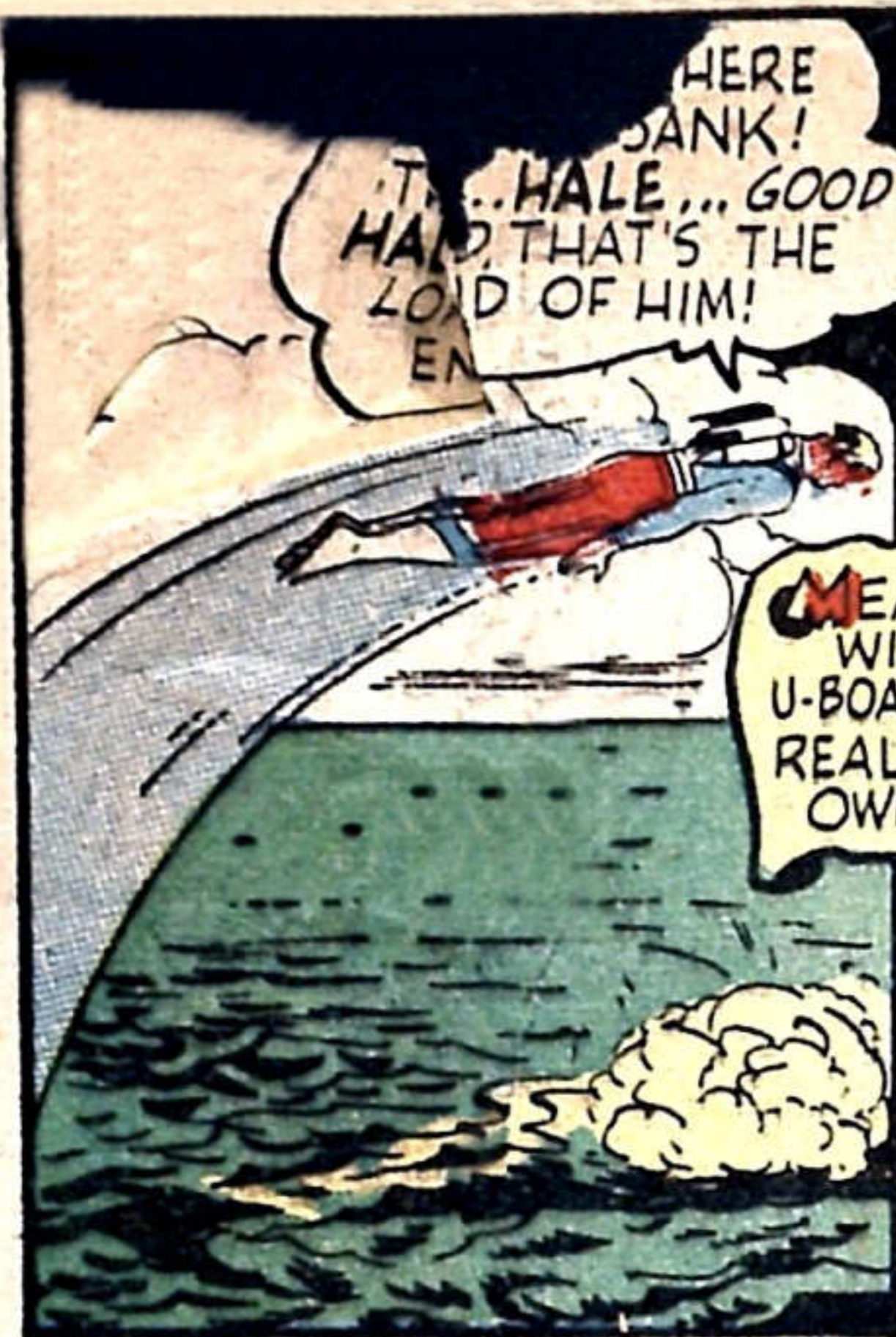
AFTER THEIR HEROIC CAPTURE OF A U-BOAT CREW OFF THE COAST OF CHINA, CAPTAIN BATTLE AND HALE HAD BEEN TAKEN ABOARD A U.S. CRUISER BUT HALE HAD THEN SLIPPED BACK BY HIMSELF TO THE SINKING U-BOAT FOR A SOUVENIR! HALE IS NOW TRAPPED WITHIN THE NAZI SUB AS IT SINKS TO A WATERY GRAVE BENEATH THE WAVES!

COME BACK! YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING!

I MUST SAVE HALE... I MUST!

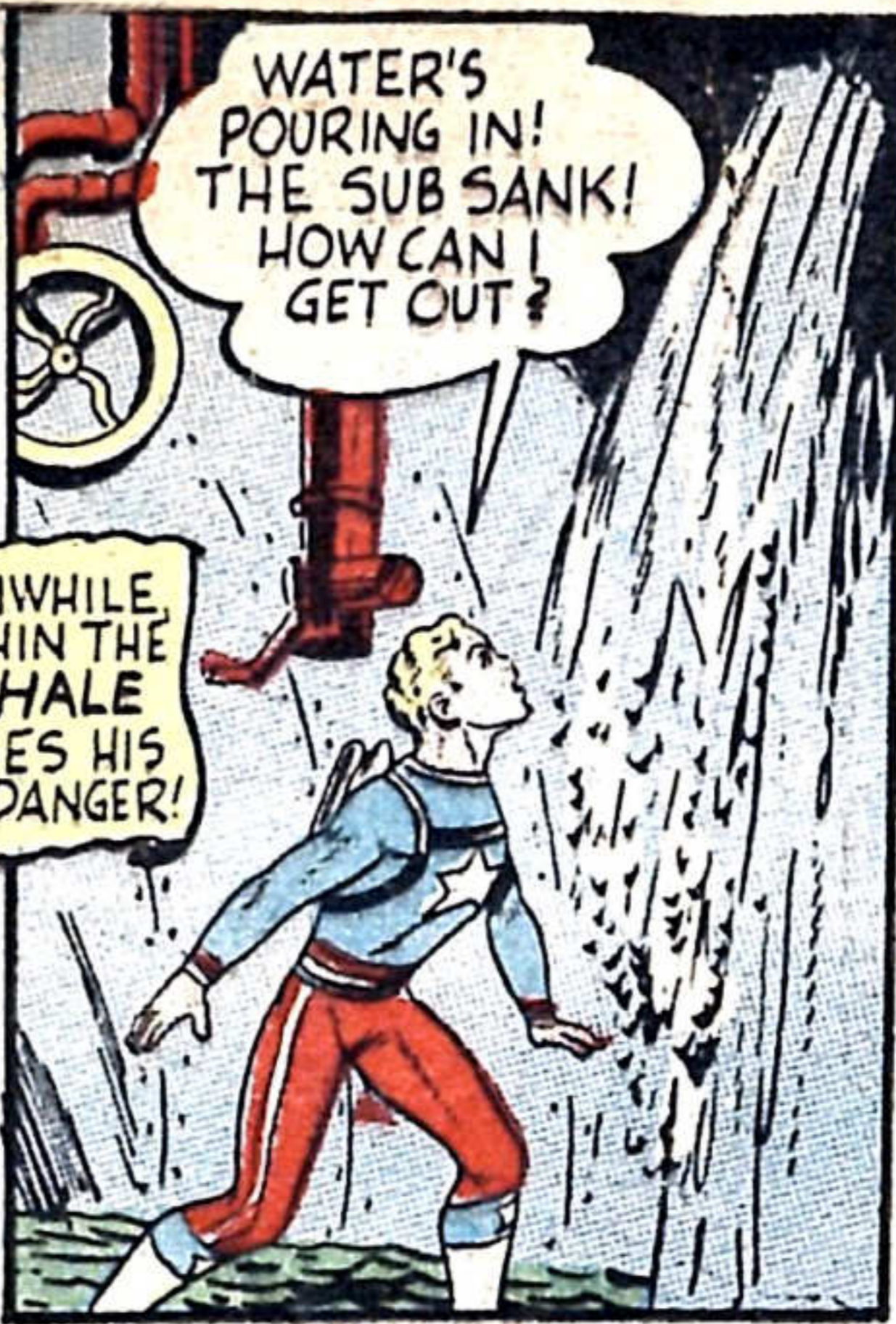




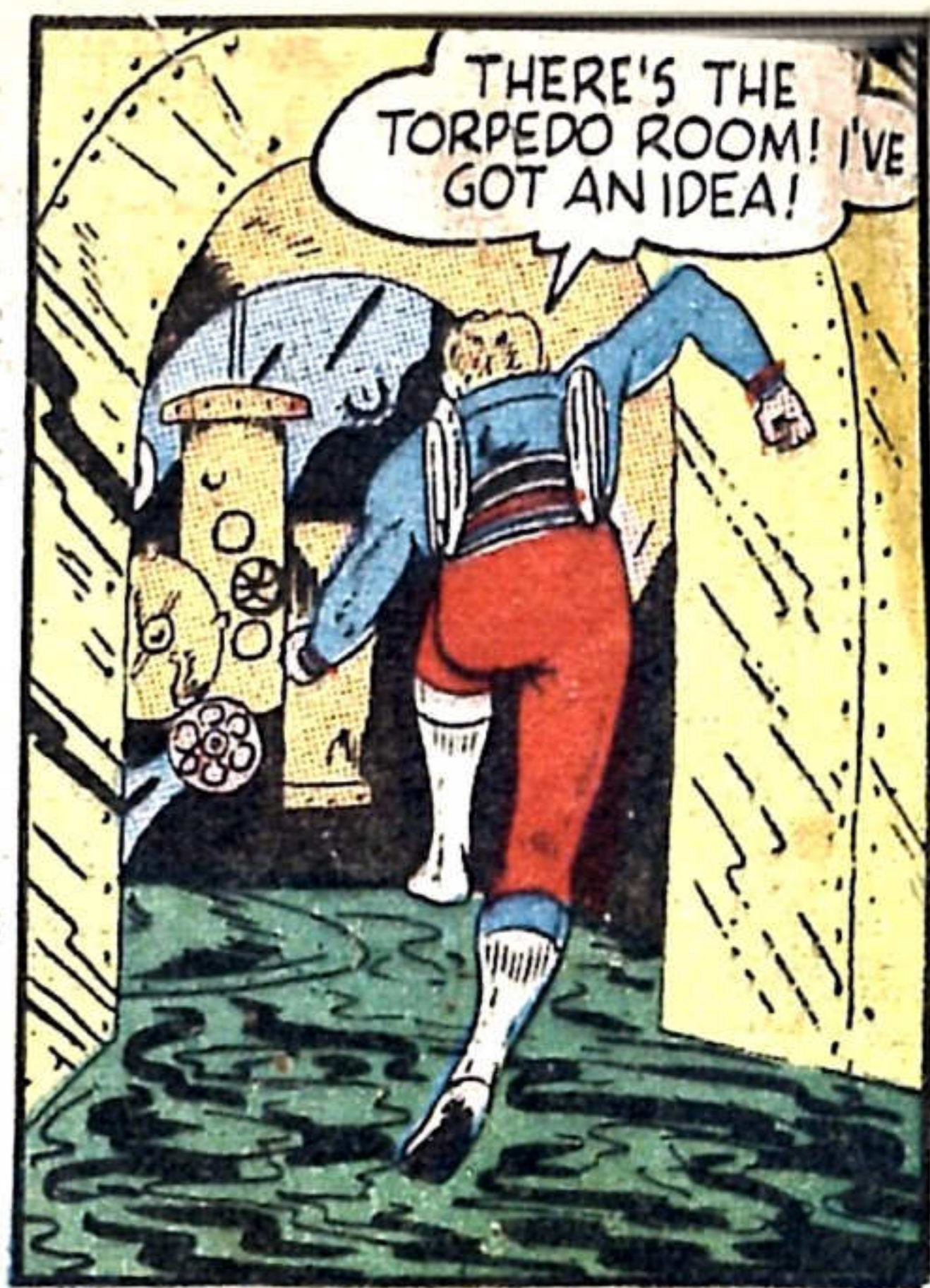


HERE THE SUB SANK!  
...HALE... GOOD  
HAND THAT'S THE  
LOVD OF HIM!  
EN

MEANWHILE,  
WITHIN THE  
U-BOAT, HALE  
REALIZES HIS  
OWN DANGER!



WATER'S  
POURING IN!  
THE SUB SANK!  
HOW CAN I  
GET OUT?

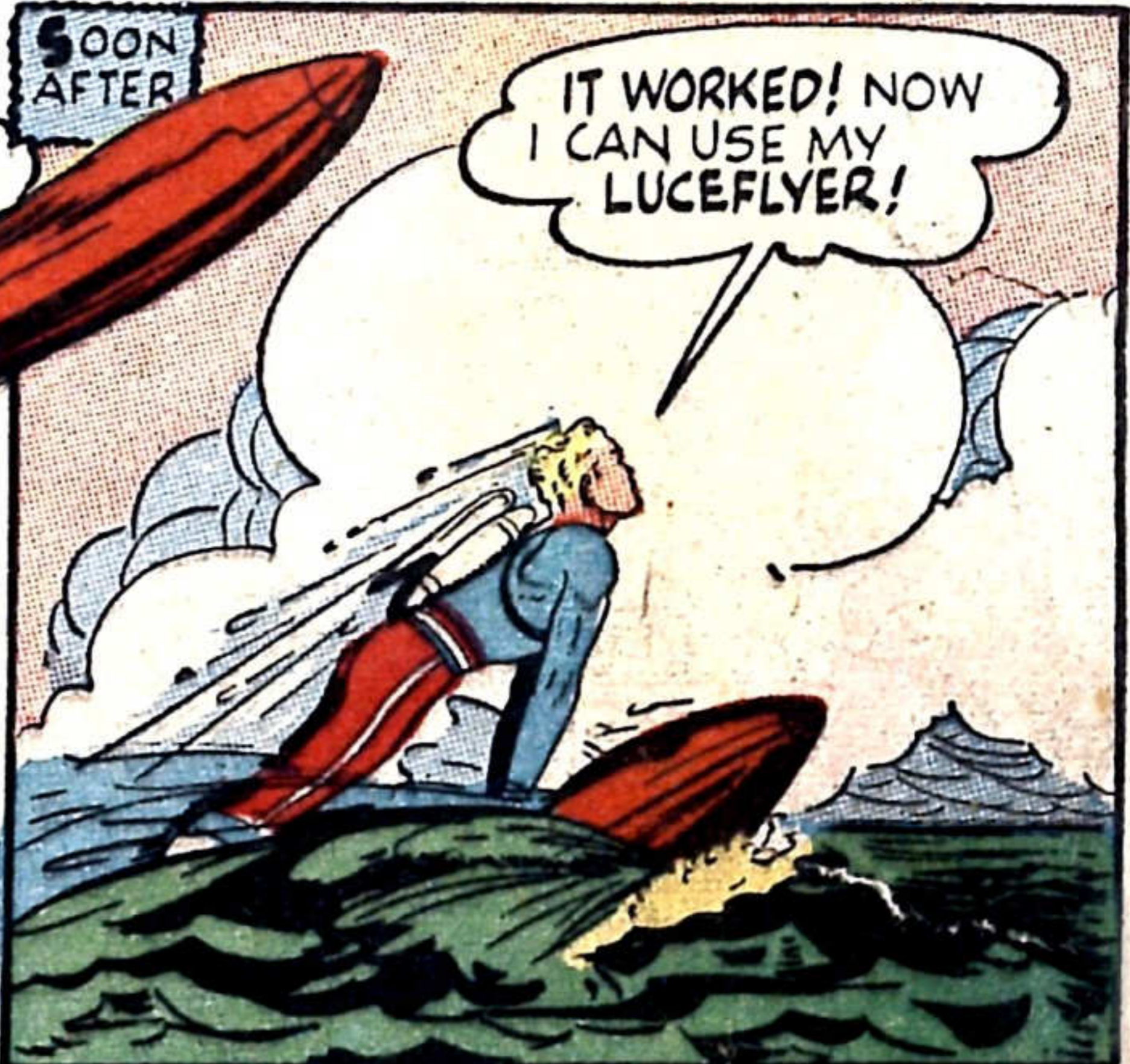


THERE'S THE  
TORPEDO ROOM! I'VE  
GOT AN IDEA!



RESOURCEFULLY HALE  
SOLVES HIS OWN  
PREDICAMENT!

I SET THIS TORPEDO  
OFF! NOW IF I HANG ON,  
IT'LL BRING ME TO  
THE SURFACE!  
BLUB, BLUB!



SOON  
AFTER

IT WORKED! NOW  
I CAN USE MY  
LUCEFLYER!



CAPTAIN BATTLE STILL HOVERS  
FRANTICALLY OVER THE WATER!

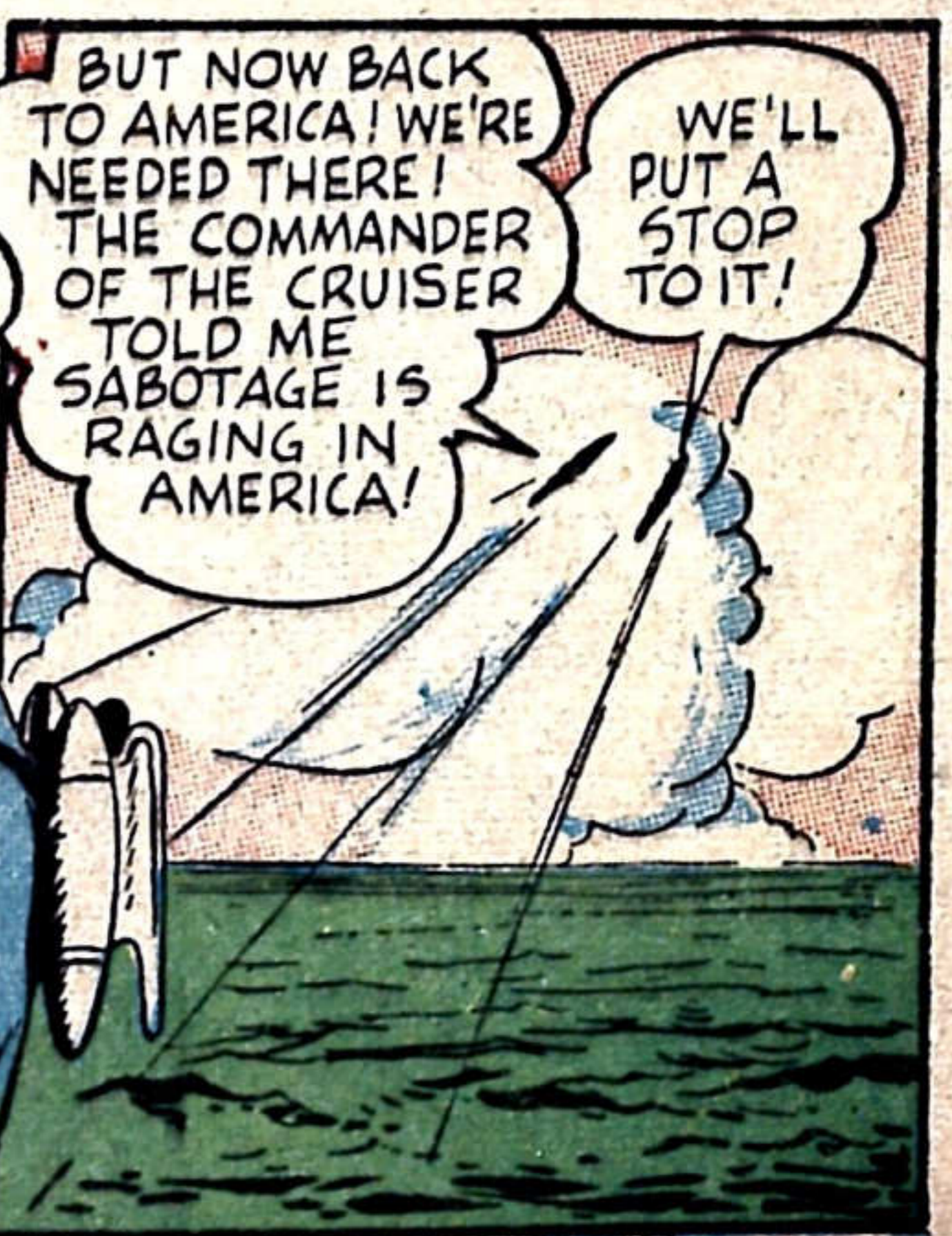
PARDON ME, SIR!  
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?

WHA..!



WORRYING ABOUT  
ME, CAPTAIN? I GOT  
OUT MYSELF, AND  
HERE'S MY  
SOUVENIR,  
A TORPEDO  
PROPELLOR!

YOU  
LITTLE  
DICKENS!



BUT NOW BACK  
TO AMERICA! WE'RE  
NEEDED THERE!  
THE COMMANDER  
OF THE CRUISER  
TOLD ME  
SABOTAGE IS  
RAGING IN  
AMERICA!

WE'LL  
PUT A  
STOP  
TO IT!



SOME TIME LATER...

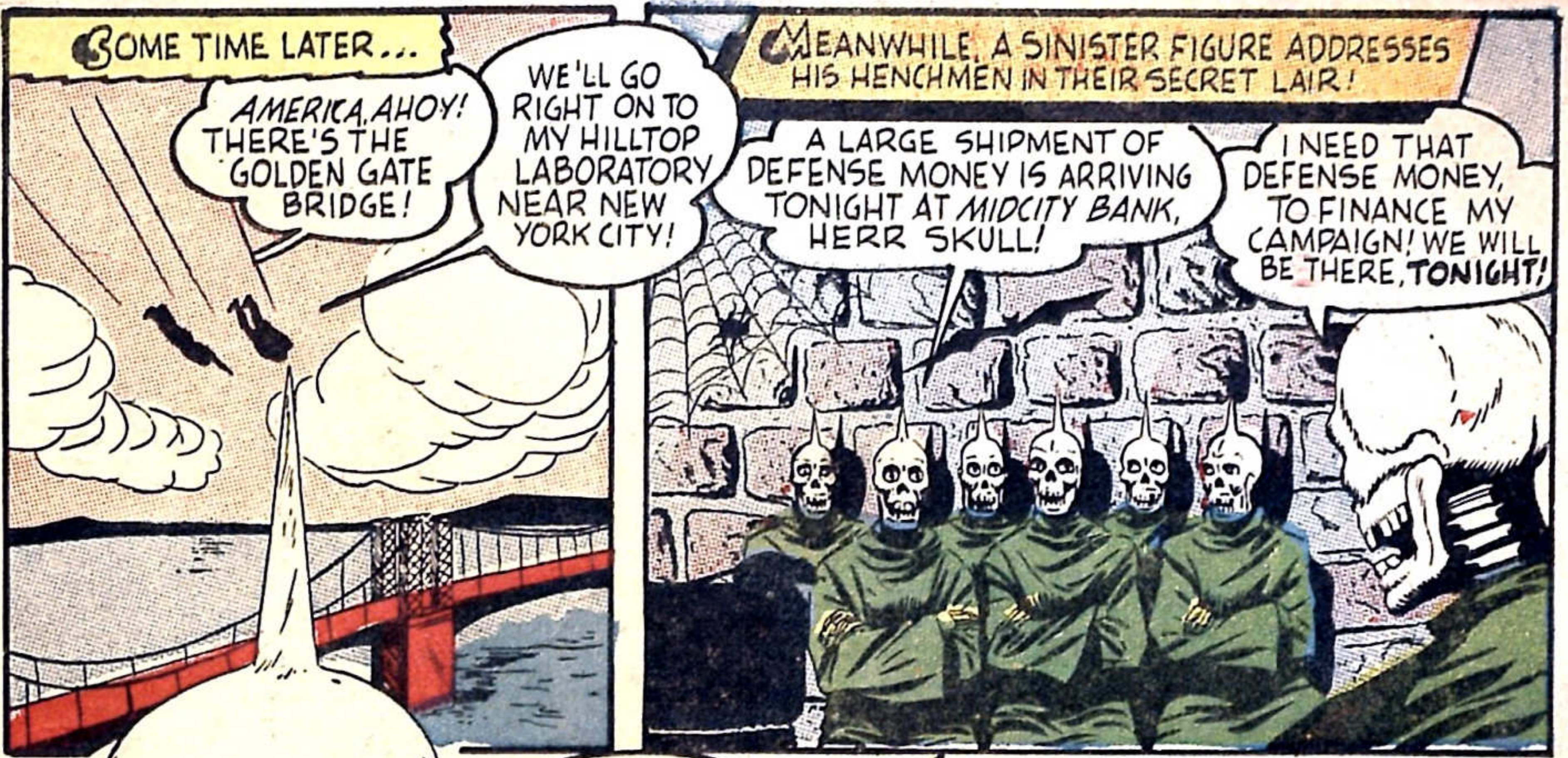
AMERICA, AHOY!  
THERE'S THE  
GOLDEN GATE  
BRIDGE!

WE'LL GO  
RIGHT ON TO  
MY HILLTOP  
LABORATORY  
NEAR NEW  
YORK CITY!

MEANWHILE, A SINISTER FIGURE ADDRESSES  
HIS HENCHMEN IN THEIR SECRET LAIR!

A LARGE SHIPMENT OF  
DEFENSE MONEY IS ARRIVING  
TONIGHT AT MIDCITY BANK,  
HERR SKULL!

I NEED THAT  
DEFENSE MONEY,  
TO FINANCE MY  
CAMPAIGN! WE WILL  
BE THERE, TONIGHT!



WE WILL SOON  
UNDERMINE  
ALL AMERICA! I  
AND MY UNDERWORLD  
SKULL MEN!  
HO, HO, HO! AMERICA  
WILL BE A  
SINKING SHIP!

THAT NIGHT, AN  
ARMORED TRUCK  
STOPS BEFORE  
MIDCITY BANK!

KEEP YOUR  
EYES OPEN.

YEAH!

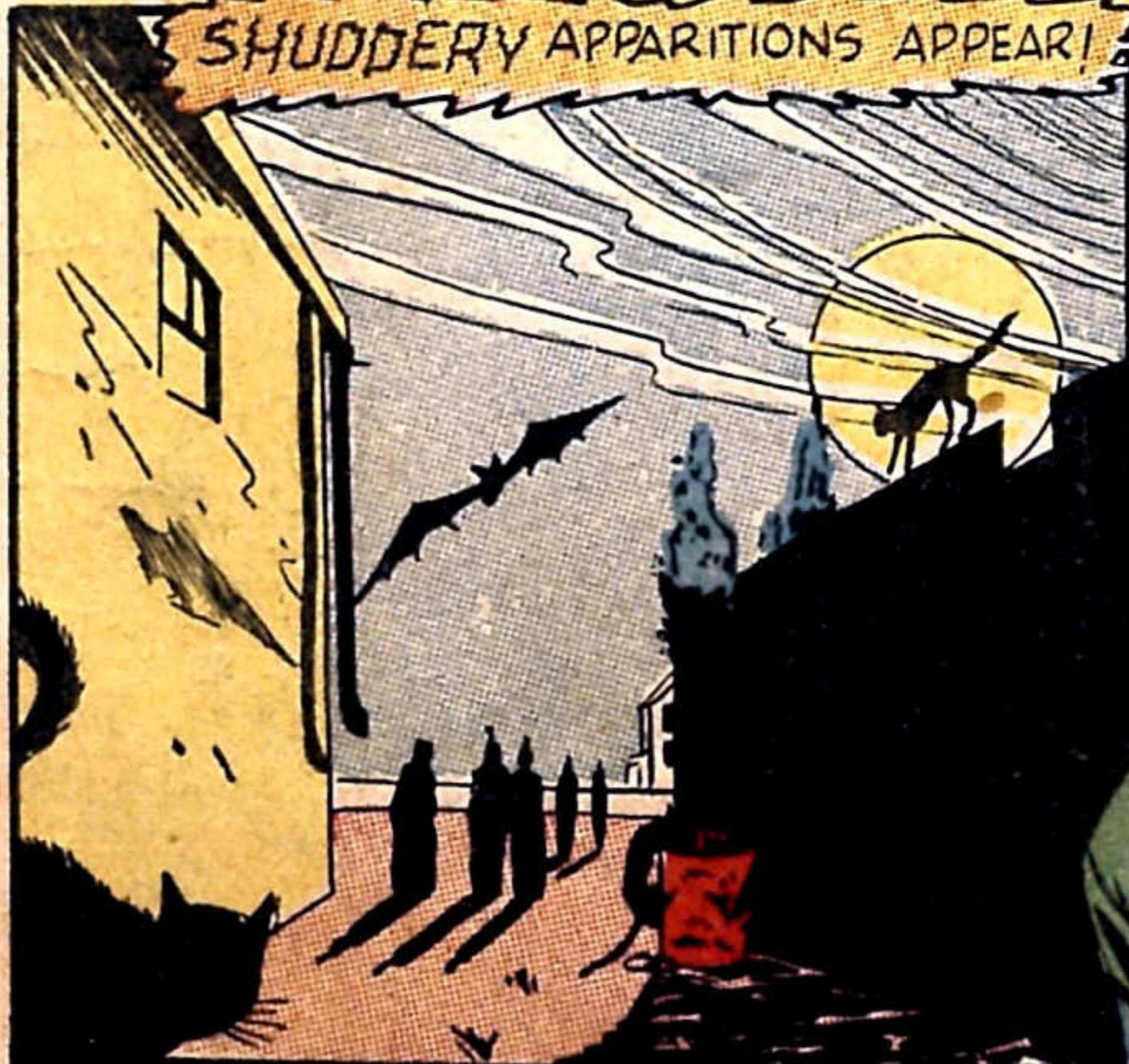
HOLY SMOKE!  
L-LOOK! WHAT'S  
THAT?



SHUDDERY APPARITIONS APPEAR!

HERR SKULL  
LEADS HIS  
UNHOLY LEGION  
TO THE KILL!

COME ON,  
MY SKULLMEN!  
NOW IS THE  
TIME!





THEY'RE GHOULS FROM THE GRAVE!

HELP!

OH!!

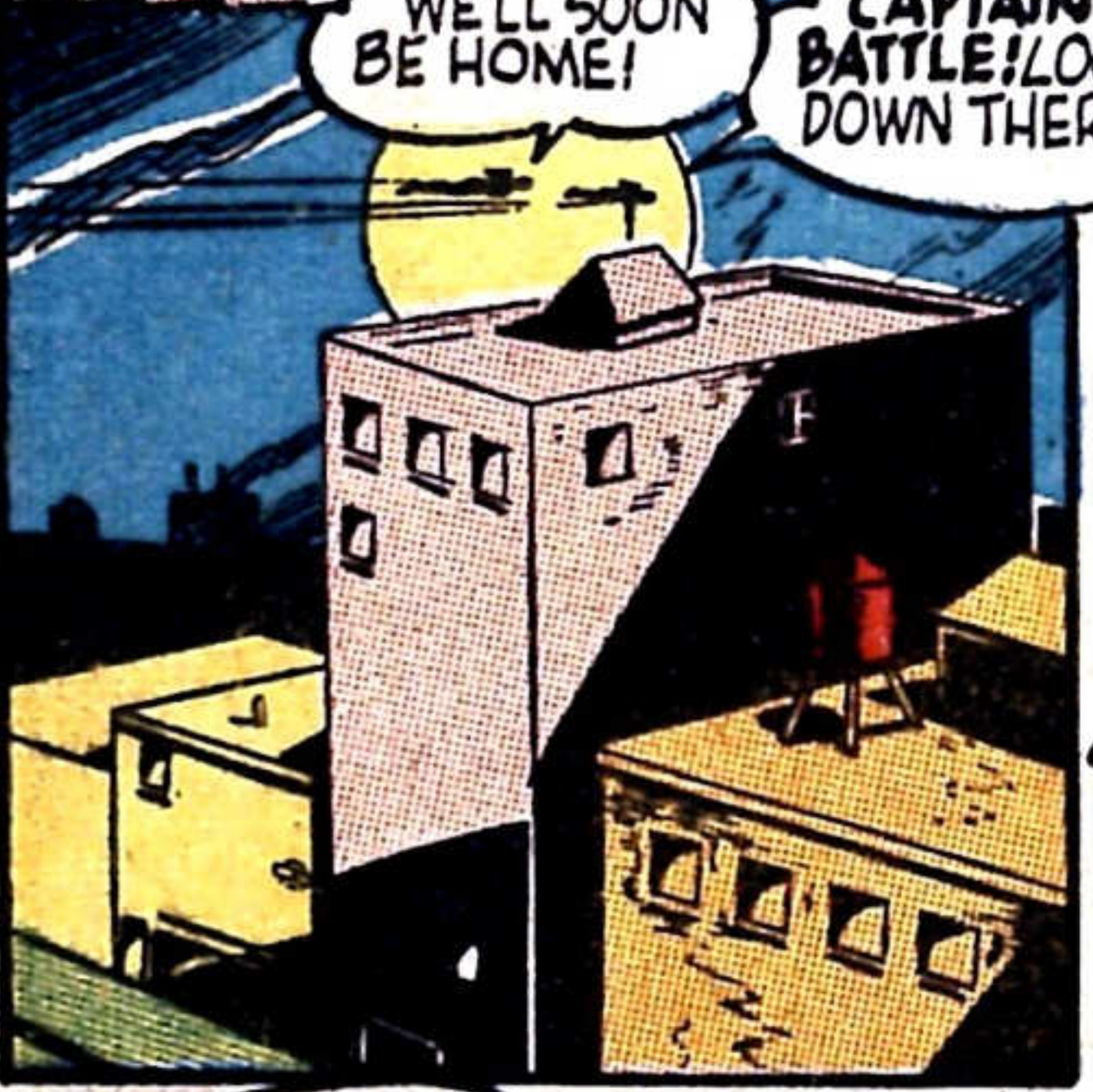
I'M THE ONLY ONE THAT GOT AWAY ALIVE! I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANY MAN OR CRIMINAL, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO GHOULS ... ULP...



MEANWHILE HIGH IN THE AIR, CAPTAIN BATTLE AND HALE ARRIVE FROM THEIR JOURNEY!

WE'LL SOON BE HOME!

CAPTAIN BATTLE! LOOK DOWN THERE!



LOOK, CAP, MEN WITH SKULLS FOR HEADS!

GHOULS, OR AM I DREAMING?

COME ON, HALE, WE'RE GOING TO STOP THEM, WHATEVER THEY ARE!

GHOULS... UGH!



HOLD ON, YOU!

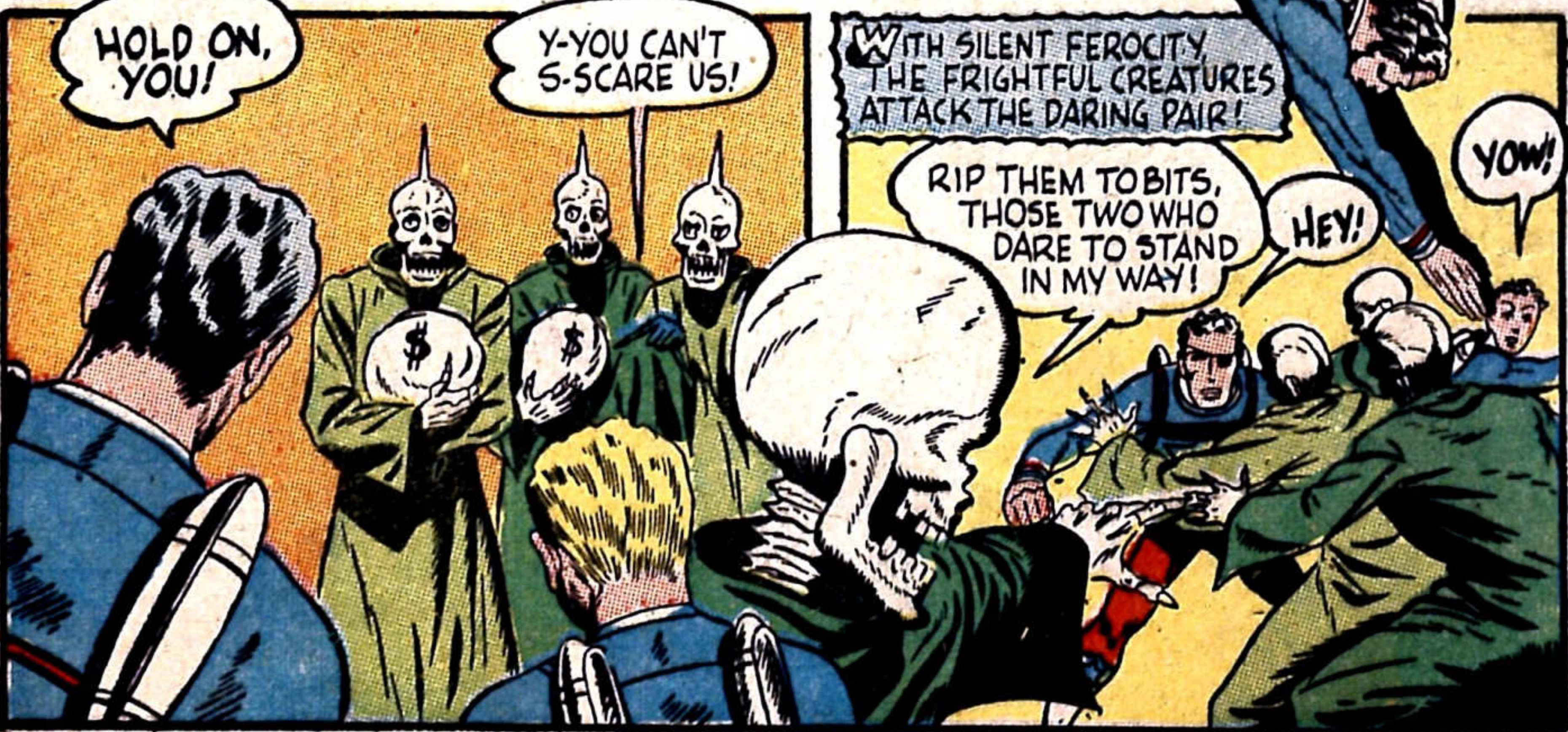
Y-YOU CAN'T S-SCARE US!

WITH SILENT FEROCITY, THE FRIGHTFUL CREATURES ATTACK THE DARING PAIR!

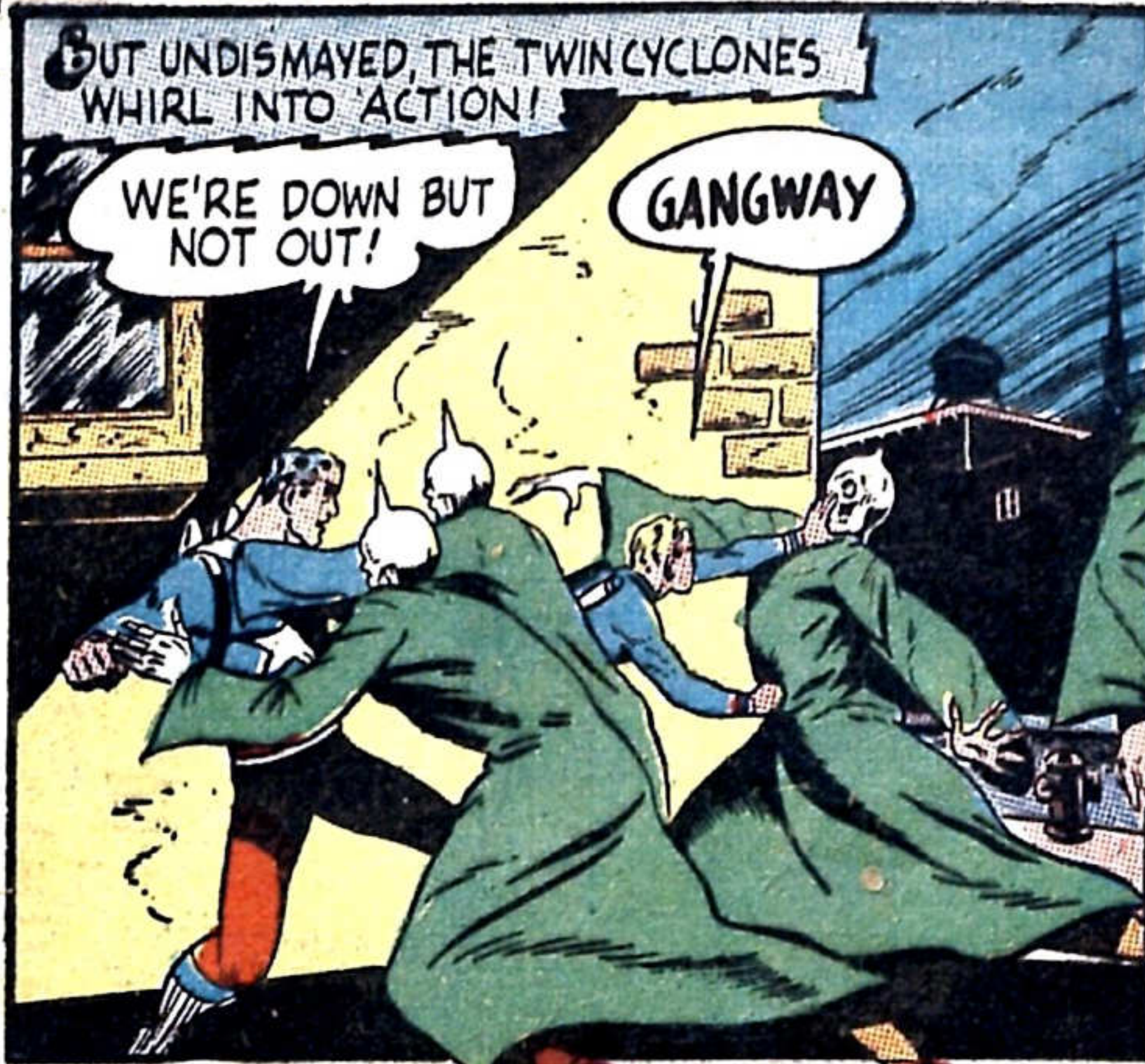
RIP THEM TO BITS, THOSE TWO WHO DARE TO STAND IN MY WAY!

HEY!

YOW!







BUT UNDISMAYED, THE TWIN CYCLONES WHIRL INTO ACTION!

WE'RE DOWN BUT NOT OUT!

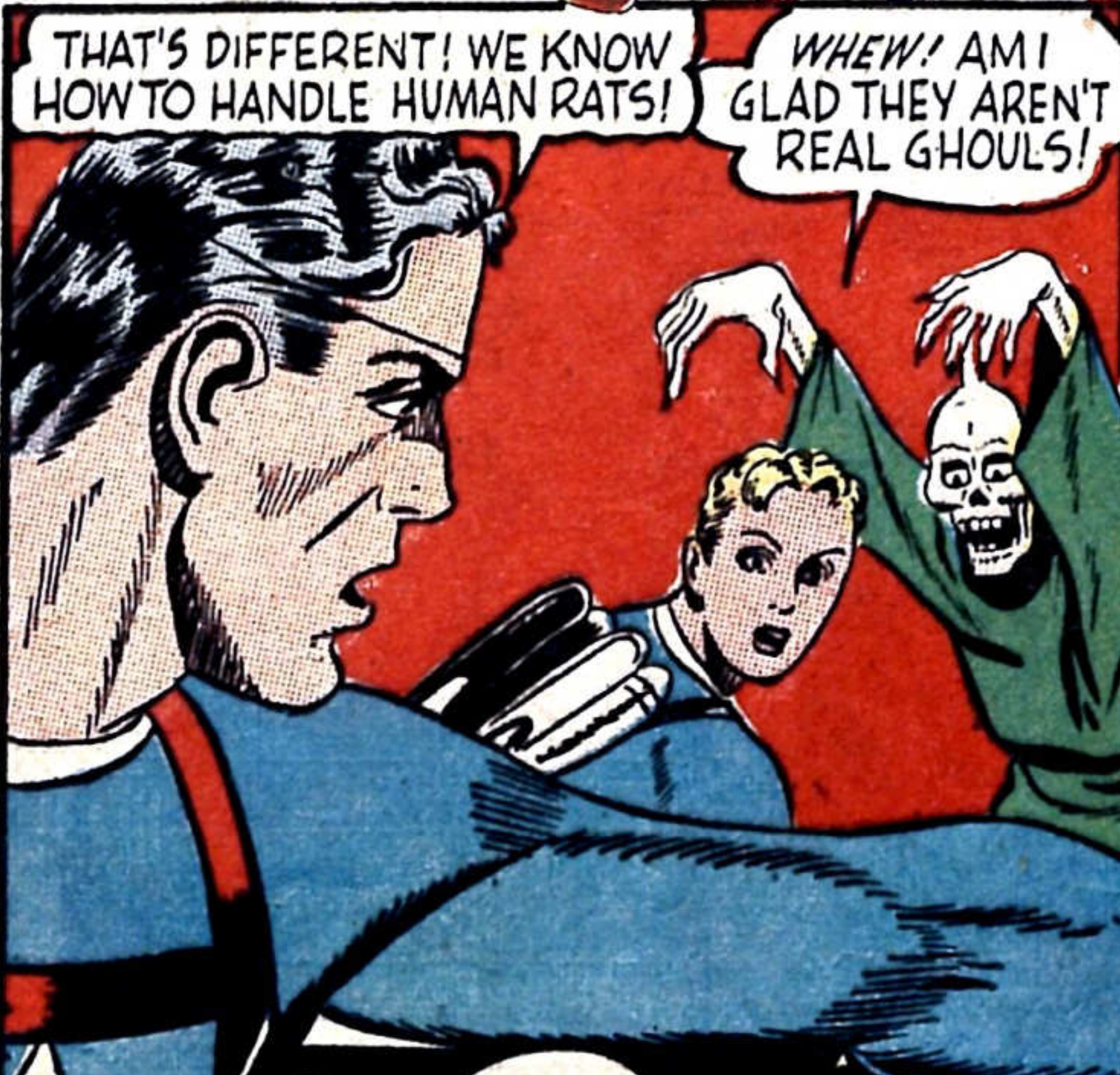
GANGWAY



OUCH!

SO YOU'RE HUMAN GHOULS, EH?

SMACK



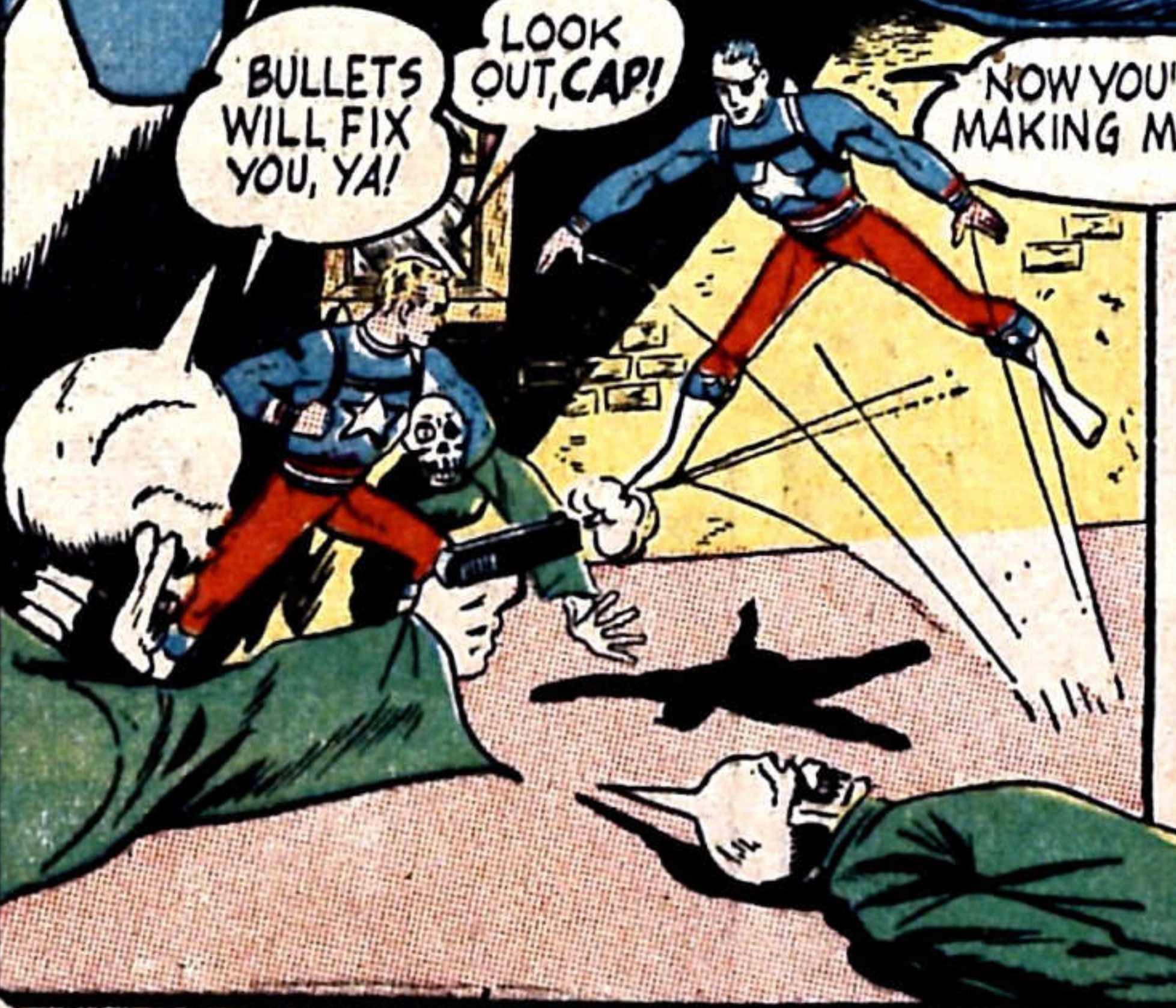
THAT'S DIFFERENT! WE KNOW HOW TO HANDLE HUMAN RATS!

WHEW! AM I GLAD THEY AREN'T REAL GHOULS!



THIS BOY ISS POISON, ACH!

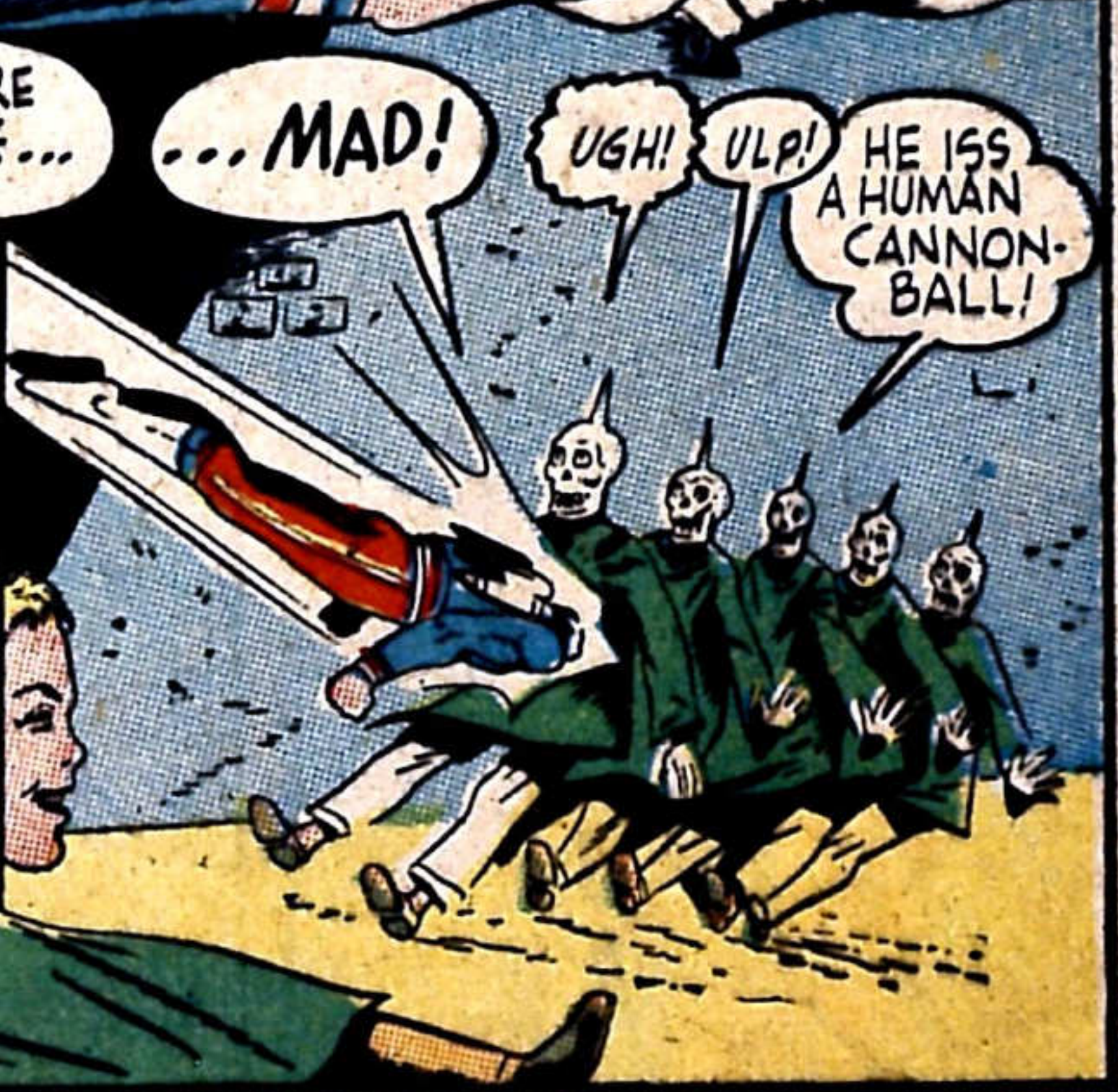
RIGHT YOU ARE!



BULLETS WILL FIX YOU, YA!

LOOK OUT, CAP!

NOW YOU'RE MAKING ME...



... MAD!

UGH!

ULP!

HE ISS A HUMAN CANNON-BALL!

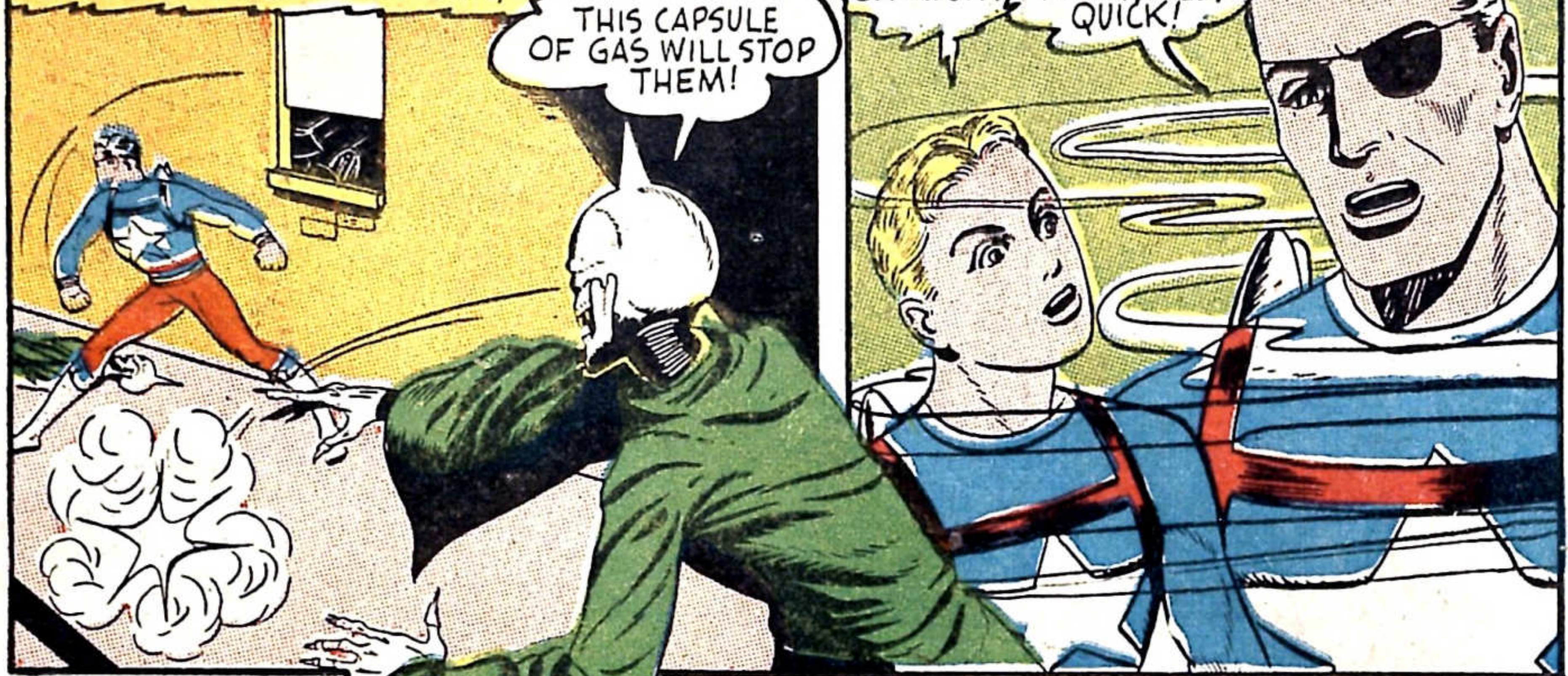


**B**UT HERR SKULL WAITS HIS CHANCE AGAINST THE DYNAMIC PAIR!

THIS CAPSULE OF GAS WILL STOP THEM!

GAS... ULP!

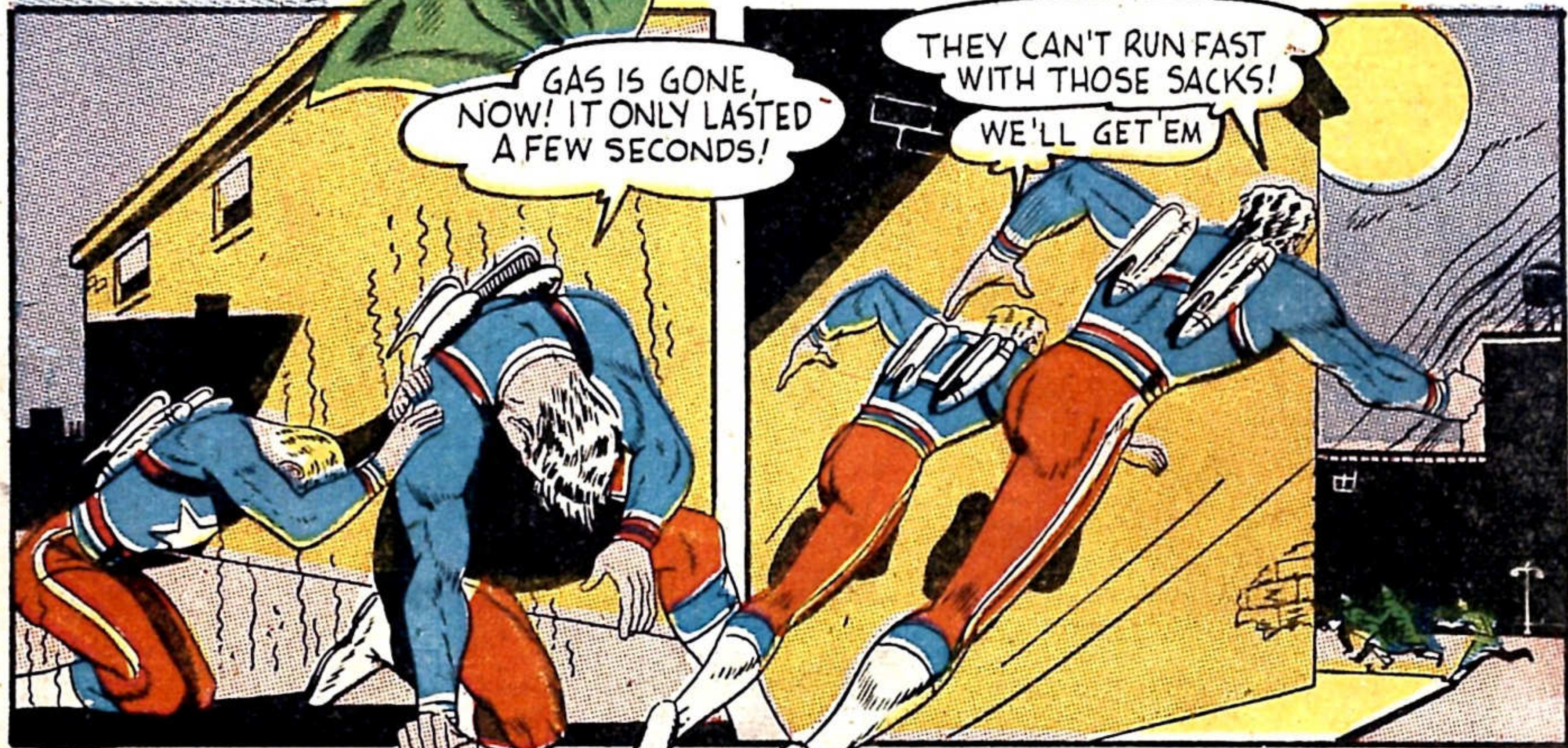
HOLD YOUR NOSE, HALE, QUICK!



GAS IS GONE, NOW! IT ONLY LASTED A FEW SECONDS!

THEY CAN'T RUN FAST WITH THOSE SACKS!

WE'LL GET 'EM



**A**ROUND THE CORNER, A MOMENT LATER

THEY'RE GONE!

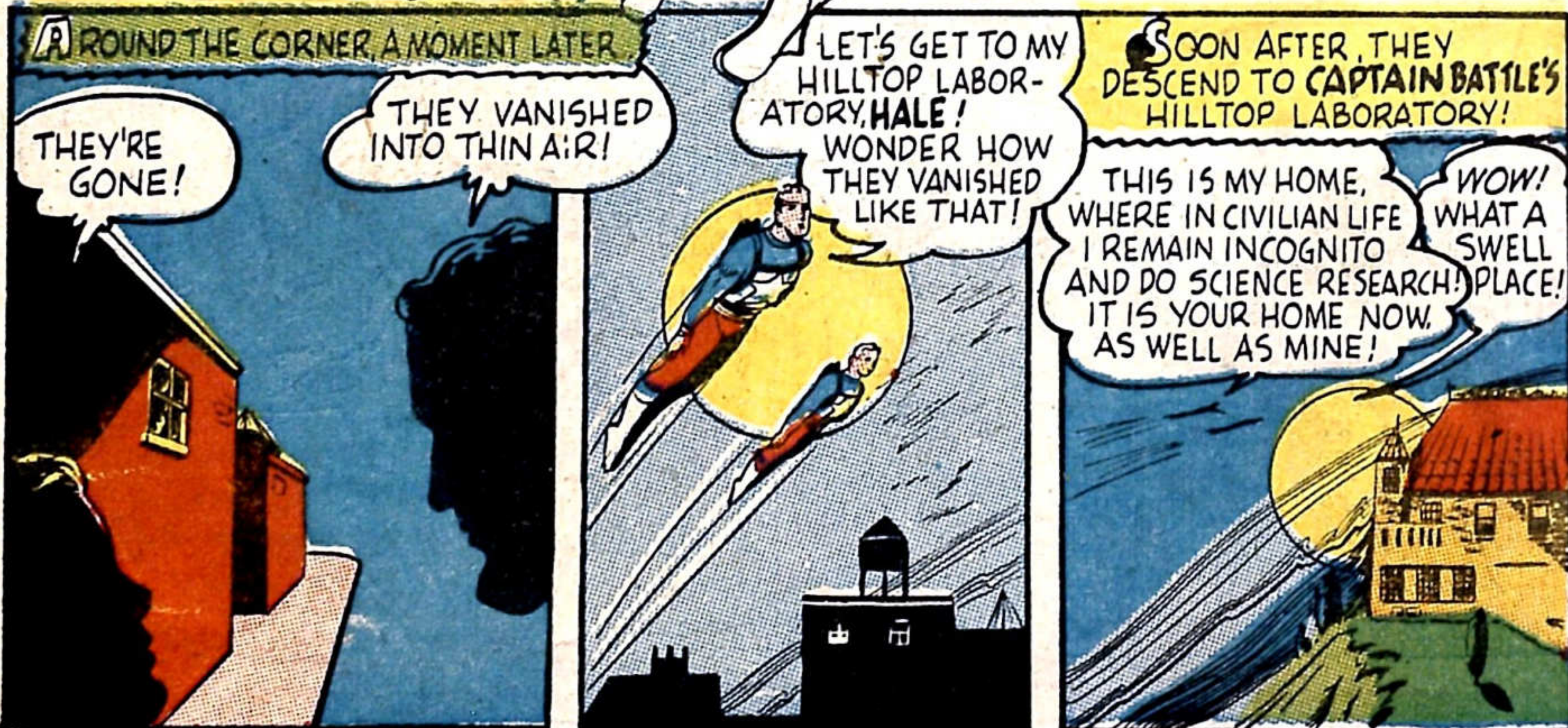
THEY VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!

LET'S GET TO MY HILLTOP LABORATORY, HALE! WONDER HOW THEY VANISHED LIKE THAT!

**S**OON AFTER, THEY DESCEND TO CAPTAIN BATTLE'S HILLTOP LABORATORY!

THIS IS MY HOME, WHERE IN CIVILIAN LIFE I REMAIN INCOGNITO AND DO SCIENCE RESEARCH! IT IS YOUR HOME NOW, AS WELL AS MINE!

WOW! WHAT A SWELL PLACE!





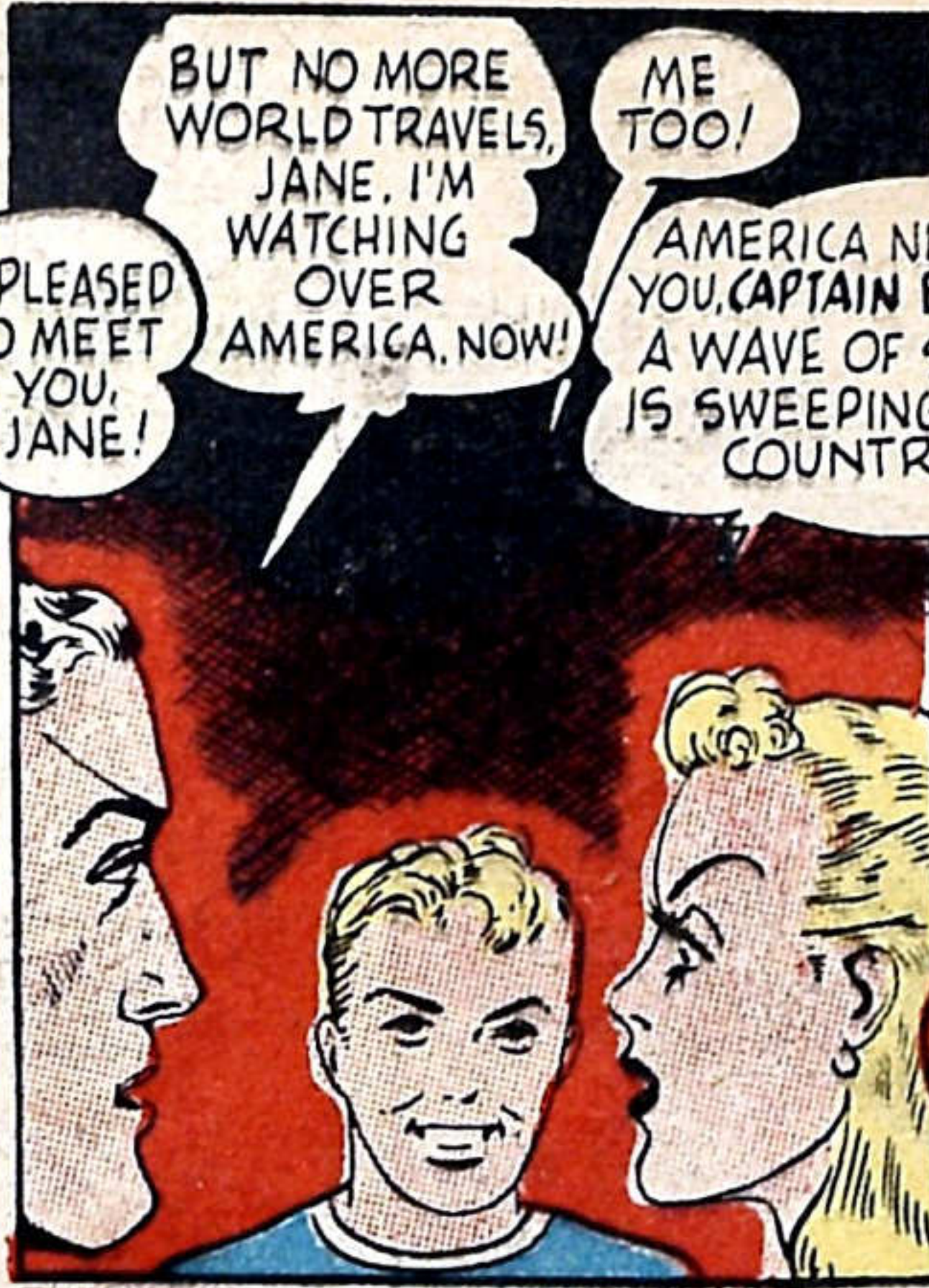


JANE LORRAIN, CAPTAIN BATTLE'S SECRETARY, RUNS UP TO MEET THEM!

CAPTAIN BATTLE YOU'RE BACK AT LAST FROM YOUR WORLD TRAVELS!

THIS IS HALE, MY BOY ASSISTANT!

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, JANE!



BUT NO MORE WORLD TRAVELS, JANE. I'M WATCHING OVER AMERICA. NOW!

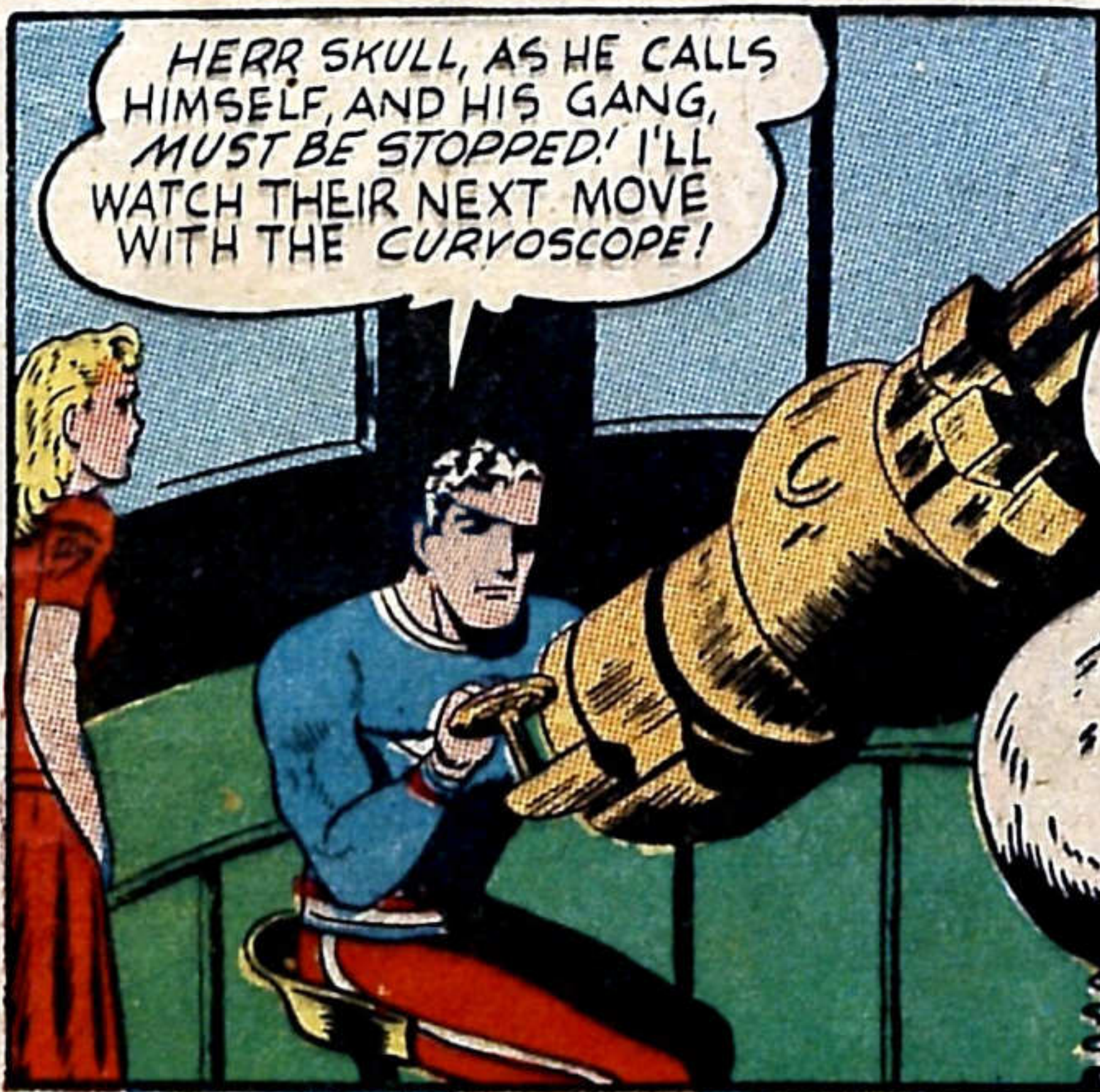
ME TOO!

AMERICA NEEDS YOU, CAPTAIN BATTLE! A WAVE OF SABOTAGE IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!

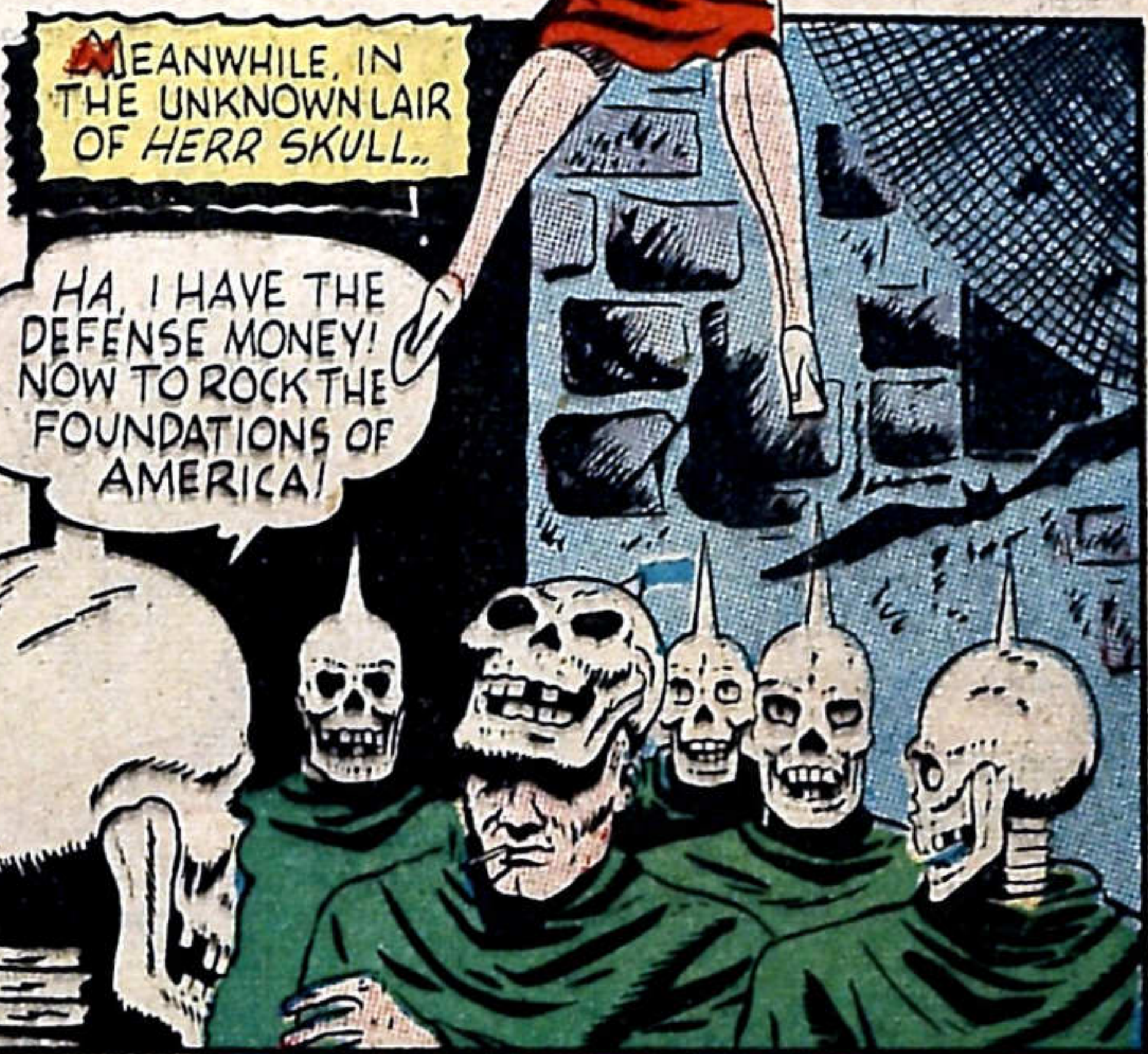


LISTEN!

FLASH! LARGE SHIPMENTS OF DEFENSE MONEY STOLEN! UNCANNY SKULL MEN GANG REPORTED! MYSTERIOUS COUP Baffles AUTHORITIES!

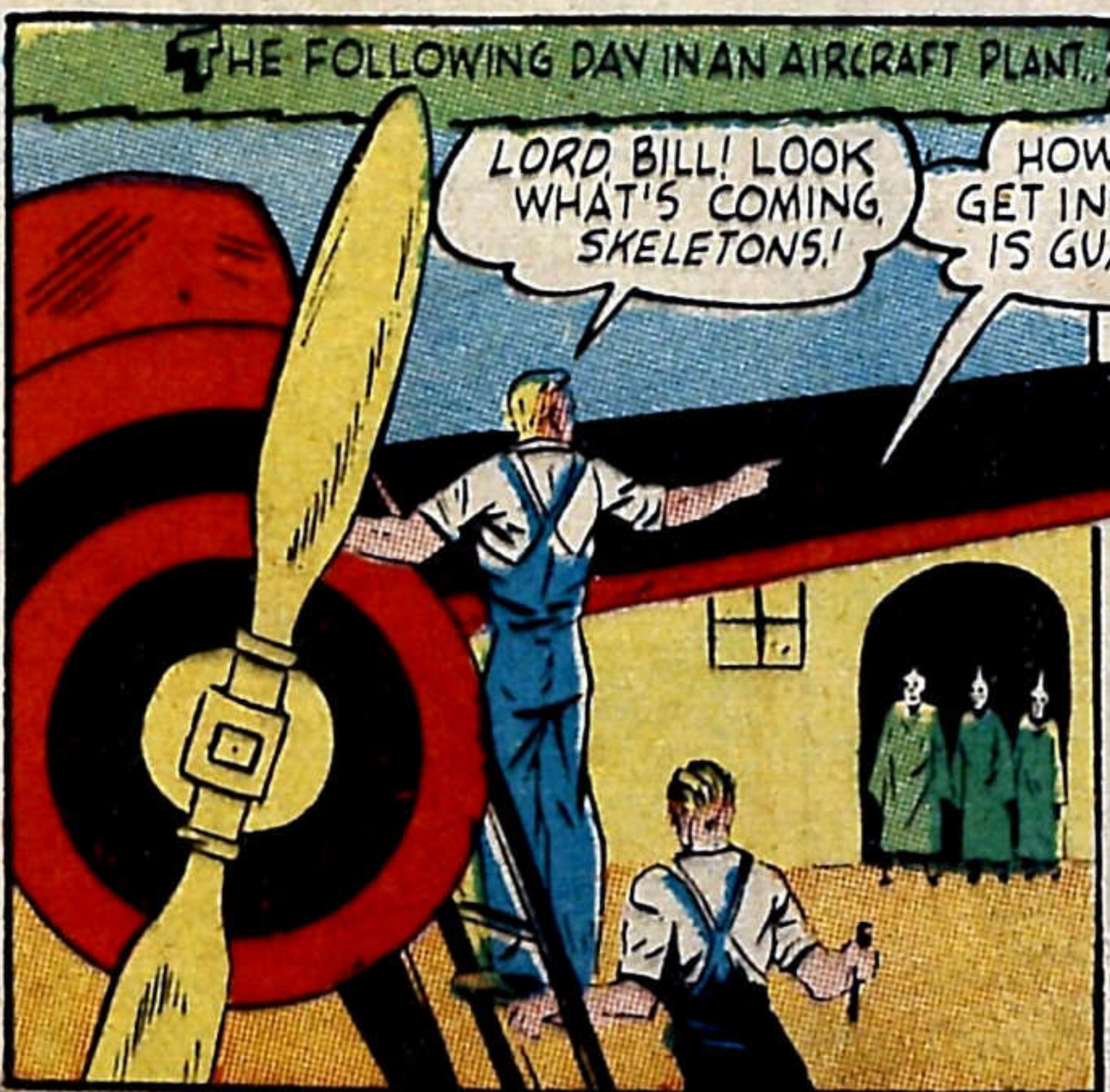


HERR SKULL, AS HE CALLS HIMSELF, AND HIS GANG, MUST BE STOPPED! I'LL WATCH THEIR NEXT MOVE WITH THE CURYSCOPE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE UNKNOWN LAIR OF HERR SKULL..

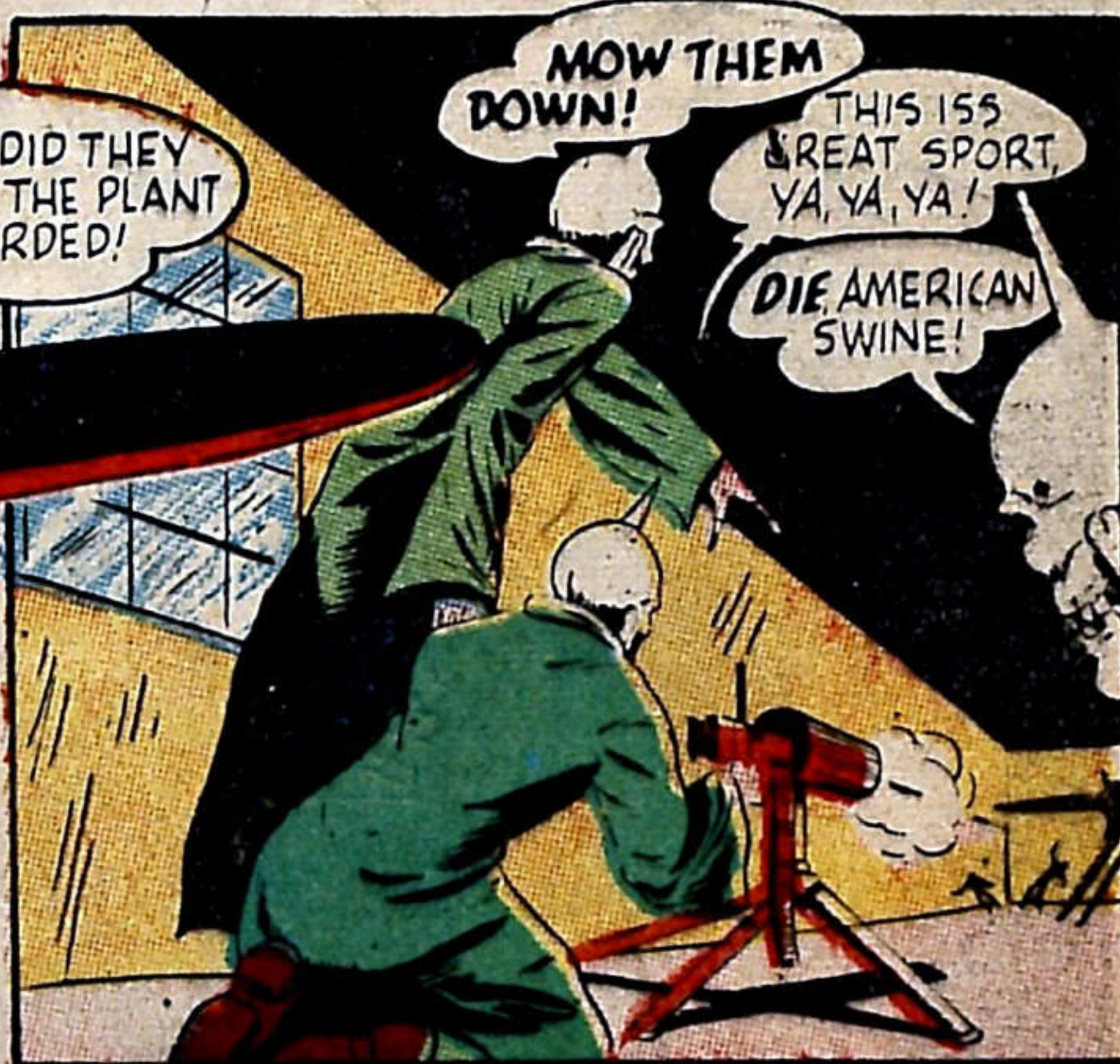
HA, I HAVE THE DEFENSE MONEY! NOW TO ROCK THE FOUNDATIONS OF AMERICA!



THE FOLLOWING DAY IN AN AIRCRAFT PLANT..

LORD, BILL! LOOK WHAT'S COMING, SKELETONS!

HOW DID THEY GET IN! THE PLANT IS GUARDED!



MOW THEM DOWN!

THIS IS GREAT SPORT, YA, YA, YA!

DIE, AMERICAN SWINE!



LATER, WHEN POLICE ARRIVE...



THE SKULL MEN DID IT... AWRGGG!

BUT WHERE DID THEY GO? WE HAVE THE PLACE SURROUNDED?

THEN... A MUNITIONS PLANT...

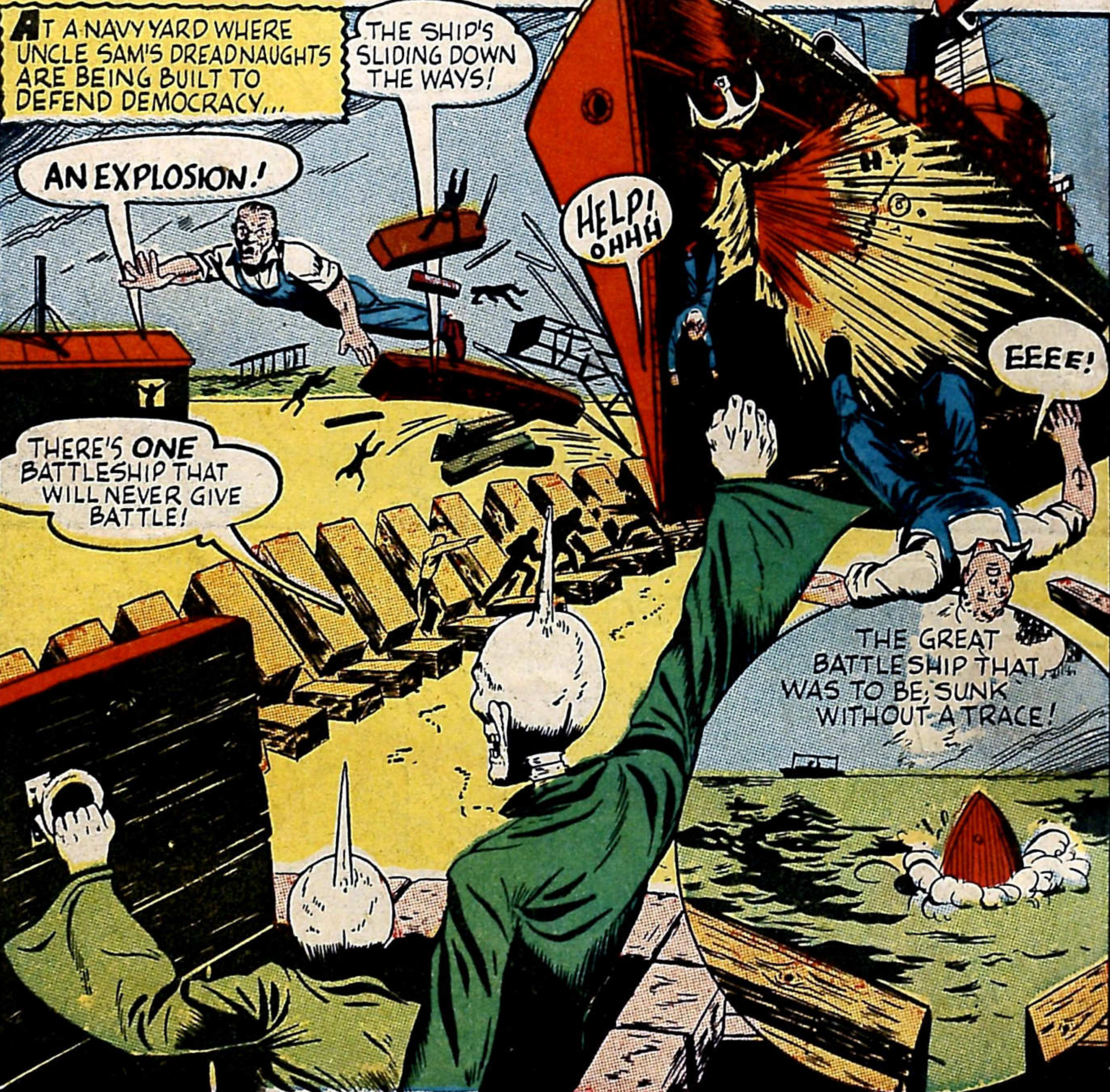


AT A NAVY YARD WHERE UNCLE SAM'S DREADNAUGHTS ARE BEING BUILT TO DEFEND DEMOCRACY...

THE SHIP'S SLIDING DOWN THE WAYS!

AN EXPLOSION!

THERE'S ONE BATTLESHIP THAT WILL NEVER GIVE BATTLE!



HELP! OHHH

EEEE!

THE GREAT BATTLESHIP THAT WAS TO BE, SUNK WITHOUT A TRACE!





CAPTAIN BATTLE'S CURVOSCOPE, WHICH CAN DUPLICATE SCENES AT A DISTANCE, HAS SHOWN HIM THE DESTRUCTIVE OPERATIONS OF THE GANG OF SKULL MEN!

WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE! THERE'S ONLY ONE LOGICAL WAY THEY ALWAYS ESCAPE!

HOW, CAPTAIN BATTLE?



IT'S JUST A HUNCH, HALE BUT WHAT DO SKULLS SUGGEST?

I BEGIN TO SEE, CAP!

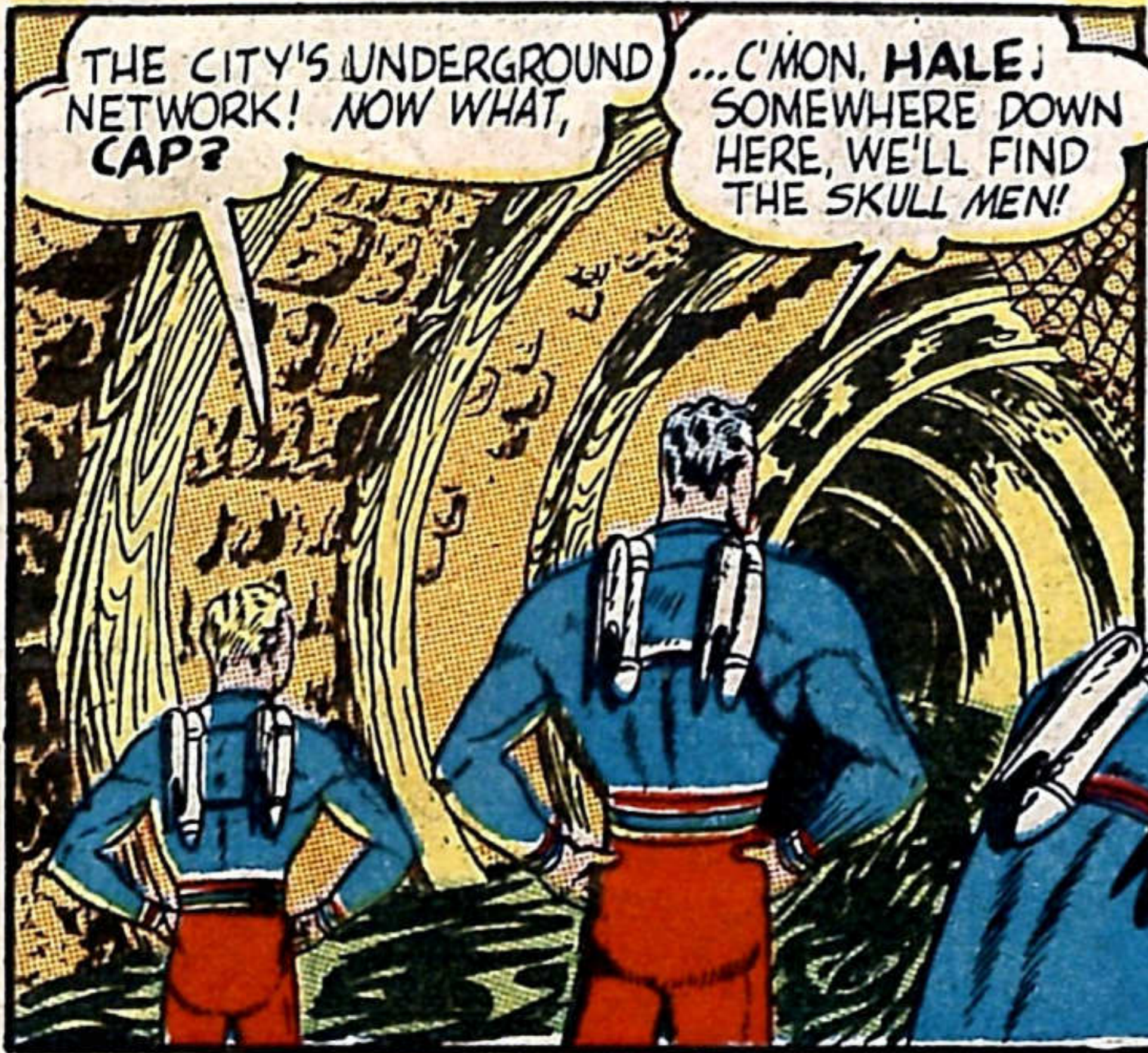


SOON, IN A DESERTED STREET...

HERE'S HOW THE SKULL MEN ESCAPED! DOWN WE GO, ... TO THE UNDERGROUND!

RIGHT WITH YOU, CAPTAIN!

KILL THIS CAPTAIN BATTLE!!!



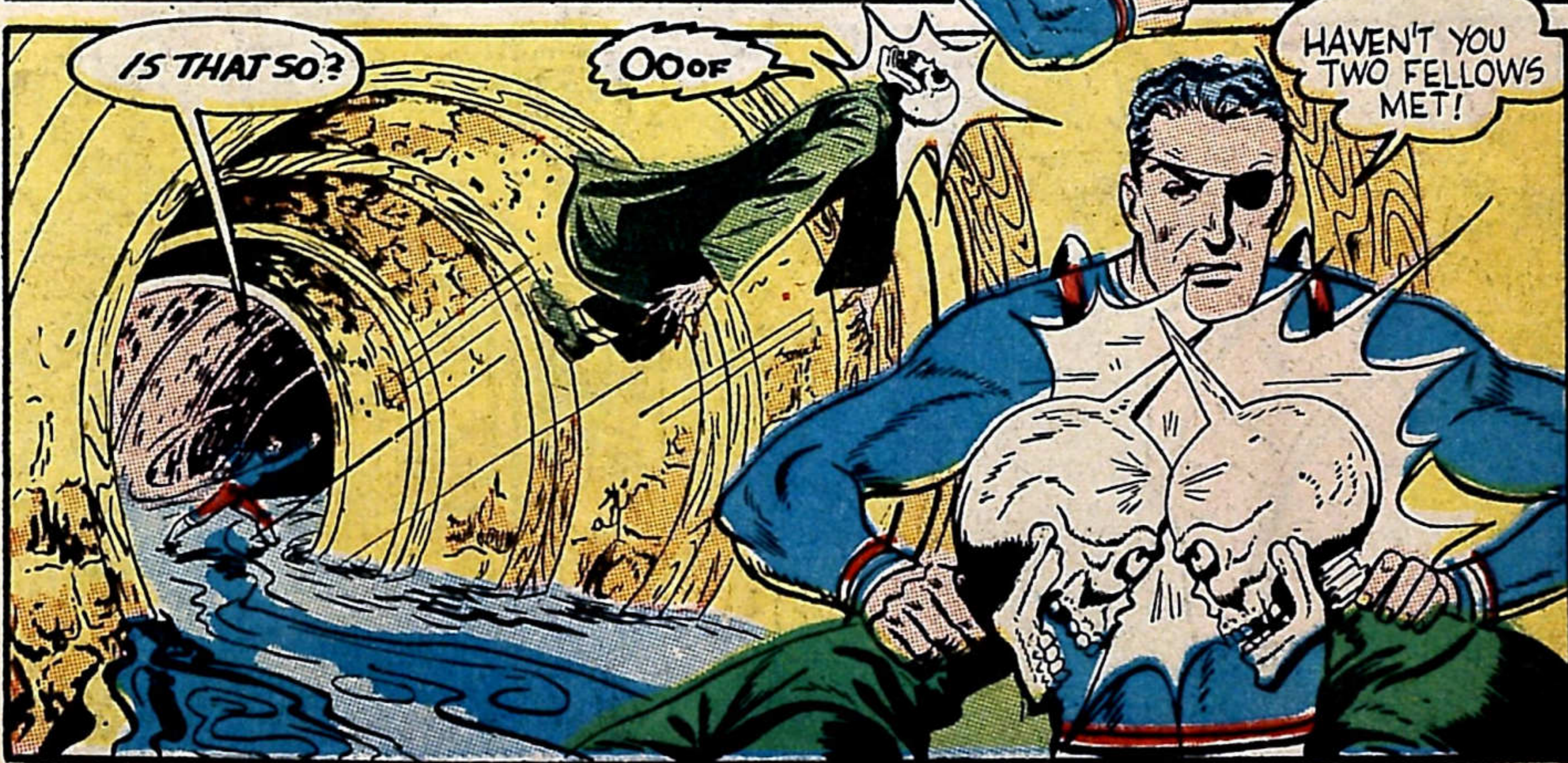
THE CITY'S UNDERGROUND NETWORK! NOW WHAT, CAP?

...C'MON, HALE! SOMEWHERE DOWN HERE, WE'LL FIND THE SKULL MEN!



OH, OH... LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FOUND SOME ALREADY!

...YA AND THE BRAT, TOO!

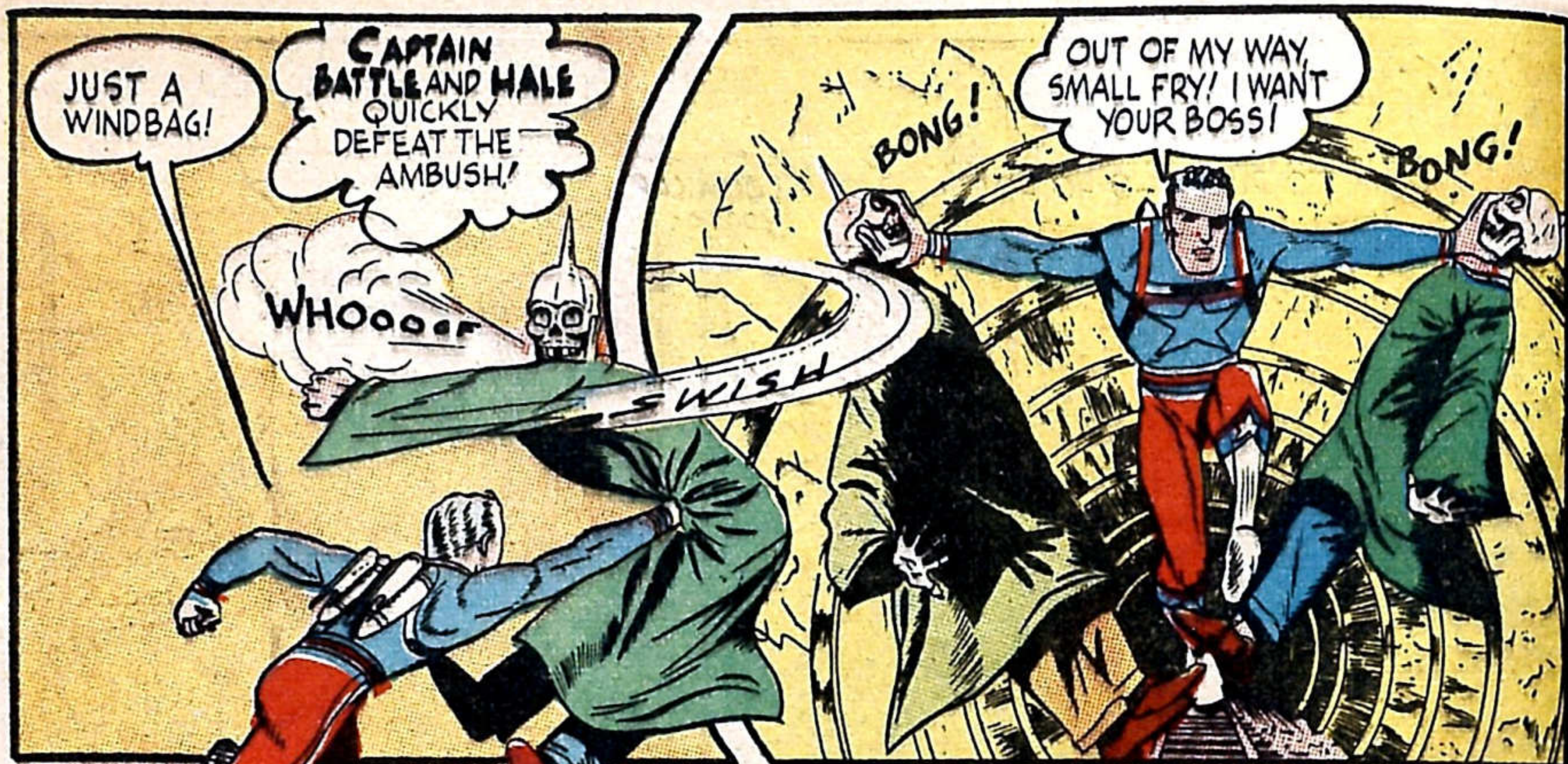


IS THAT SO?

OOOF

HAVEN'T YOU TWO FELLOWS MET!





JUST A WINDBAG!

CAPTAIN BATTLE AND HALE QUICKLY DEFEAT THE AMBUSH!

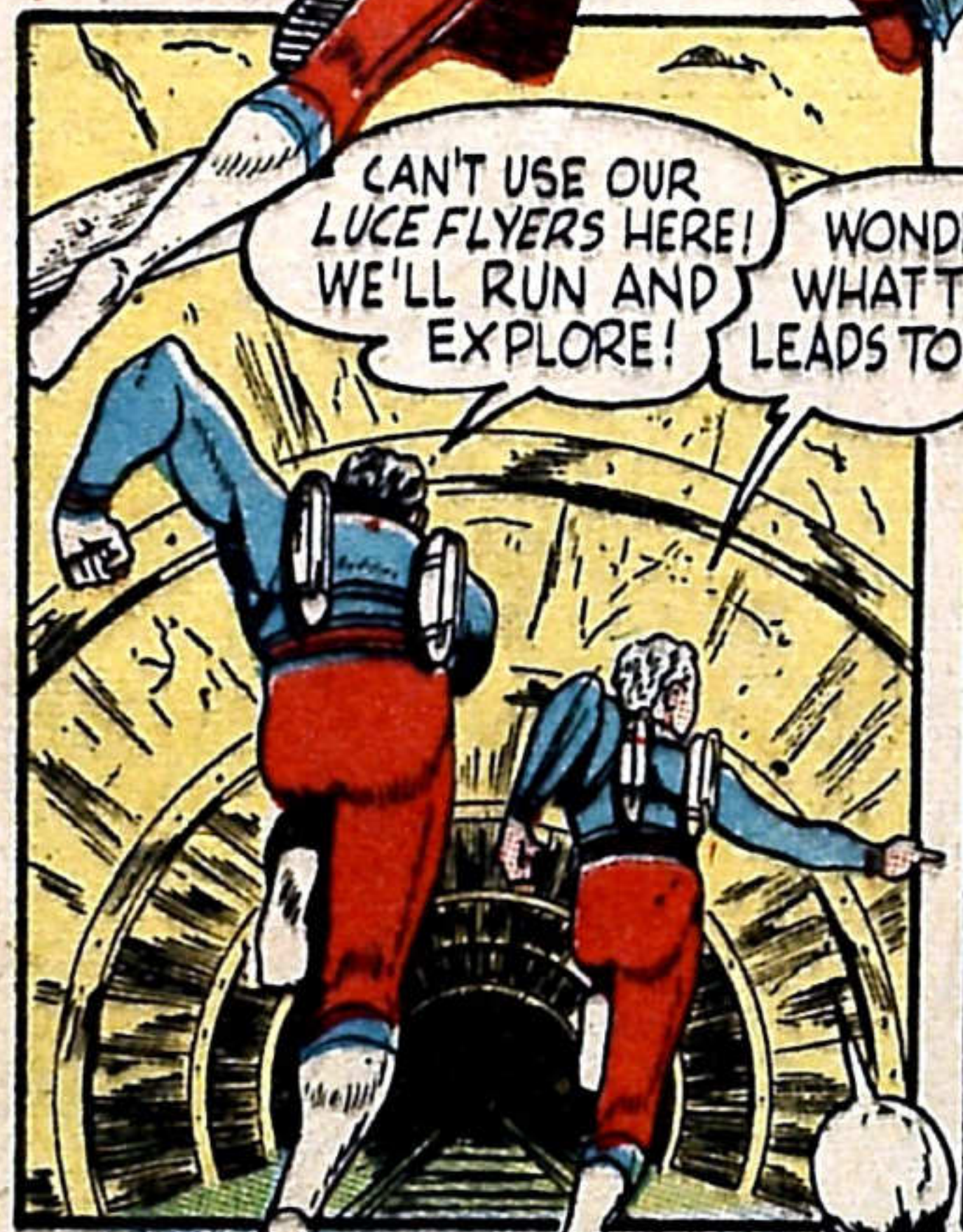
WHOOF

SWISH

BONG!

OUT OF MY WAY, SMALL FRY! I WANT YOUR BOSS!

BONG!

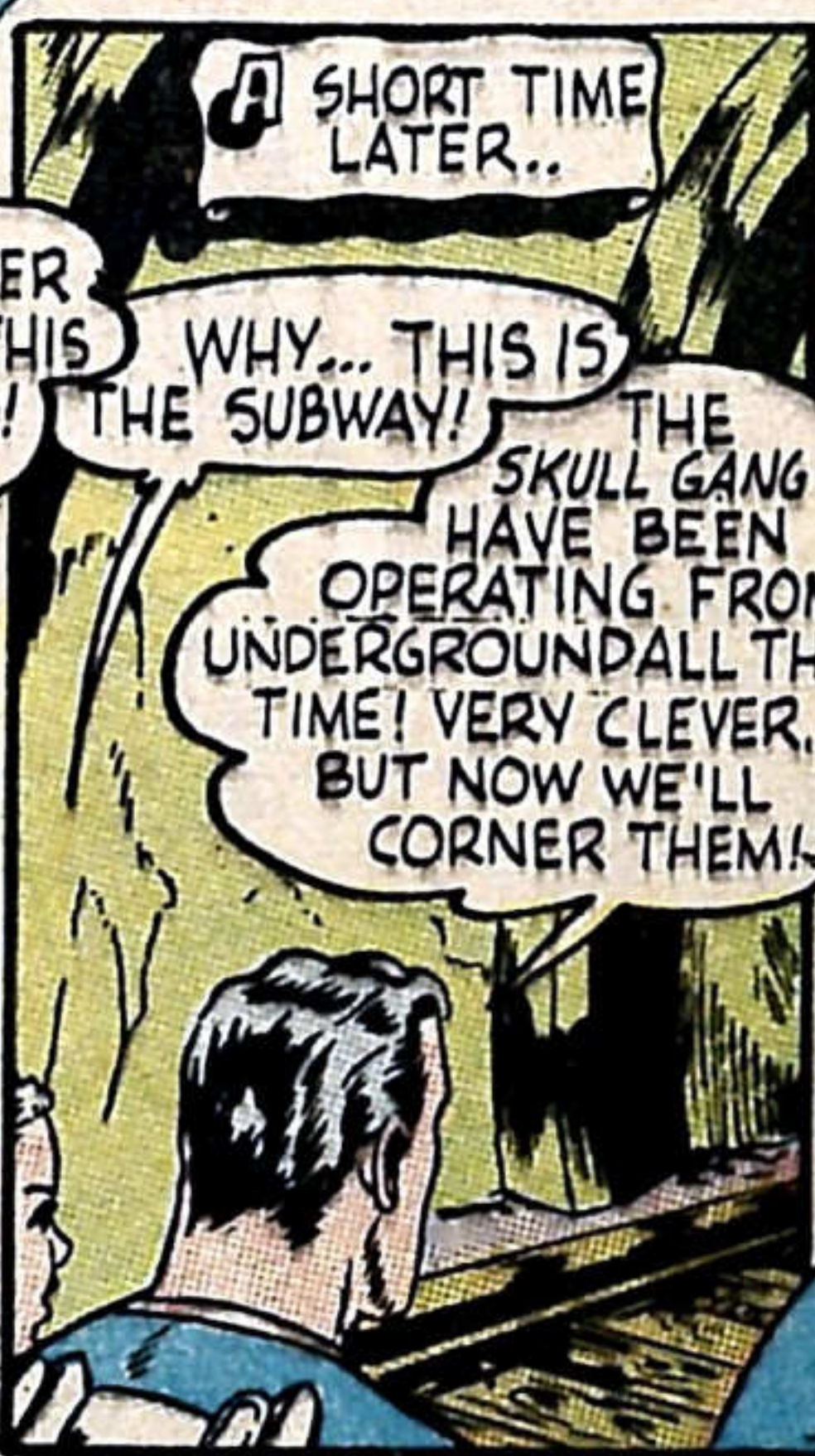


CAN'T USE OUR LUCE FLYERS HERE! WE'LL RUN AND EXPLORE!

WONDER WHAT THIS LEADS TO!

WHY... THIS IS THE SUBWAY!

THE SKULL GANG HAVE BEEN OPERATING FROM UNDERGROUND ALL THE TIME! VERY CLEVER, BUT NOW WE'LL CORNER THEM!



A SHORT TIME LATER..



BUT ANOTHER AMBUSH AWAITS THEM!

UGH!

AWKKK!

SPLAT



SPYING, EH, CAPTAIN BATTLE! I'LL END YOUR SPYING DAYS!



THE UNFORTUNATE PAIR ARE LASHED TO THE FRONT OF AN EMPTY SUBWAY CAR ON A SIDING!

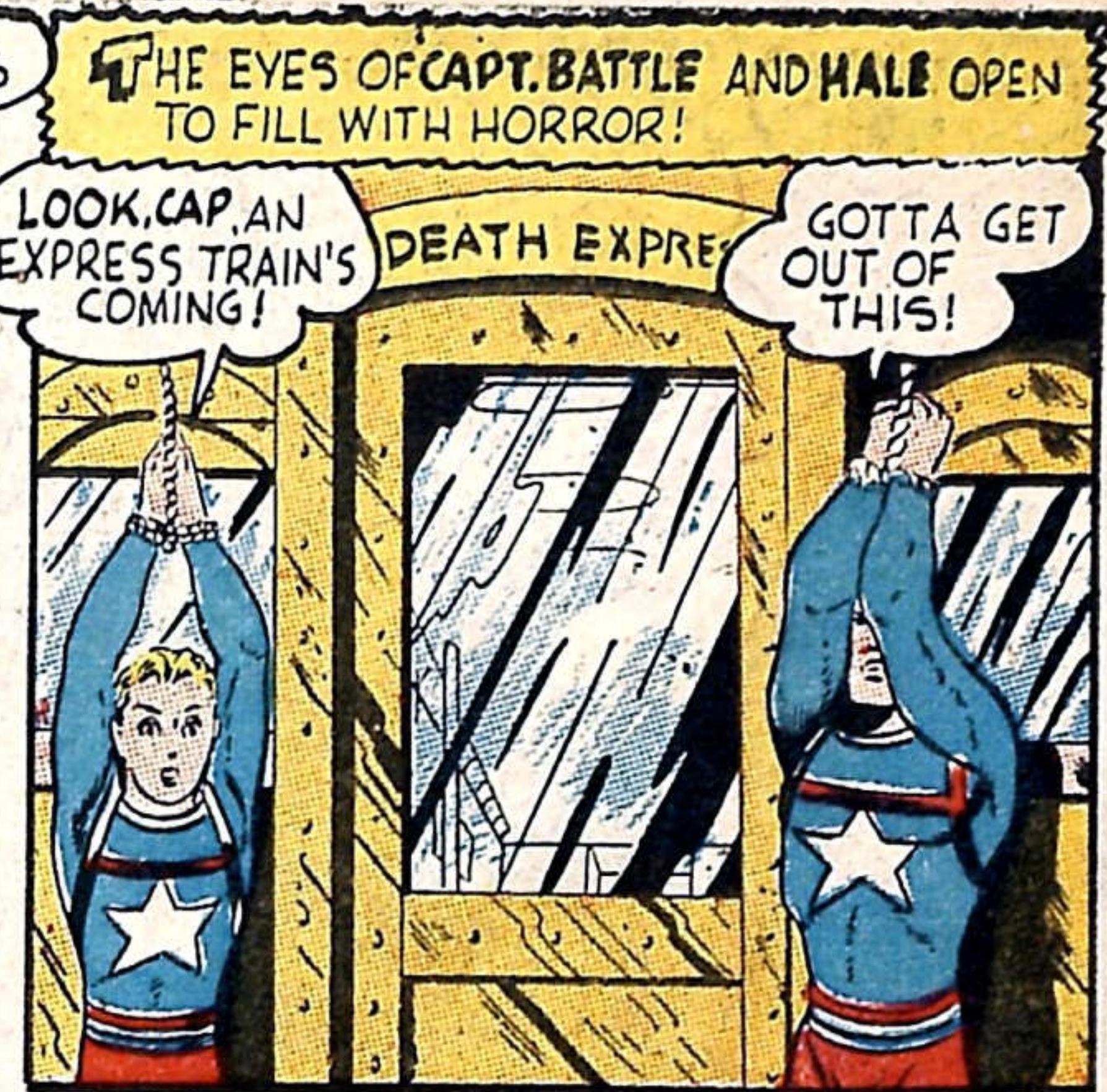
RELEASE THE BRAKES AND SWITCH THIS CAR ONTO THE MAIN SUBWAY TRACKS!

DEATH EXPRESS





A TRAIN IS COMING FILLED WITH WORKERS GOING TO A GUN MANUFACTURING PLANT! THEY'LL ALL BE GROUND TO PULP! HO, HO, HO!



THE EYES OF CAPT. BATTLE AND HALE OPEN TO FILL WITH HORROR!

LOOK, CAP, AN EXPRESS TRAIN'S COMING!

DEATH EXPRESS

GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS!



HOPE I DON'T CUT MY THROAT!

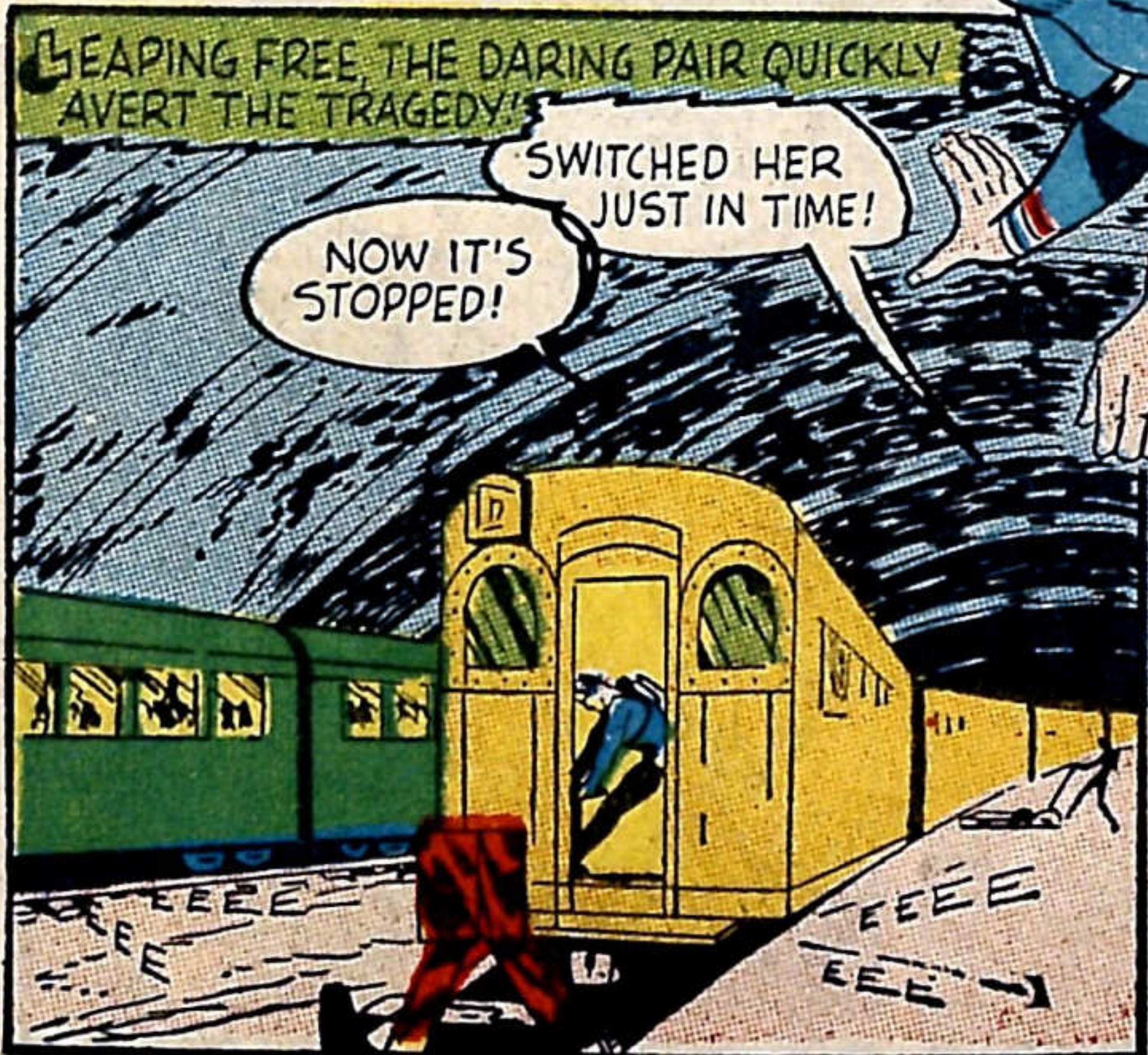
I CAN'T LOOK!

NOW, FOR THE RECKONING WITH OUR NAZI FRIENDS!



I'M FREE, HALE! NOW YOU...

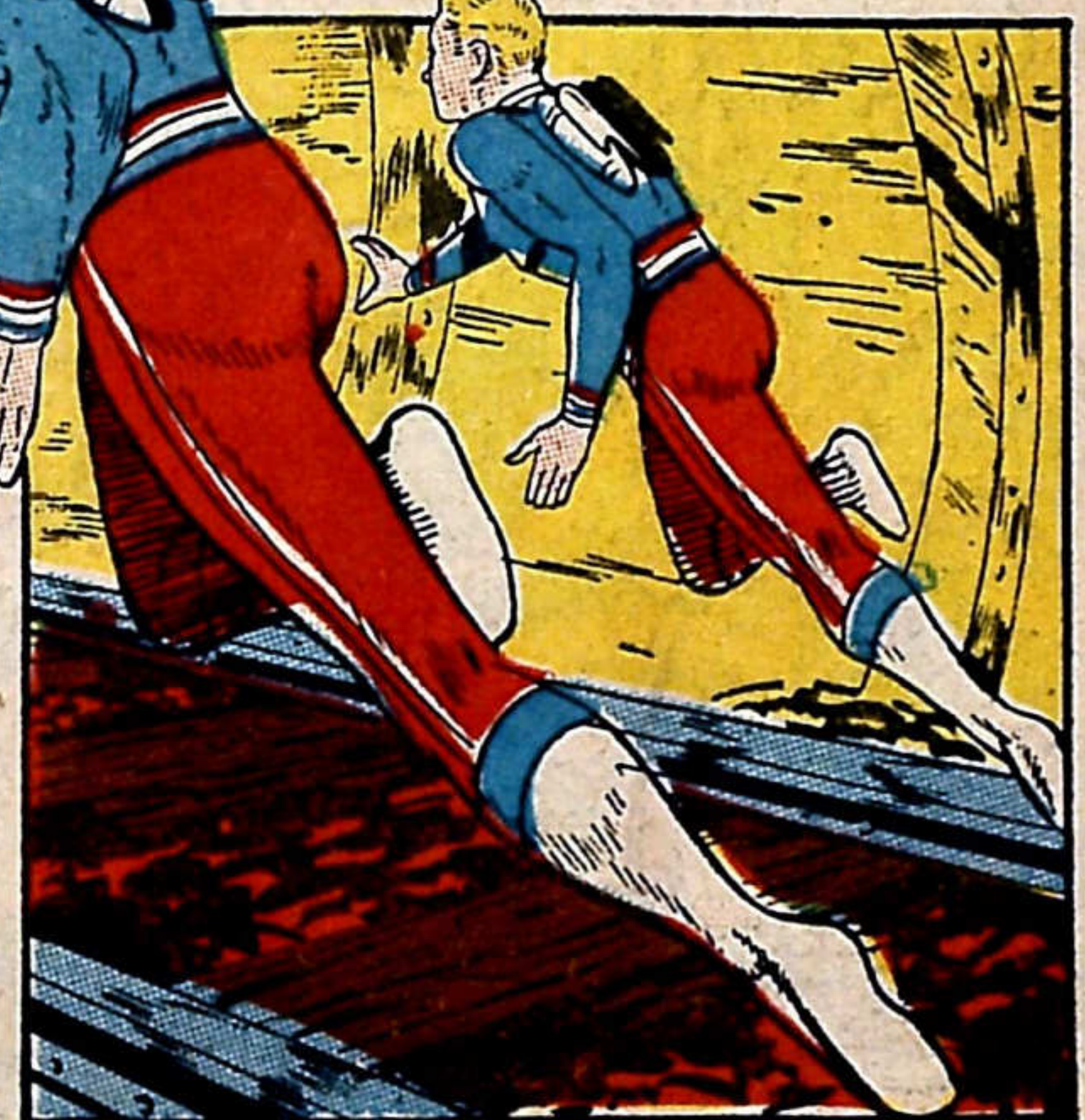
AND WHAT A RECKONING IT'LL BE!



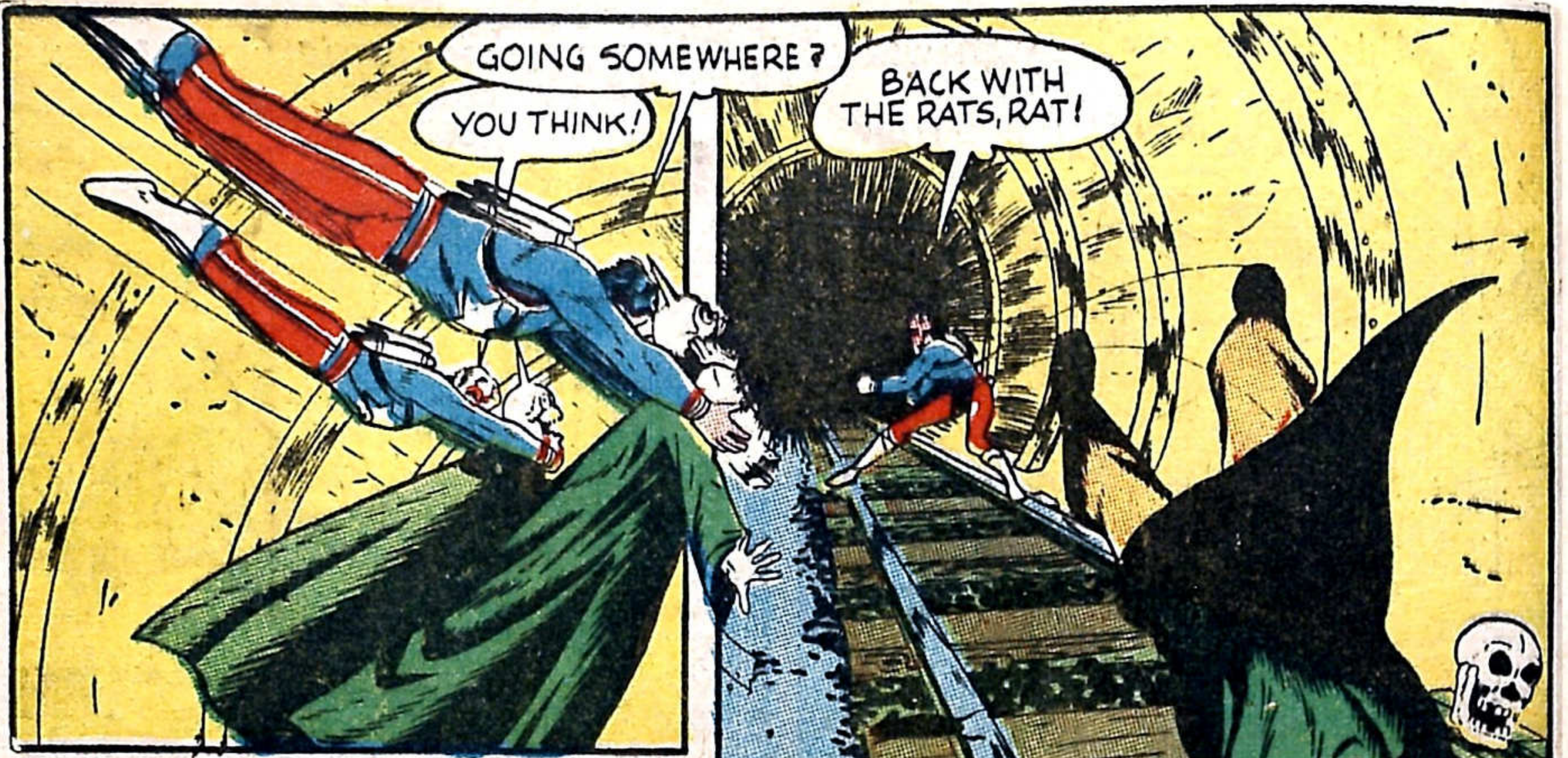
LEAVING FREE, THE DARING PAIR QUICKLY AVERT THE TRAGEDY!

SWITCHED HER JUST IN TIME!

NOW IT'S STOPPED!

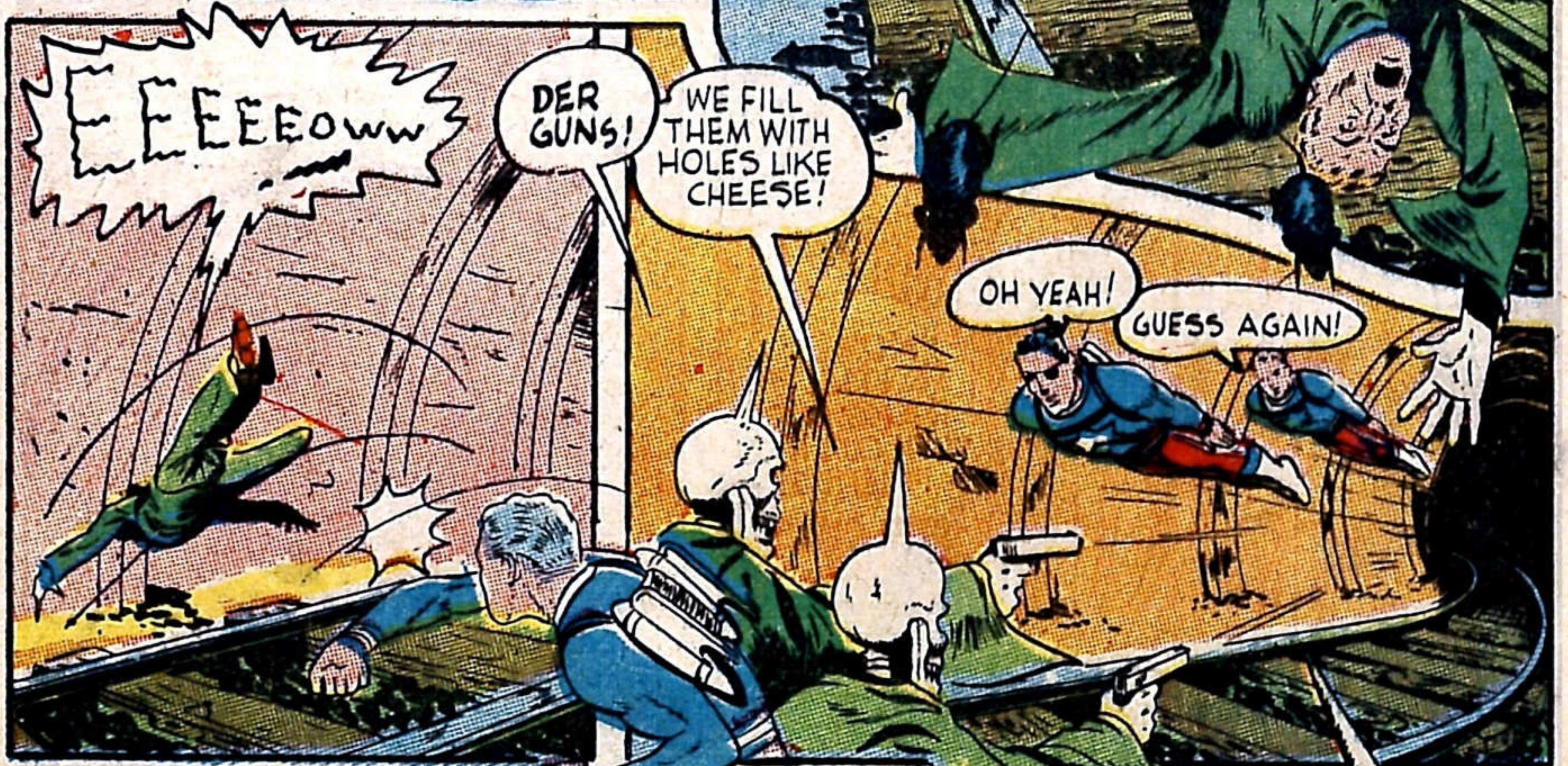






GOING SOMEWHERE?  
YOU THINK!

BACK WITH  
THE RATS, RAT!



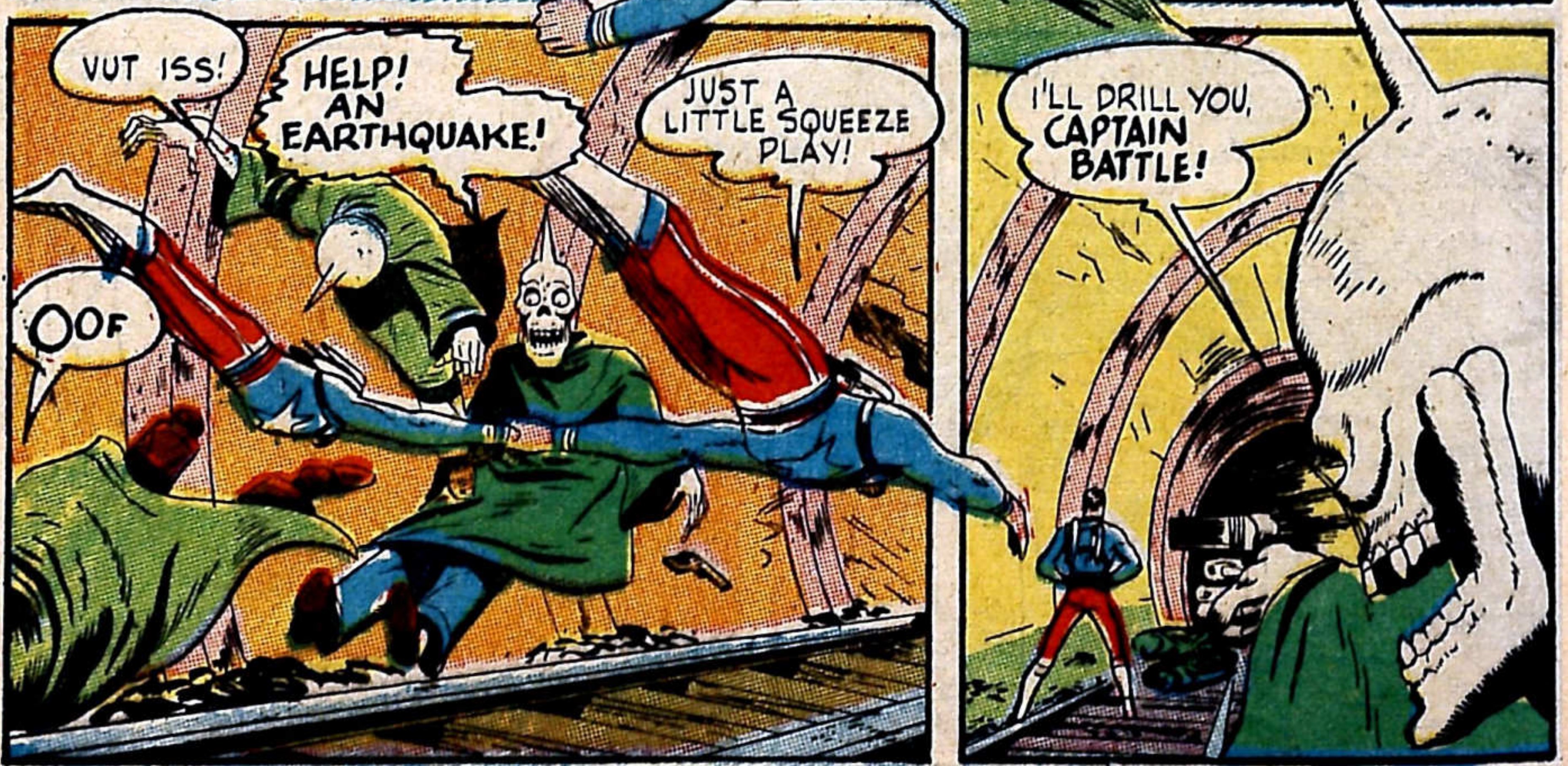
EEEEOWW

DER  
GUNS!

WE FILL  
THEM WITH  
HOLES LIKE  
CHEESE!

OH YEAH!

GUESS AGAIN!



VUT ISS!

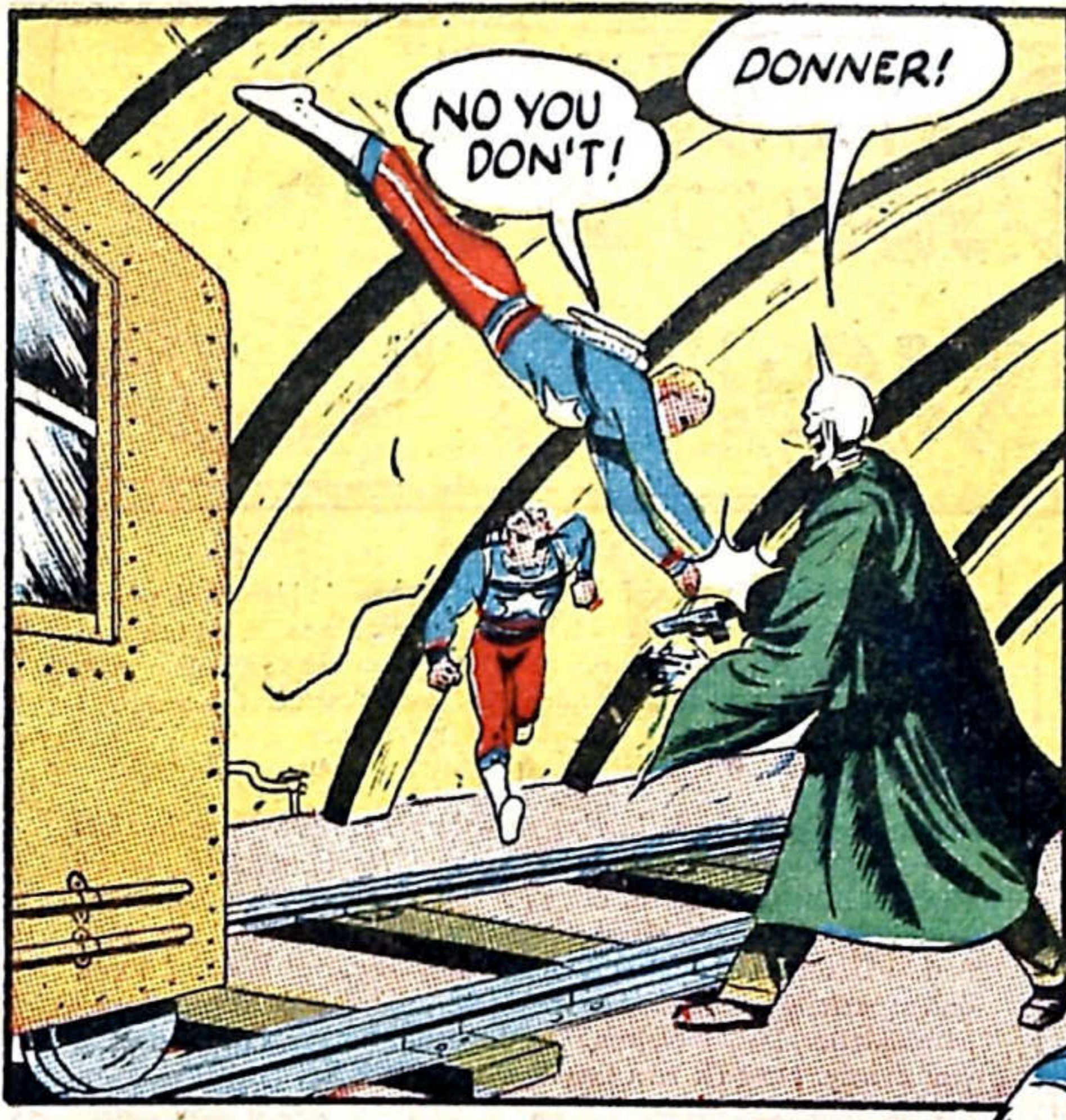
HELP!  
AN  
EARTHQUAKE!

JUST A  
LITTLE SQUEEZE  
PLAY!

I'LL DRILL YOU,  
CAPTAIN  
BATTLE!

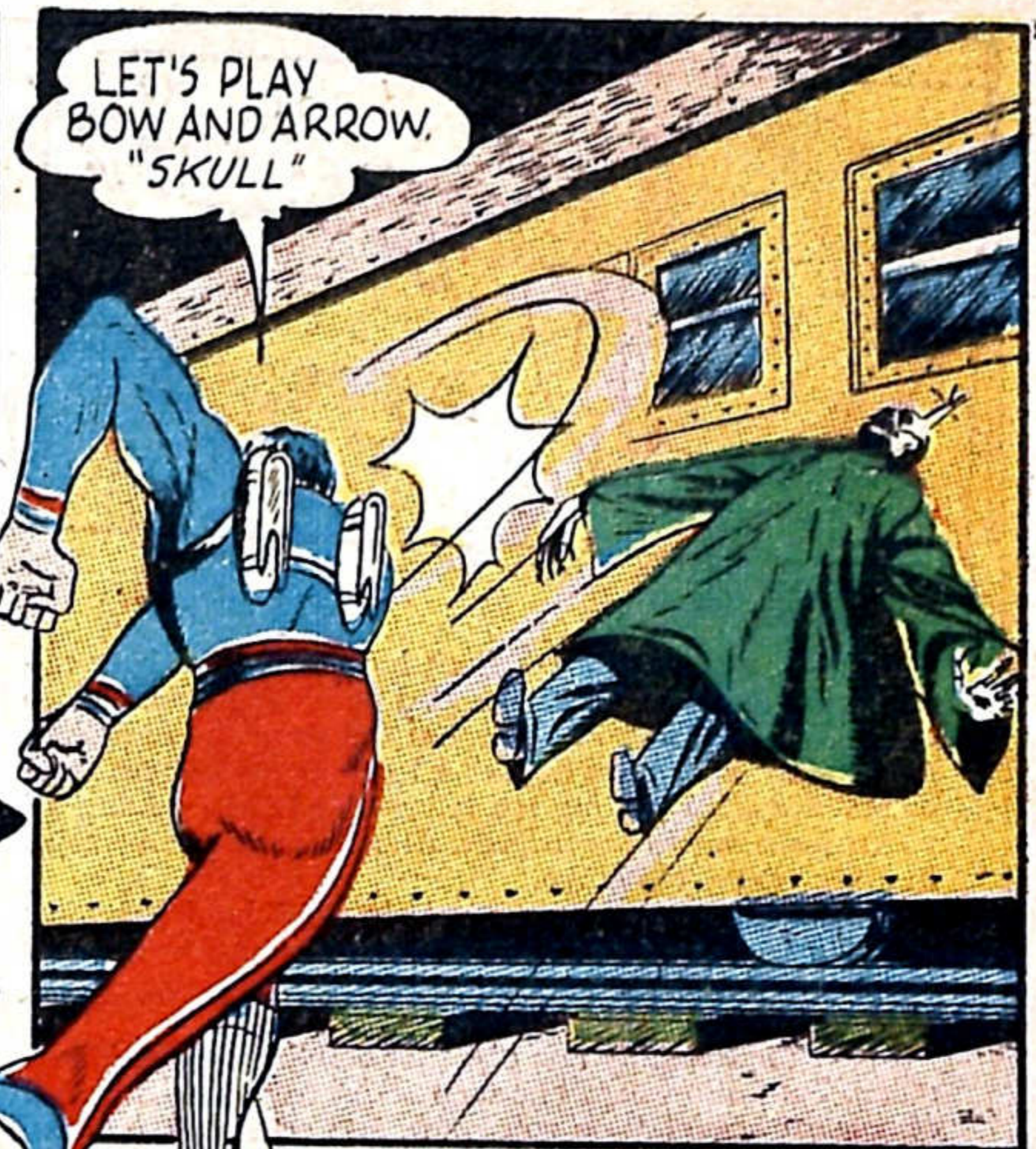
OOF





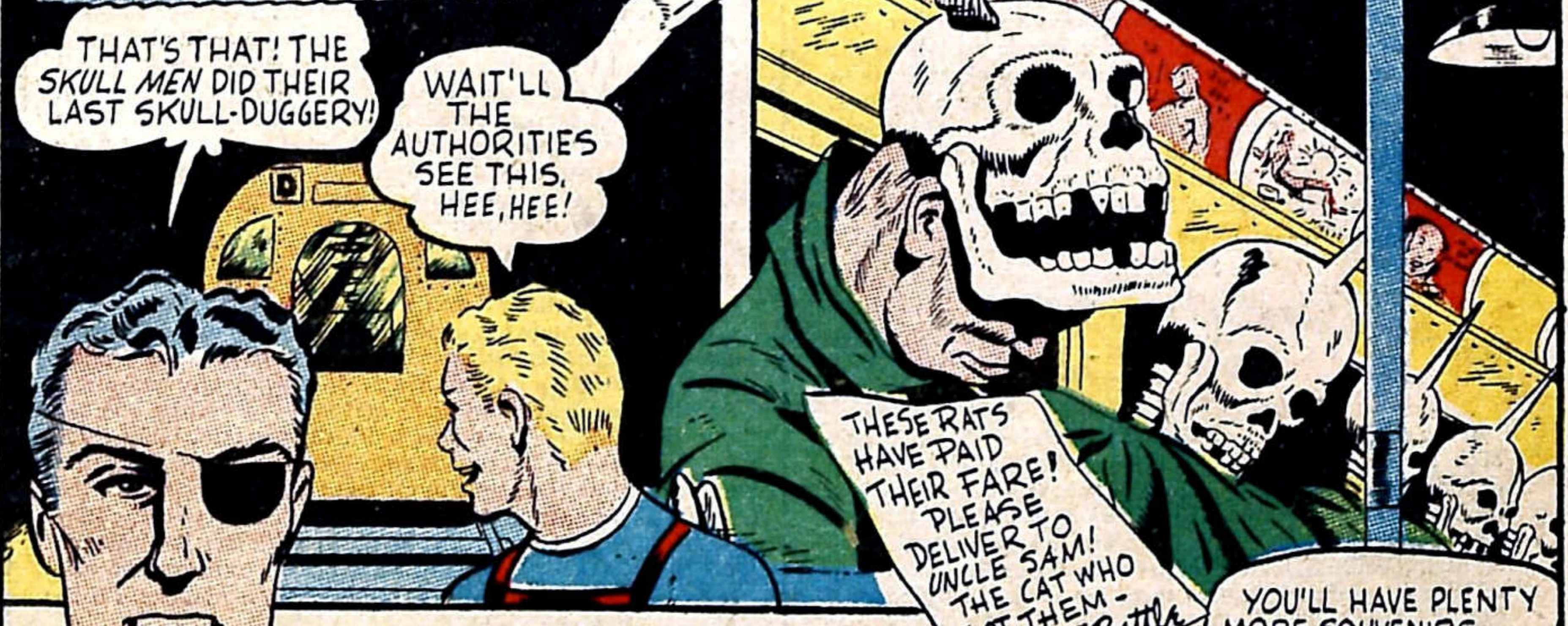
NO YOU DON'T!

DONNER!



LET'S PLAY BOW AND ARROW. "SKULL"

WHILE LATER, CAPTAIN BATTLE AND HALE LEAVE!

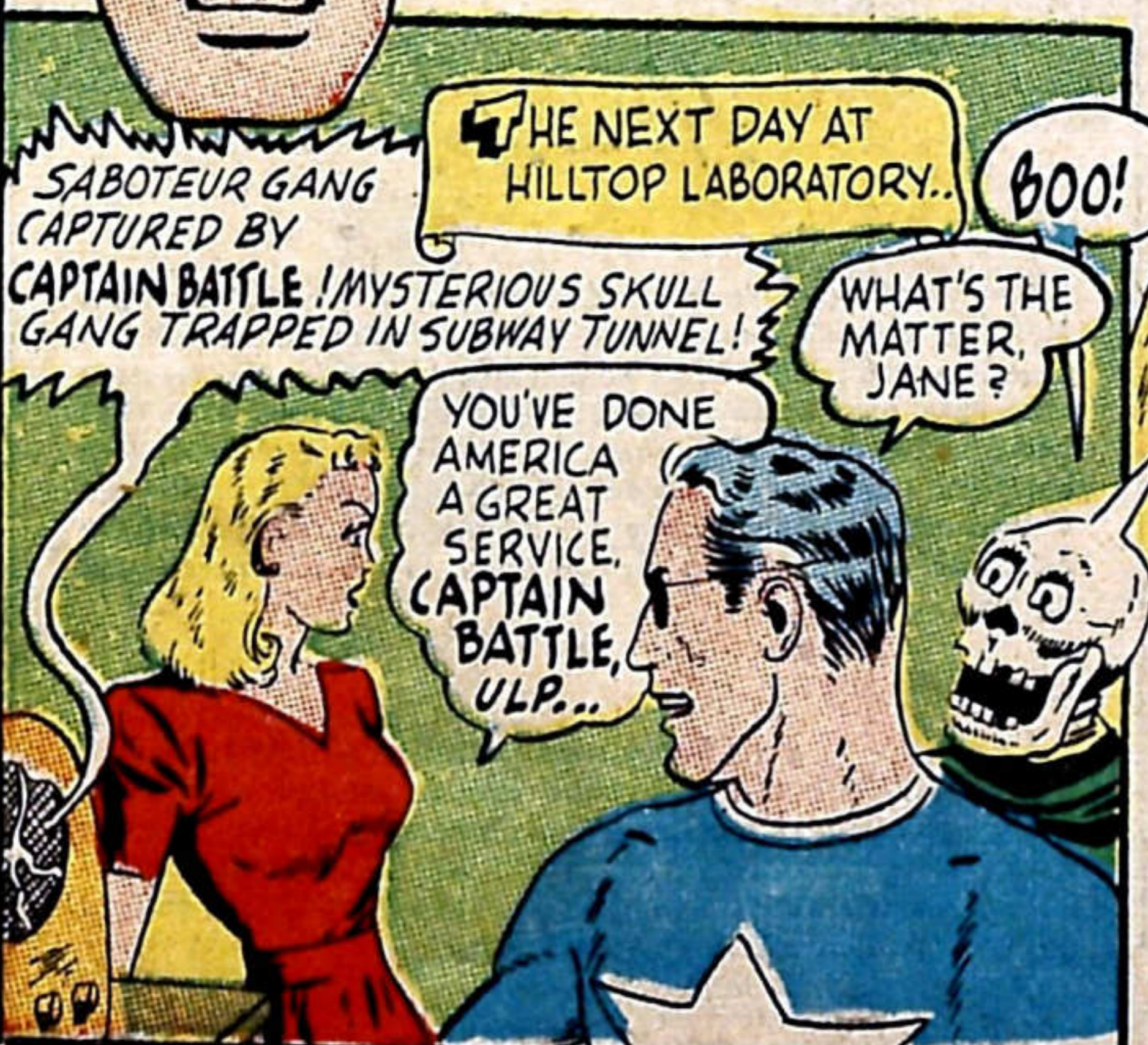


THAT'S THAT! THE SKULL MEN DID THEIR LAST SKULL-DUGGERY!

WAIT'LL THE AUTHORITIES SEE THIS, HEE, HEE!

THESE RATS HAVE PAID THEIR FARE! PLEASE DELIVER TO UNCLE SAM! THE CAT WHO GOT THEM - Capt. Battle

YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY MORE SOUVENIRS, HALE, BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH DESTROYING THE ENEMIES OF AMERICA!



THE NEXT DAY AT HILLTOP LABORATORY... SABOTEUR GANG CAPTURED BY CAPTAIN BATTLE! MYSTERIOUS SKULL GANG TRAPPED IN SUBWAY TUNNEL!

BOO!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, JANE?

YOU'VE DONE AMERICA A GREAT SERVICE, CAPTAIN BATTLE, ULP...



IT'S ONLY ONE OF THE SKULL MASKS! I'LL ADD IT TO MY COLLECT COLLECTION OF SOUVENIRS!

WHAT WILL BE THE NEXT SOUVENIR OF HALE AS HE AND CAPTAIN BATTLE WAGE WAR AGAINST THE SINISTER FORCES THAT SEEK AMERICA'S DOWNFALL!





# Captain BATTLE

## BOY'S BRIGADE!



Dear Fellow Members:

I may be a pretty big hombre, but you fellows have certainly got me down. And I'm glad of it! I've been able to stand up in all kinds of fights, but the postman is bringing me so much mail these days that I can hardly get out from under. But keep writing me fellows, and keep getting all your friends to join the Brigade. Already we've got members in every part of the U.S.A.

Remember, as soon as you get six good loyal Brigaders signed up, each with his membership card and badge, you can form a Battalion. Then write me and I will tell you just what to do next.

I have some mighty fine plans for activities for each Battalion. But I also would like suggestions from you. Ours is a democratic organization you know, and we are all running this thing together. So I will pay a dollar for any idea that is used. What do you think your Battalion of six should do to further the aims of the Brigade? Write me, and if I can use your idea I will send you a buck by return mail.

And another thing, heroes are always very modest. But every once in a while I learn of some heroic exploit on the part of one of our members. They somehow never write in themselves to tell about it, but one of the other boys does. If you know of any member of your Battalion who performs a really heroic exploit this Summer, write me and I will send you a handsome reward—and send him a medal.

That's all for now, fellows, get all your friends to join, keep writing me, and watch for my new adventures.

Sincerely,

*Capt. Battle*

Got a nice letter from James Friel, 8300 Roselawn Street, Detroit, Mich. He likes DAREDEVIL COMICS and CAPT. BATTLE COMICS apparently, but wants SILVER STREAK to have a magazine all his own. Come on, Jimmy, what do you think SILVER STREAK COMICS is? You see, SILVER STREAK was the first to have a magazine of his own. Then DAREDEVIL and I got to be so popular that each of us have a magazine. So now there are three—SILVER STREAK COMICS, DAREDEVIL COMICS, and CAPT. BATTLE COMICS. And about a million fellows in this country think they're tops. What do you think? Thanks for writing, Jimmy.

Thanks to Milton Fishman of Brooklyn, N. Y. for his friendly letter. Keep writing Milton and get more of the gang to join.

Lawrence and Theodore Swiben of Steelton, Pa. joined up together. They say: "We like your stories and think they're very interesting." Glad you liked them, boys.

Andrew Sperber of Glendale, L. I. wrote a fine letter. He likes the Brigade; he likes our ideals. He wants to help us fight to uphold democracy. We'll have lots to do—let's get started.

A lot of fellows write me, as did Paul Nunnally way out in Jasper, wanting to know how I manage to get around with one eye. Well, let me tell you. When I first lost it at Chateau Thierry it was pretty hard to get used to maneuvering around with only one glimmer. But it is about twenty-three years now, and let me tell you I can see more with my one eye than some people I know can see with both. But all the Brigade members are pretty sharp sighted. They know what is going on.

That reminds me, one of the big doctors here in New York where I am staying right now, think's he might be able to fix up this bad eye of mine with an operation. I'm really too busy to bother with it, but what do you fellows think? Let me know what you think I ought to do.

Many thanks to the following members for the interesting letters they've written me: Joe Gonzalez, Jr., Tampa, Fla., Teddy Tsouprake, New Bedford, Mass., Alton Moon of West Huntsville, Ala., Alvin Turski of Toledo, Ohio, Harold Ross of St. Louis, Mo., Buddy Clements of Amarillo, Tex., Hans Strauf of Wichita, Kans. and especially to Eric Kent of Oakland, Calif. for his long and very helpful letter. I will look into the matter right away, Eric, and write you shortly. Now I'll turn the floor over to Hale.

Hello guys, this is Hale Battle speaking and boy, am I in the pink. The Captain and I have just been out on an adventure that will absolutely knock you silly. Talk about excitement. I think the Captain is the greatest guy in the world and he and I were in a tight spot here all last week. You'll read about it pretty soon in the magazine. But let me tell you when we were zooming along at about 3600 feet and the Captain's Luceflyers went on the blink I was scared stiff. We were about 600 miles off shore when things started to pop. Lucky for us a Coast Guard boat came along or neither of us would have been here to write this.

The thing that I'm proudest of is that I was the very first member of the CAPT. BATTLE BOYS' BRIGADE, and I certainly hope that all you regular guys are going to join up fast. The Captain has some wonderful plans for our Brigade and some surprises too. But the only way to get things going quickly is to have a lot of members in every city and town. So get all your friends to join and let us hear from you. By the way, you don't have to write the Captain. Only three fellows wrote me last month and about a thousand times that number wrote the Captain. Of course, he shows me all the mail and we answer it together. But what do you say, how about some of you getting in touch with me just to even things up a little. Especially what I want to hear from you fellows is how I can improve my work in my stories. I'll be hearing from you.

Best regards to all.

*Hale Battle*

I wonder if you fellows heard about what happened to my pal Mercury, or should I say Meteor, because that's what we call him now. He and SILVER STREAK were in the midst of a very dangerous adventure down South and Mercury (or should I say Meteor) got into a terrific pickle. At any rate, he had to change his name in a hurry and from now on he's going to be called METEOR. How the change came about will be told in the magazine round about the November issue, so keep an eye open. In the meantime, meet my pal, METEOR.

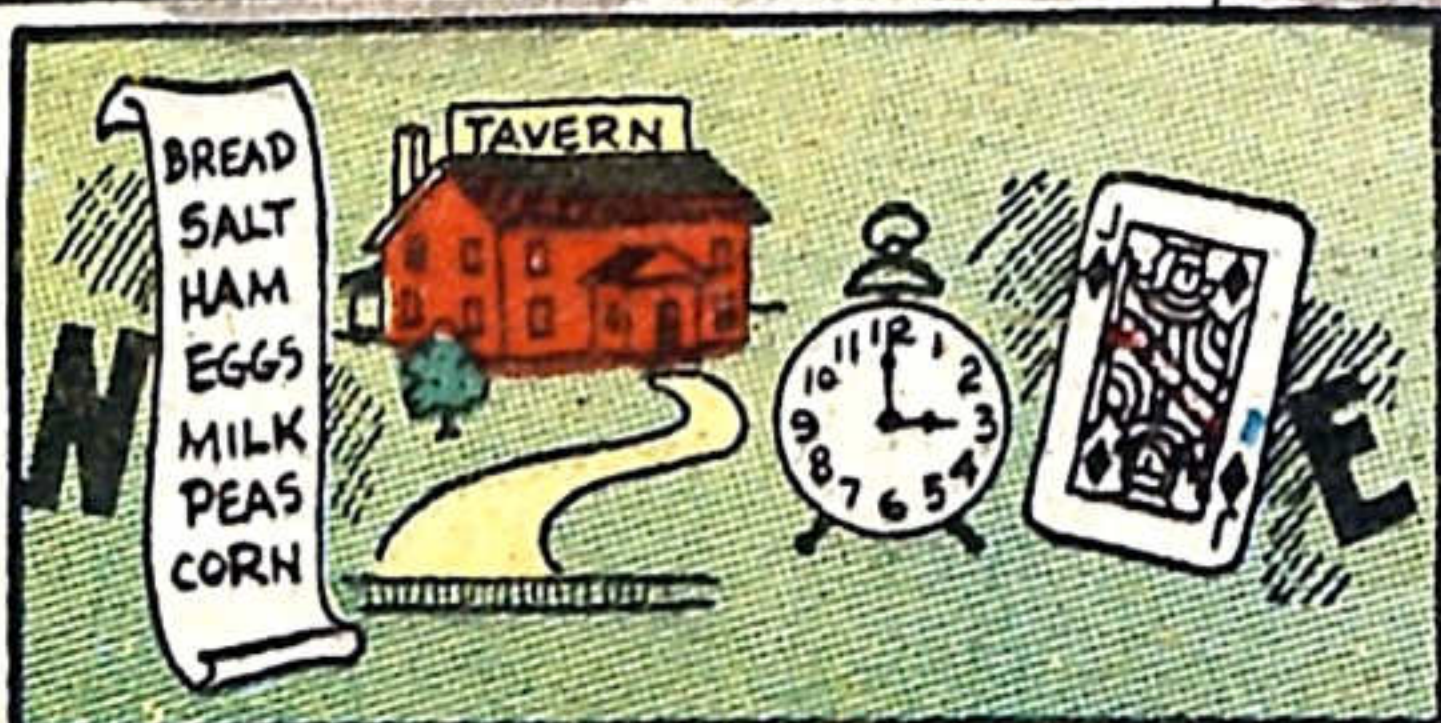
**SPECIAL**

... Every new Battalion of CAPT. BATTLE BOYS' BRIGADE that is formed and registered with Capt. Battle—(just send six memberships accompanied by ten cents each) during the month of August will receive a beautiful felt banner. So hurry up and let's get these Battalions started so we can hold elections for officers.





# CAPTAIN BATTLE'S PUZZLE PAGE



Here's a very familiar sign in rebus form. Can you read the pictures? They represent a four-word sentence.

A.W. NUGENT

TRY TO SPELL FOUR FIVE-LETTER WORDS BY USING ALL OF THE GIVEN LETTERS TO SPELL EACH WORD.

**A D E**  
**R T**

WORD GAME

## ENGLAND

USE ONLY THE LETTERS IN "ENGLAND" AND TRY TO SPELL AT LEAST 45 ENGLISH WORDS OF TWO OR MORE LETTERS

A.W. NUGENT

1 --- BER  
2 --- D  
3 H ---  
4 --- URE 5 C ---  
6 AP --- 7 S --- ED  
8 --- M

ADD THE NAMES OF EIGHT TREES, ONE LETTER OVER EACH -

- DASH, SO THAT THE COMBINED LETTERS WILL SPELL EIGHT WORDS.

TWO FIVE-LETTER WORDS ARE MISSING FROM THE GIVEN SENTENCE. BOTH ARE SPELLED WITH THE SAME FIVE LETTERS. TRY TO REPLACE THEM.

INSTEAD OF --- WE ANSWERED WITH OUR ---

TRY TO PRINT THE EIGHT LETTERS SHOWN BELOW, ONE INTO EACH EMPTY BOX SO THAT THE COMBINED LETTERS WILL SPELL SIX THREE-LETTER WORDS READING IN THE DIRECTIONS OF THE ARROWS.

A A  
E E  
H O  
P T

↓	↓	↓	↓
→		R	
→			

A.W. NUGENT

ARE YOU EQUAL TO THE TASK?

F	R	E	D
I	T	H	E
	E	O	Y
I	S		

FRED FOX CAN REMOVE NINE LINES SO THAT THERE WILL BE NO SQUARES OF ANY SIZE LEFT. CAN YOU?

↖	↘	3	↖	↘
→		5	7	9
→		11		

PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP JIM SMITH WITH THIS PROBLEM. TEACHER WANTS HIM TO WRITE A DIFFERENT NUMBER INTO EACH EMPTY SQUARE SO ARRANGED THAT THE COMBINED NUMBERS WILL ADD TO EXACTLY TWENTY-ONE IN THE SIX ROWS INDICATED BY THE ARROWS.

A.W. NUGENT

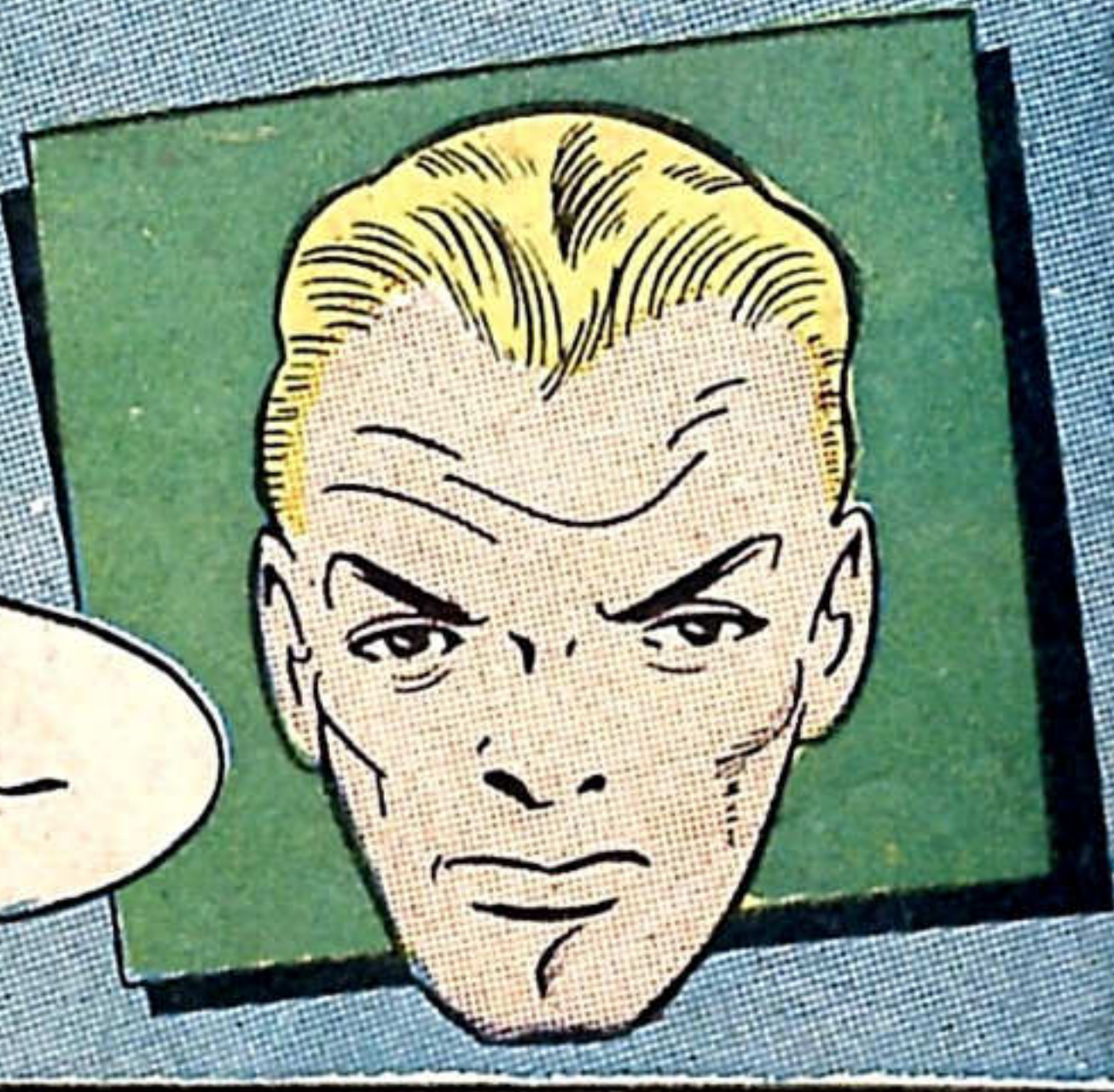


# PRESTO

# MARTIN



QUICK  
CHANGE  
DETECTIVE—




BY  
BOB  
WOOD

A GRUESOMELY DEFORMED FIGURE OF A MAN INSERTS HIS UGLY PRESENCE INTO THE MOST SENSATIONAL MURDER CASE OF THE YEAR---BUT, WHEN ALL ACCUSING FINGERS POINTED AT THIS HORRIBLE HULK OF HUMANITY, THEN ENTERED PRESTO MARTIN, QUICK-CHANGE ARTIST AND CAPTAIN OF MANHATTAN'S DETECTIVES, TO SWING THE PENDULUM OF JUSTICE-AND THUS, WE HAVE-- THE RIDICULOUS RIDDLE OF "THE HUNCHBACK WHO COULDN'T TALK"--

3¢ **Daily Star**

## HEIRESS BRUTALLY MURDERED ON EVE OF INHERITANCE

SOCIALITE BETTY POND STRANGLER TO DEATH AT MANHATTAN ESTATE



WHIRLY WINS AGAIN

BETTY POND

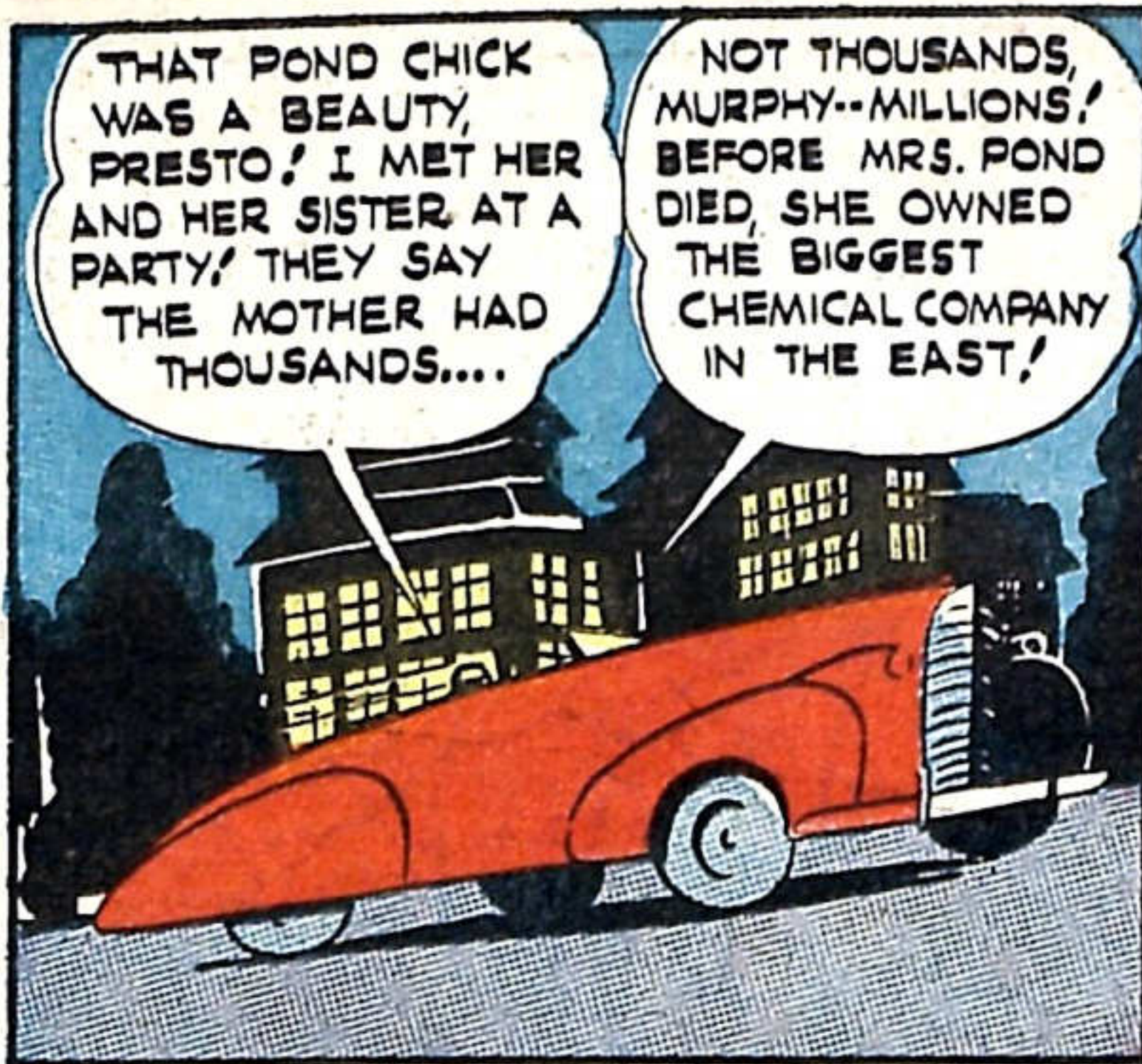
XXVIII	...
XXVII	...
XXVI	...
XXV	...
XXIV	...
XXIII	...
XXII	...
XXI	...
XX	...
XIX	...
XVIII	...
XVII	...
XVI	...
XV	...
XIV	...
XIII	...
XII	...
XI	...
X	...
IX	...
VIII	...
VII	...
VI	...
V	...
IV	...
III	...
II	...
I	...

PRESTO'S OFFICE AT HEADQUARTERS....

RIGHT, CHIEF---I'M ON MY WAY OUT THERE NOW! C'MON, MURPHY!

I'M READY!





THAT POND CHICK WAS A BEAUTY, PRESTO! I MET HER AND HER SISTER AT A PARTY! THEY SAY THE MOTHER HAD THOUSANDS....

NOT THOUSANDS, MURPHY--MILLIONS! BEFORE MRS. POND DIED, SHE OWNED THE BIGGEST CHEMICAL COMPANY IN THE EAST!



SHE NEVER DID GET ALONG WITH HER HUSBAND, THOUGH--THAT'S WHY BETTY WAS LEFT THE INHERITANCE--IT'LL BE INTERESTING TO SEE WHO GETS IT NOW!



HERE WE ARE--THE OLD POND MANSION! IT SURE IS SINISTER LOOKING!



I'M DETECTIVE MARTIN AND THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, MR. MURPHY!

OH, YES! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU! STEP RIGHT IN, SIR!



IT'S BEEN TERRIBLE, SIR! MISS BETTY WAS A PERFECT LADY... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND ANYONE WANTING TO KILL HER...

I SEE..WELL, PERHAPS WE HAD BETTER START AT THE BEGINNING AND GO OVER THE WHOLE THING THOROUGHLY!



COME RIGHT THIS WAY...I'LL HAVE YOU MEET THE OTHERS! NO ONE HAS LEFT THE HOUSE SINCE IT HAPPENED!

PRESTO AND MURPHY ARE LED INTO THE LIBRARY UPSTAIRS....

AFTER AN HOUR'S QUESTIONING, PRESTO MARTIN'S INVESTIGATION REVEALS THE FOLLOWING FACTS...



TWIN SISTER: ROSE HAD DINNER WITH HER SISTER AND FATHER TWO HOURS BEFORE BETTY'S DEATH...

JENKINS: WAS DISLIKED THOROUGHLY BY BETTY--LAST TO SEE BETTY ALIVE--JUST RECENTLY JOINED THE FAMILY.



MATILDA: THE MAID WITH THE FAMILY FOR THIRTY YEARS.



MR. POND: NEW YORK BROKER, HOME TO SPEND WEEKEND WITH DAUGHTERS...



ISOLDE: THE GARDENER, A HUNCHBACK--IS A DEAF MUTE WITH LARGE POWERFUL HANDS...HAS AN OLDER BROTHER IN INSANE INSTITUTION.

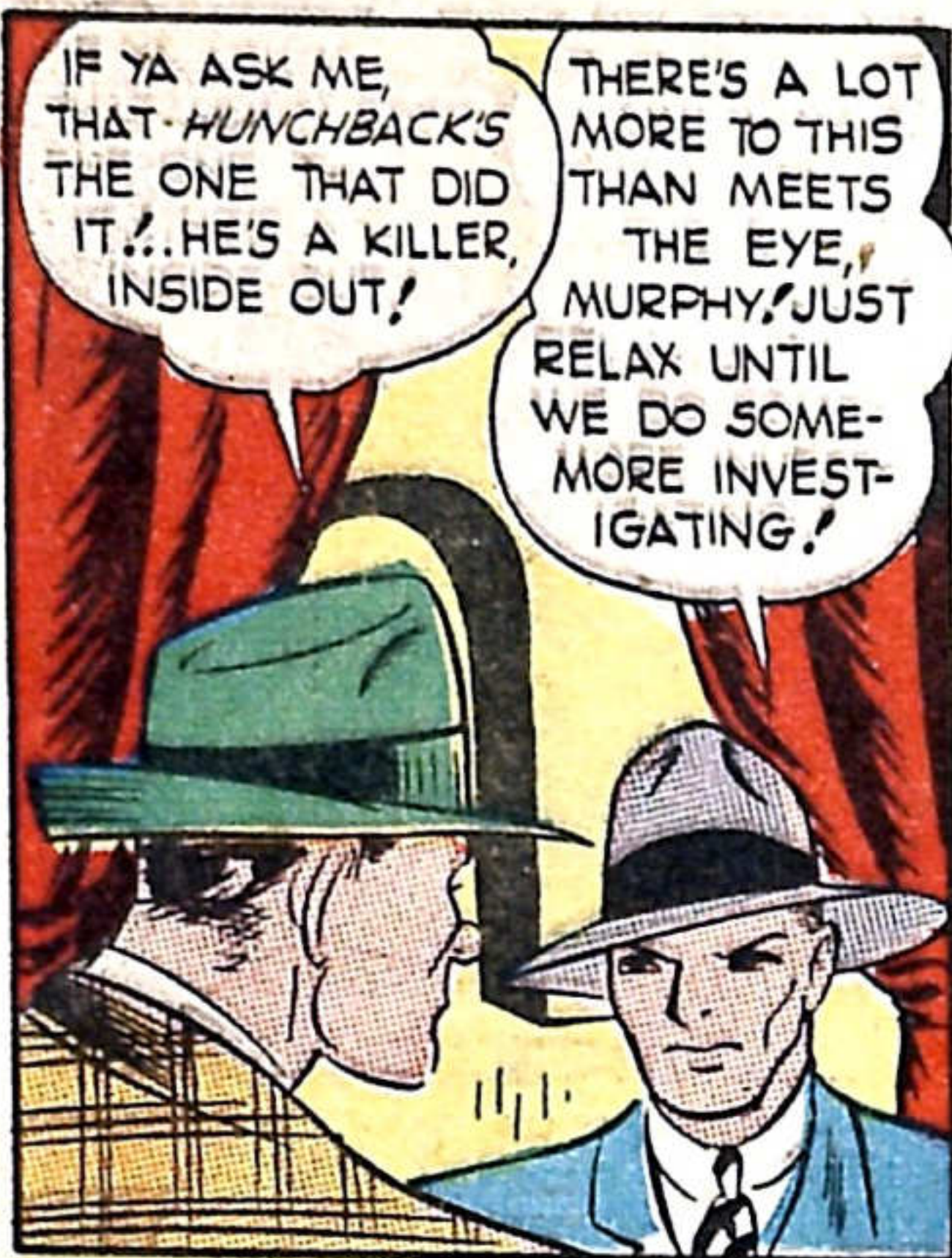


ROSE'S BOY FRIEND: BILL BIRO--A PENNILESS SOCIAL CLIMBER--CLAIMS TO HAVE BEEN PRACTICING TENNIS STROKES IN THE BASEMENT AT THE TIME OF BETTY'S DEATH.



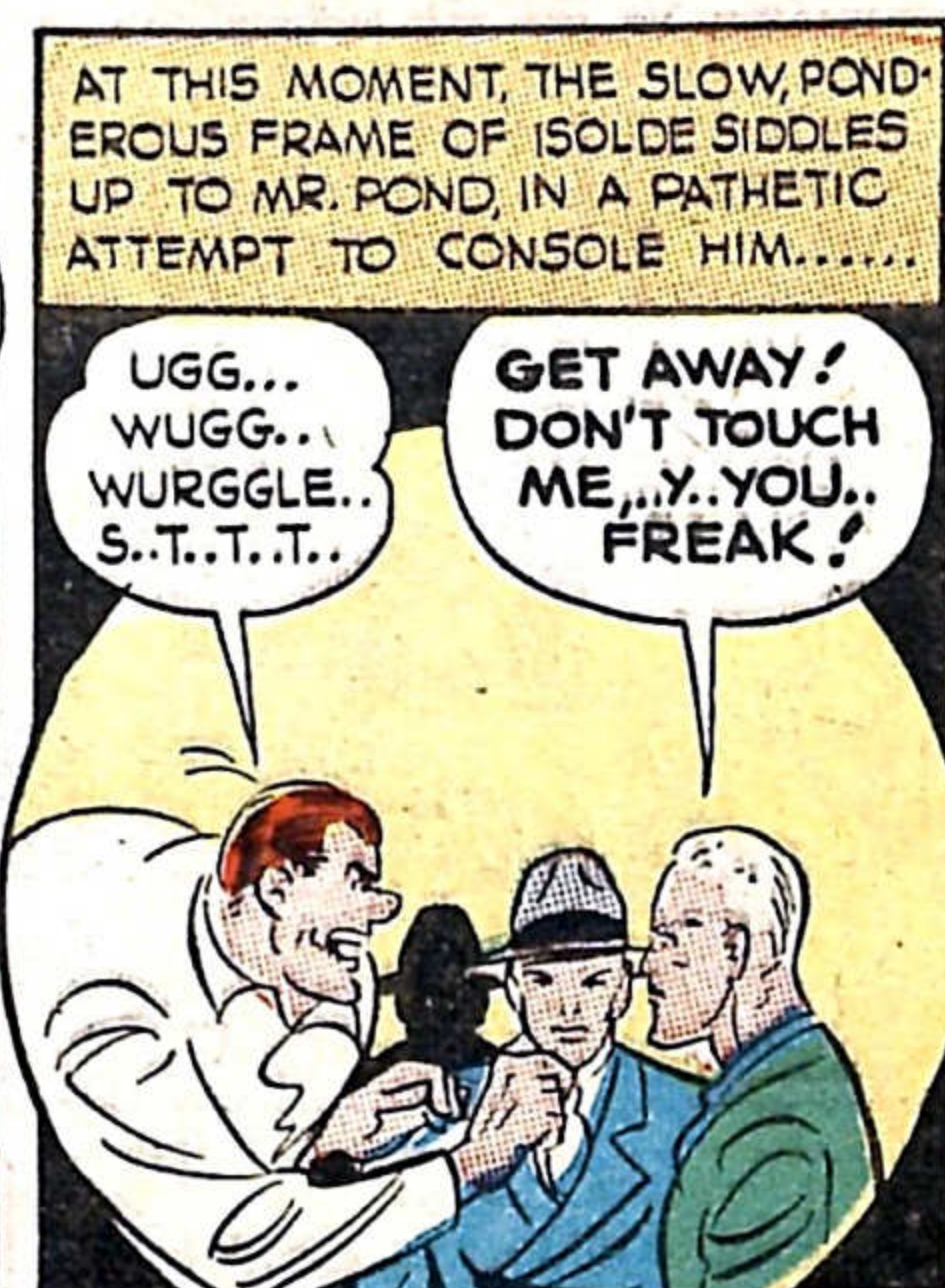
THE MURDERER IS AMONG THESE PEOPLE--CAN YOU PICK THE GUILTY PARTY???





IF YA ASK ME, THAT *HUNCHBACK'S* THE ONE THAT DID IT!..HE'S A KILLER, INSIDE OUT!

THERE'S A LOT MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE, MURPHY, JUST RELAX UNTIL WE DO SOME-MORE INVESTIGATING!



AT THIS MOMENT, THE SLOW, POND-EROUS FRAME OF ISOLDE SIDDLER UP TO MR. POND, IN A PATHETIC ATTEMPT TO CONSOLE HIM.....

UGG... WUGG... WURGGLE.. S..T..T..T..

GET AWAY! DON'T TOUCH ME,..Y..YOU.. FREAK!



/I DON'T LIKE TO ACCUSE ANYONE, MR. MARTIN, BUT THAT *HUNCHBACK* WITH THOSE HORRIBLE HANDS.. HE MIGHT...HAVE MURDERED BETTY!

CALM YOUR-SELF, MR. POND! WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS!

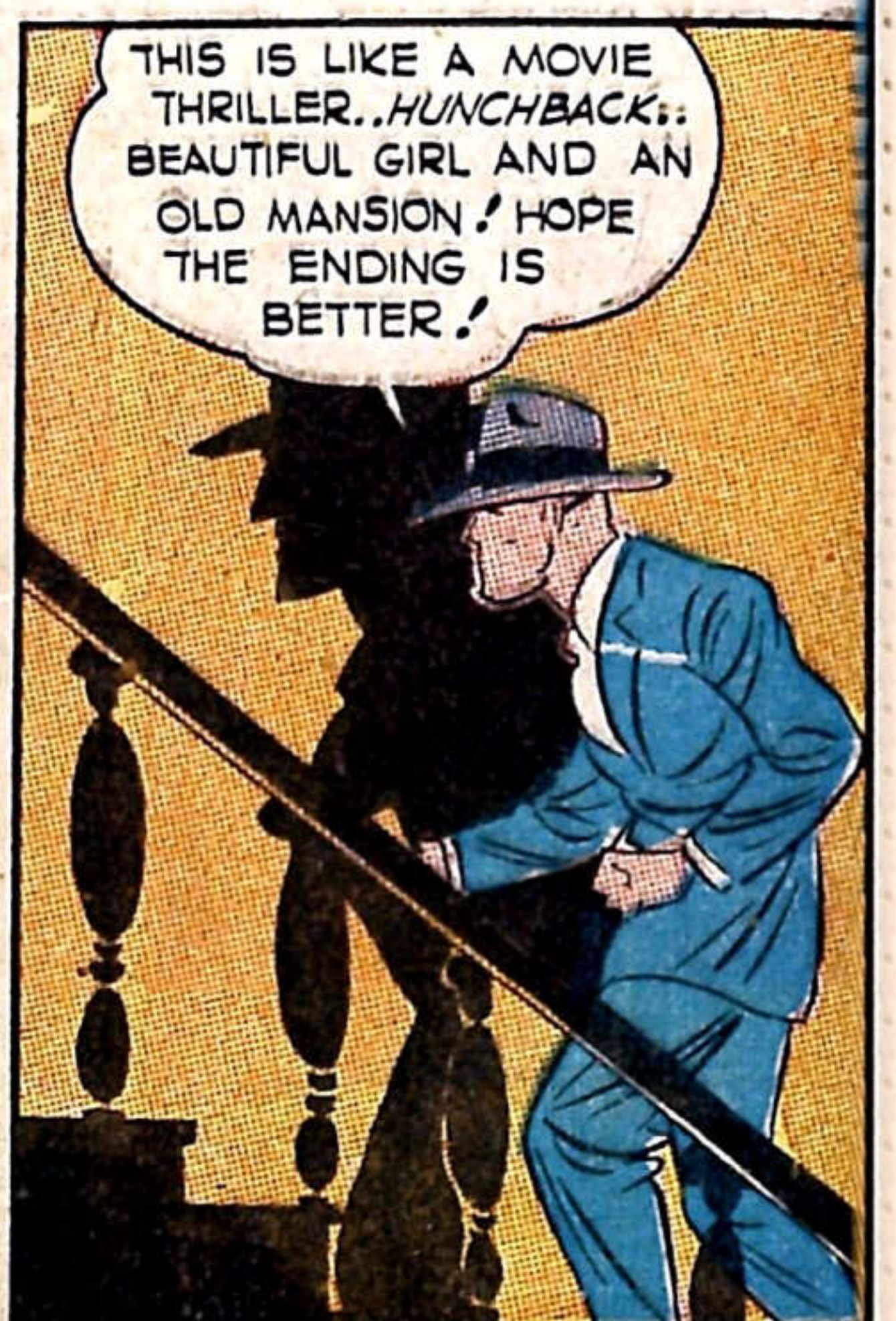


FOR SOME REASON, I CAN'T SUSPECT THAT POOR DUMB *HUNCHBACK*... BUT, MAYBE I'M WRONG.. INSANITY **DOES** RUN IN HIS FAMILY!



YOU WAIT HERE, MURPHY! I'M GOING UPSTAIRS AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE SCENE OF THE MURDER!

OKAY, PRESTO!



THIS IS LIKE A MOVIE THRILLER.. *HUNCHBACK*.. BEAUTIFUL GIRL AND AN OLD MANSION! HOPE THE ENDING IS BETTER!

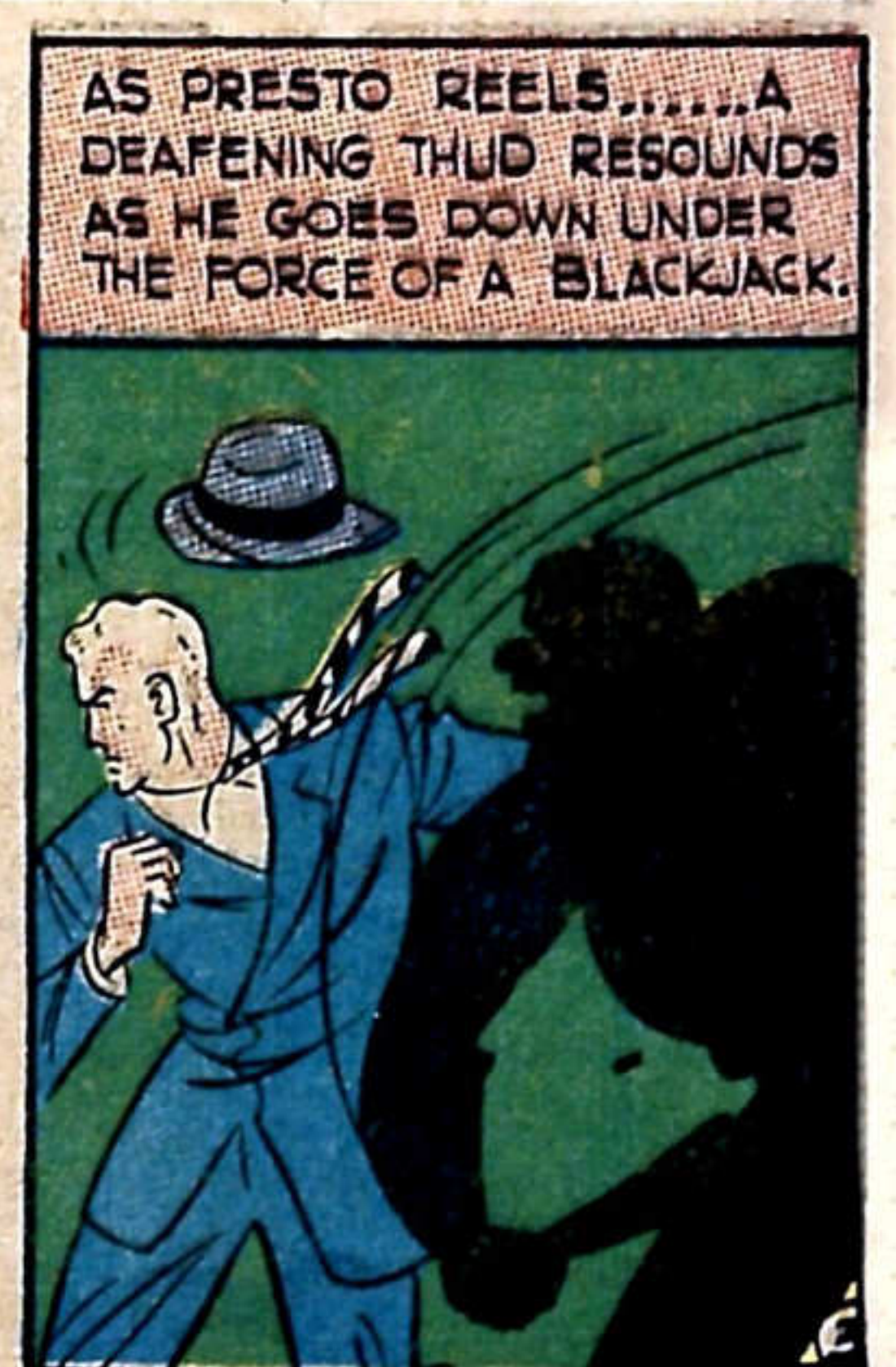


NO ONE COULD HAVE ENTERED THROUGH THOSE WINDOWS--HMM.. LETS SEE, NOW...



AS PRESTO SEARCHES FOR A CLUE, A HUGE SHADOW PRESENTLY CASTS ITSELF ACROSS THE ROOM..

THE BODY WAS FOUND RIGHT HERE BY THE BED, EH? HMM..WHAT'S THIS?



AS PRESTO REELS.....A DEAFENING THUD RESOUNDS AS HE GOES DOWN UNDER THE PORCE OF A BLACKJACK.



AS HIS ACCOSTER FLEES,  
PRESTO QUICKLY RECOVERS.



OW, MY HEAD...  
THAT'S THE HUNCH-  
BACK, ALL RIGHT!  
HE WON'T GET  
FAR!

UP, ONTO THE ROOF THE CHASE  
LEADS.. PRESTO IN HOT PURSUIT...



I'M RATHER SUR-  
PRISED! I DIDN'T  
THINK THE HUNCHBACK  
WAS THE GUILTY  
PARTY!

PRESTO STOPS HIS MAN SHORT  
WITH A FLYING TACKLE....



OW...  
YOU..

BUT PRESTO'S OPPONENT IS NO  
PUSHOVER--QUICK TO HIS FEET,  
HE CATCHES PRESTO FLUSH WITH  
A CRUSHING RIGHT...



SO YOU REALLY  
WANT TO MAKE  
SOMETHING OUT  
OF THIS, EH?



PRESTO SAILES INTO THE UGLY  
MONSTER WITH A LEFT HOOK--  
THEN A RIGHT..ANOTHER...AND  
ANOTHER!



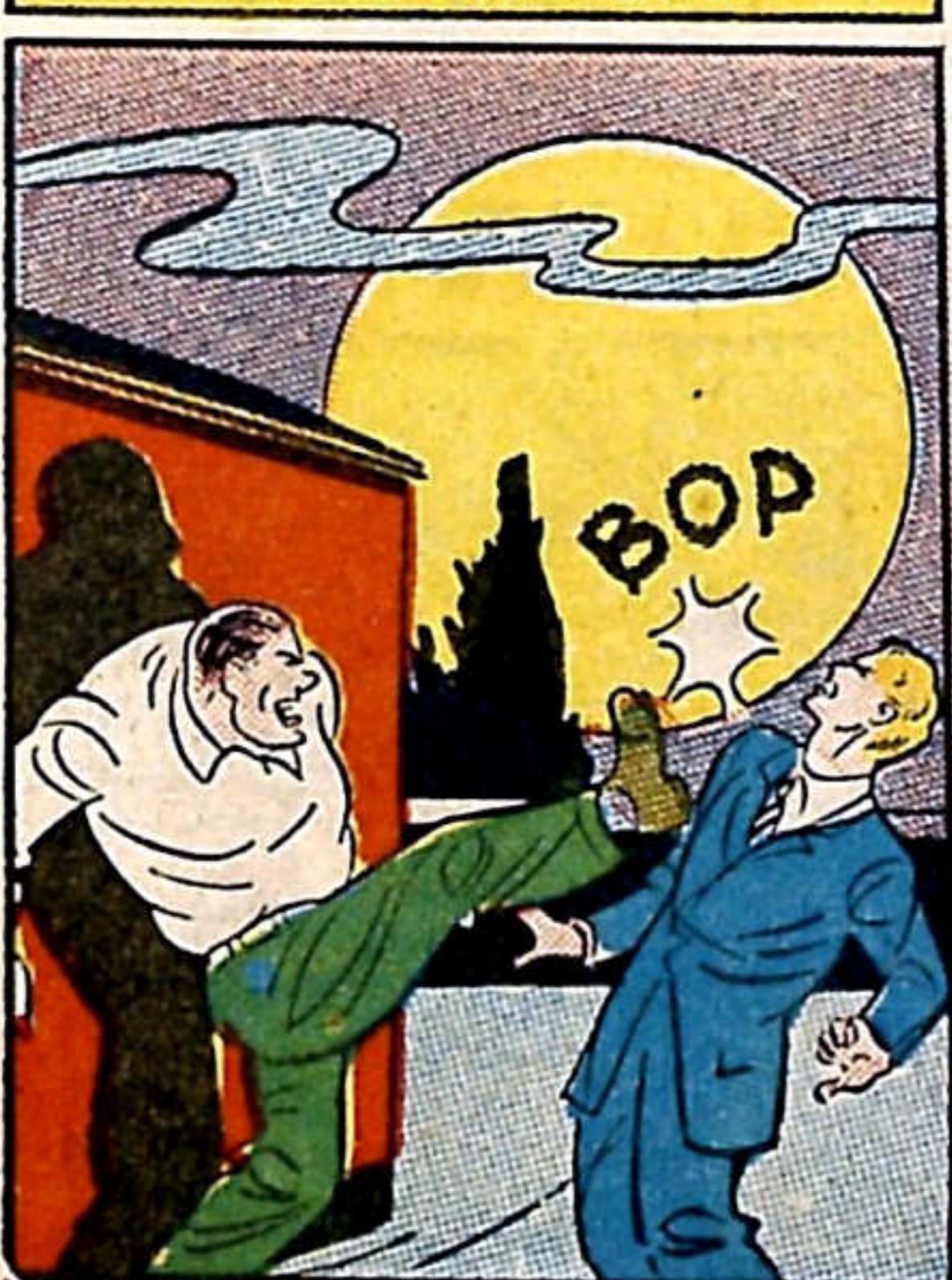
YOU SURE  
LOVE TO  
TAKE IT!

...AND FINALLY  
SENDS HIM DOWN...



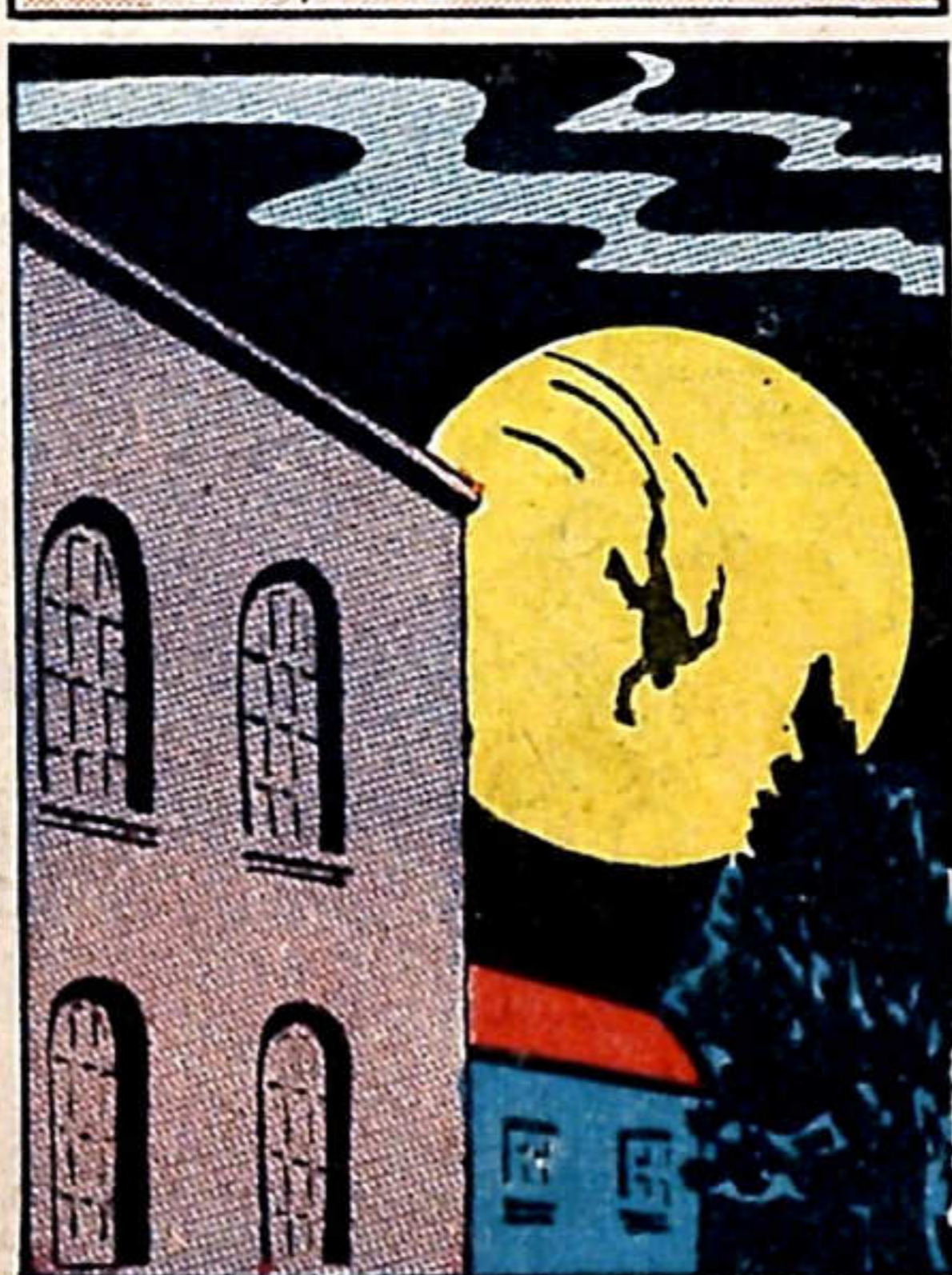
THAT DID IT!  
NOW, TO HAND-  
CUFF THIS  
GUY!

BUT AS PRESTO STARTS FOR  
THE CREATURE, HE BRACES  
HIMSELF....AND.....



BOP

THE BLOW SENDS PRESTO  
REELING TO THE ROOF'S  
EDGE, AND INTO SPACE...



WOW!  
THAT WAS  
CLOSE!





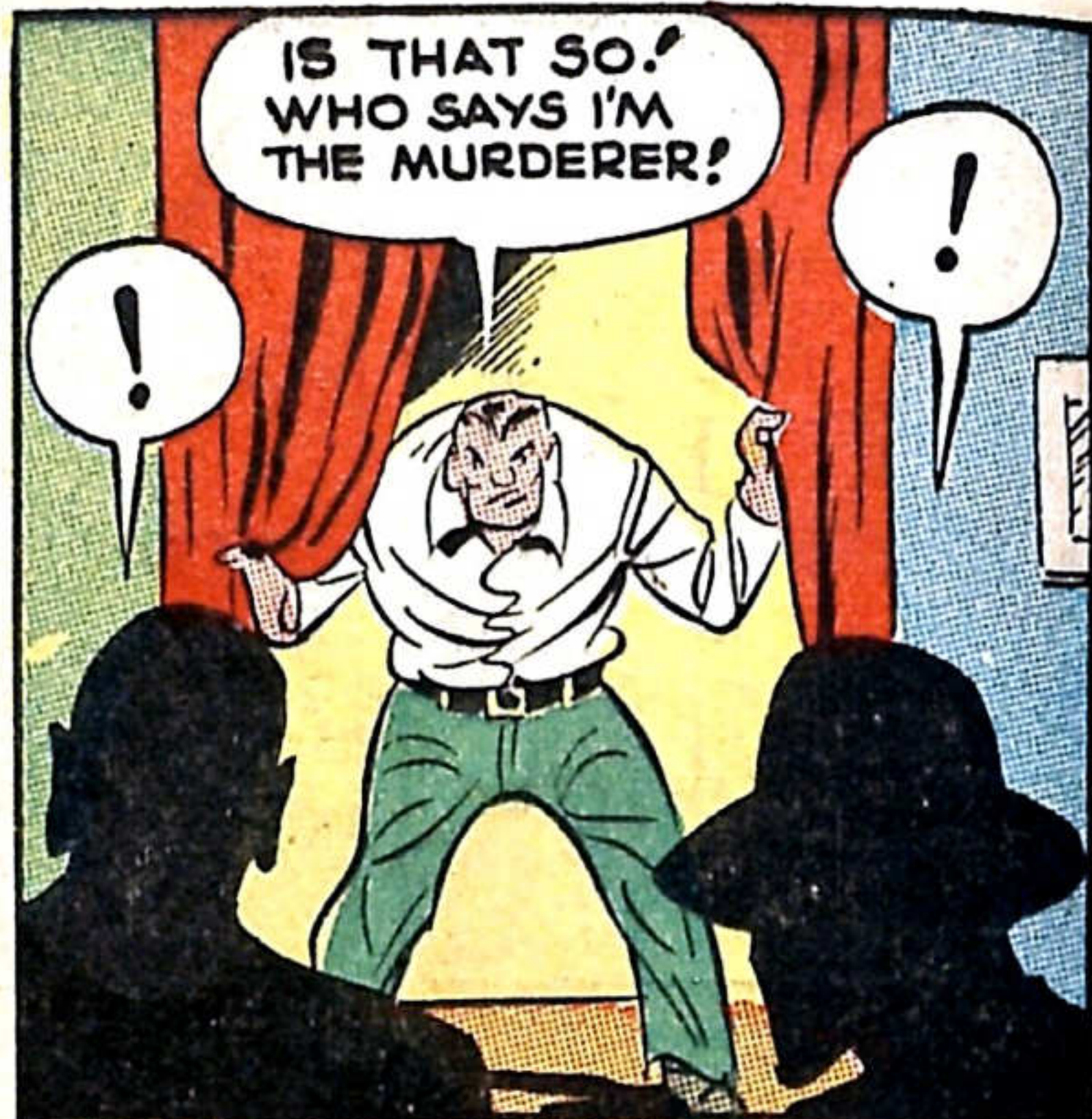
MEANWHILE, MURPHY IS DOING HIS BEST TO TRY AND SOLVE THE CASE...

THAT HUNCHBACK...I TOLD YA SO! HE'S THE MURDERER! WHERE IS HE?...HE'S THE ONLY ONE MISSING!



AT THAT MOMENT EVERYONE BECOMES HORROR-STRICKEN, AS A VOICE SHRIEKS OUT.. IT IS THE HUNCHBACK.. THE HUNCHBACK WHO COULDN'T TALK!

IS THAT SO! WHO SAYS I'M THE MURDERER!



SURPRISED THAT I CAN TALK, EH?... WELL, I CAN..AND NOW, I'M GOING TO TELL YOU WHO YOUR KILLER IS! I SAW HIM KILL, MISS POND!

AS THE HUNCHBACK CONTINUES, A WORRIED EXPRESSION COMES OVER THE FACE OF MR. POND..

TO THE AMAZEMENT OF ALL PRESENT, MR. POND BREAKS DOWN....



A..ALL RIGHT!..I'LL CONFESS! I KILLED HER!..I..I MUST HAVE BEEN MAD, BUT IF SHE HADN'T GOTTEN THE INHERITANCE, I WOULD HAVE... ISOLDE SAW ME DO IT, B..BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HE COULD TALK!



I'M NOT REALLY BETTY'S DAD!.. JUST HER STEP-FATHER!..I..I.. HAD LOST EVERYTHING IN STOCKS...

HEY! WHERE'S PRESTO?

HERE I AM, MURPHY!.. SORRY I HAD TO PLAY THIS LITTLE TRICK, MR. POND, BUT YOU DESERVED IT!

WHY, IT'S CAPTAIN MARTIN!

PRESTO!

YOU.. YOU...



PRESTO STARTLES EVERYONE AS HE REMOVES HIS DISGUISE OF THE HUNCHBACK...

IT'S ALL QUITE SIMPLE...YOUR STEP-FATHER DISGUISED HIMSELF AS ISOLDE AND ATTACKED ME TO THROW SUSPICION ON THE POOR HUNCHBACK! I JUST BEAT HIM AT HIS OWN GAME...ER..MURPHY, PERHAPS YOU BETTER NOTIFY HEADQUARTERS, EH?



DON'T MISS NEXT ISSUE OF SILVER STREAK COMICS WHEN PRESTO MARTIN RUNS SMACK INTO THE MOST HAIR-RAISING EXPLOIT OF HIS CAREER!!!



# CLOUD CURTIS

## and his GOLDEN BULLET



A RAIN OF FRIGHTFUL BOMBS OUT OF THE BLUE SKY! NO WARNING, NO ESCAPE, NO CLUE! ONLY CLOUD CURTIS, INVENTOR OF THE GOLDEN BULLET, THE SWIFTEST CRAFT IN HISTORY, CAN STOP THE UNMANNED BOMBERS!



QUISLOR AND HIS RUTHLESS GANG SEND THEIR BOMBING PLANE "THE UNMANNED" TO WRECK MINEOLA, AN ALL IMPORTANT NEW ARMY AIRPORT.

THERE GOES 'HELL ON WHEELS,' HA, HA!



AT MINEOLA, CLOUD CURTIS AND HIS TWO SIDE KICKS, POP AND CRUSHER, INSPECT THE NEW AIRFIELD!

THIS NEW AIRFIELD WILL PROTECT NEW YORK CITY FROM 'AIR ATTACK!'

WOW! IS IT BIG!

AND IMPORTANT!

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING!

HEY! WHA..?

A BOMB!

AND THERE'S THE BOMBER!

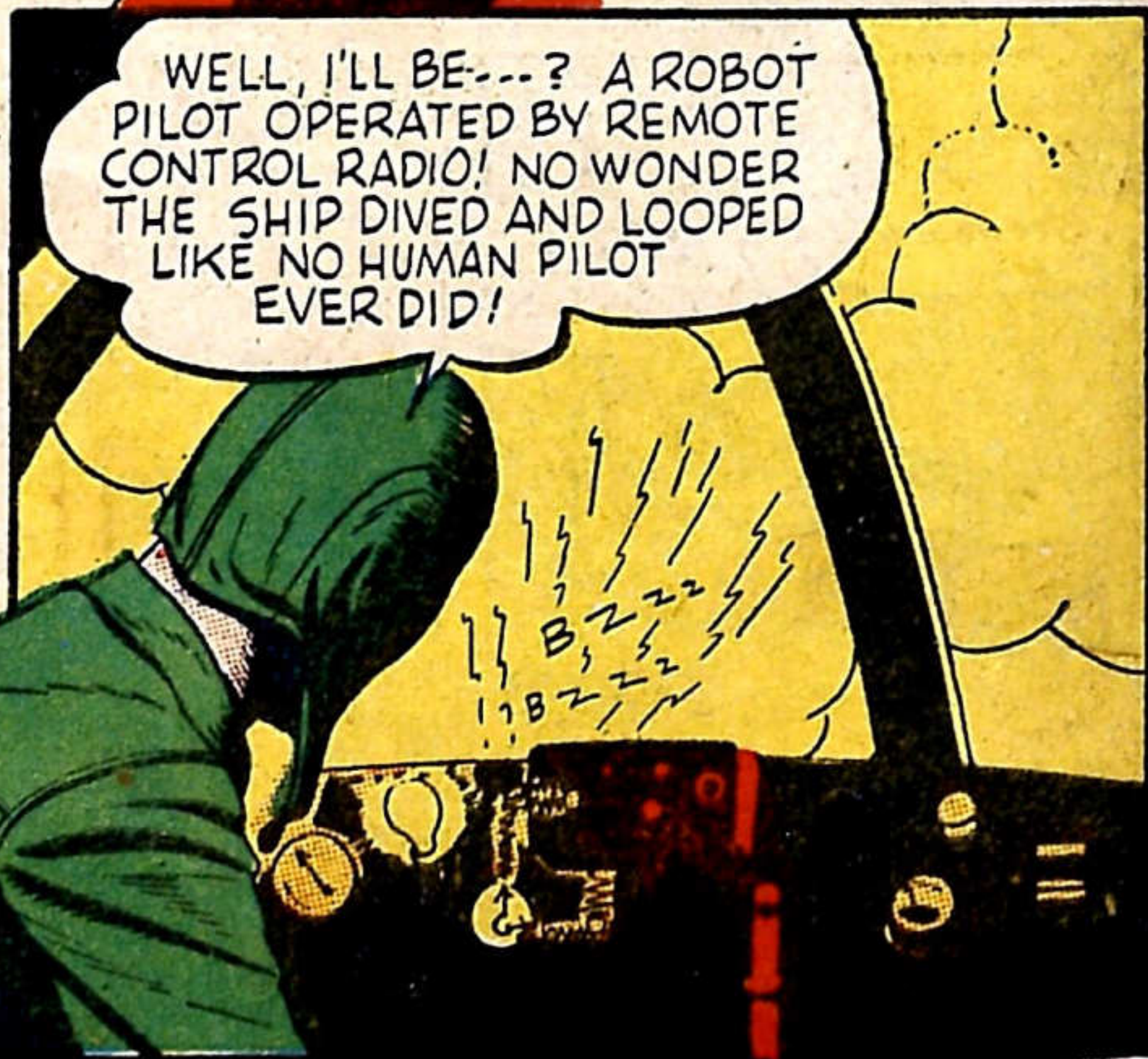
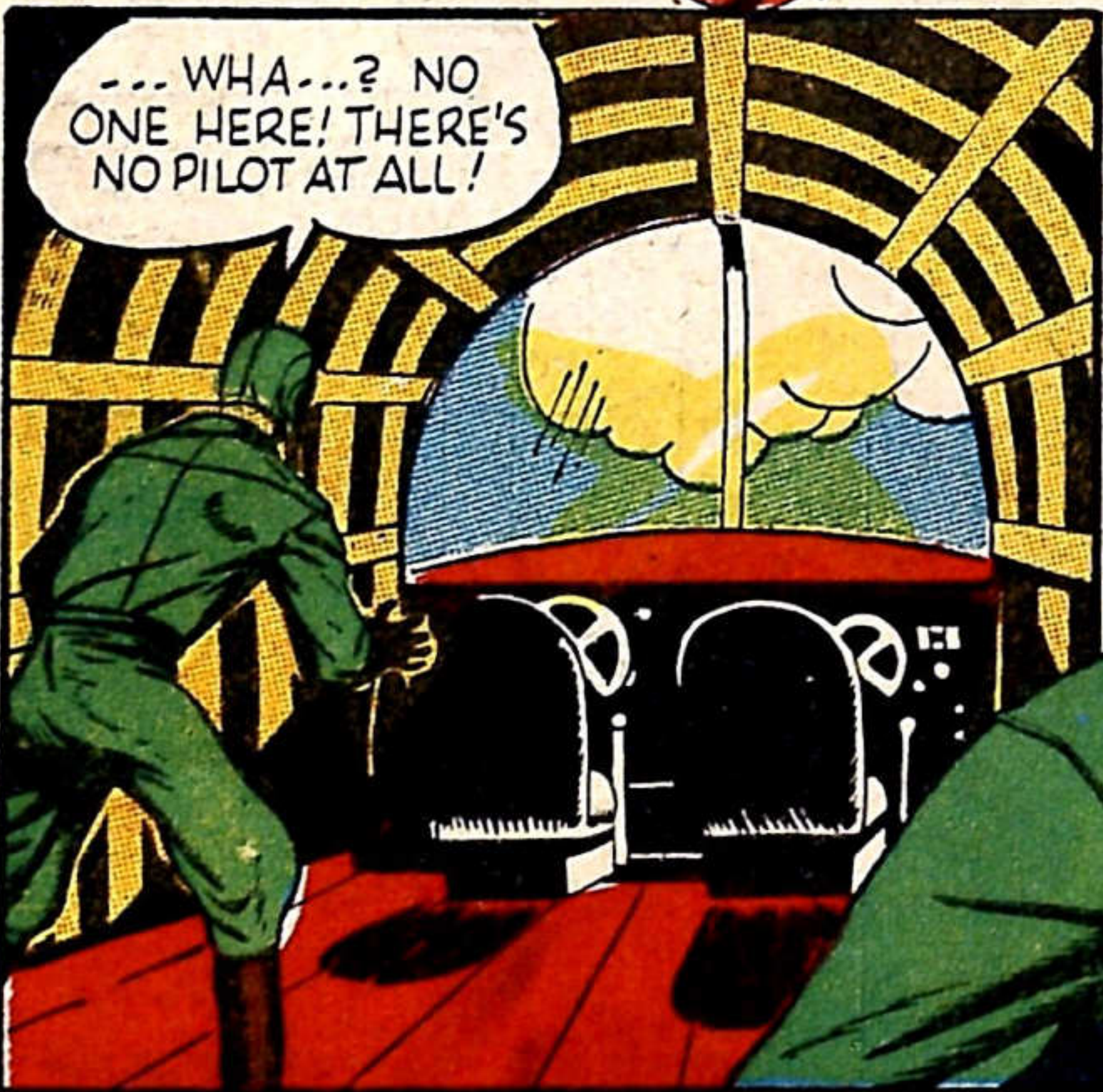
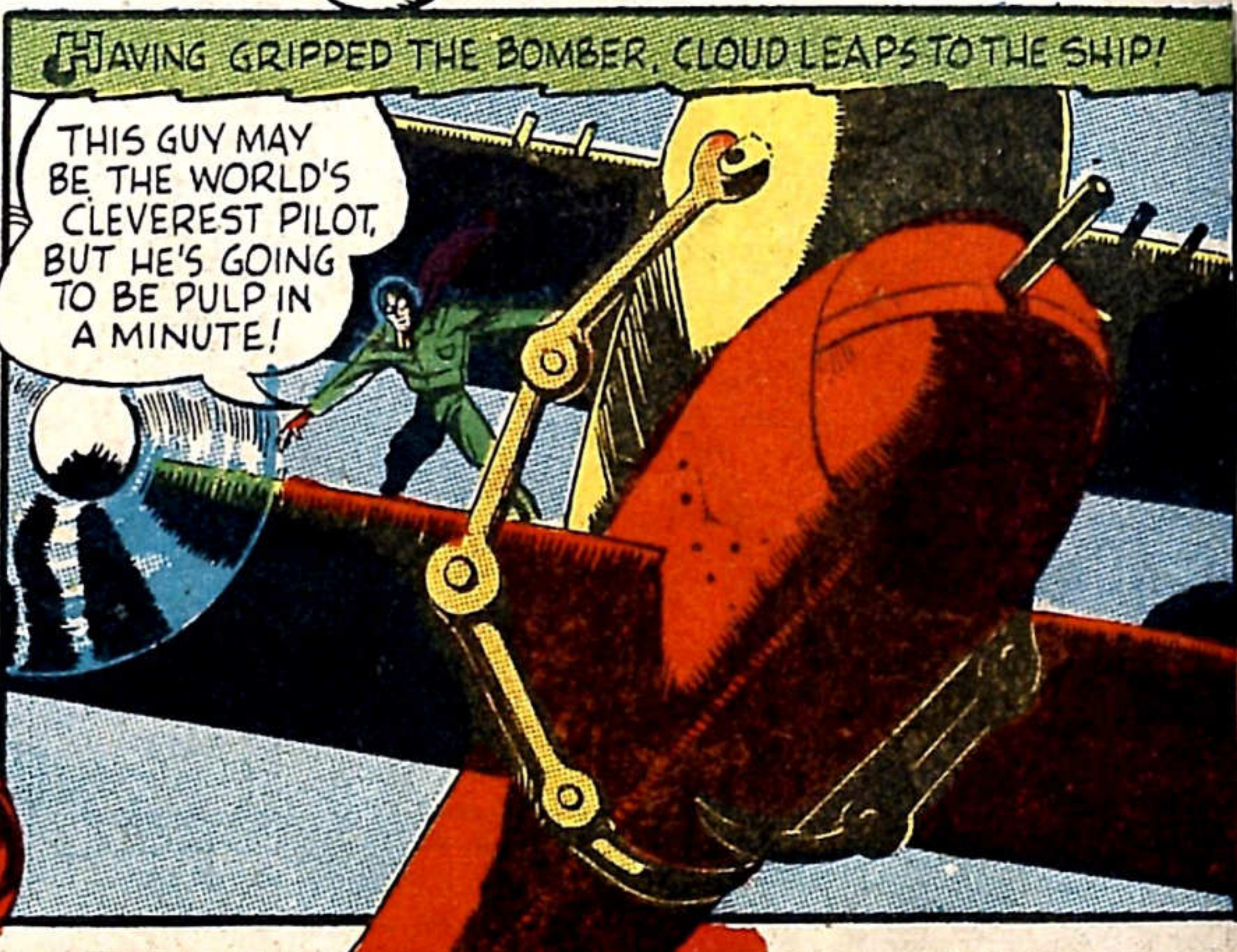
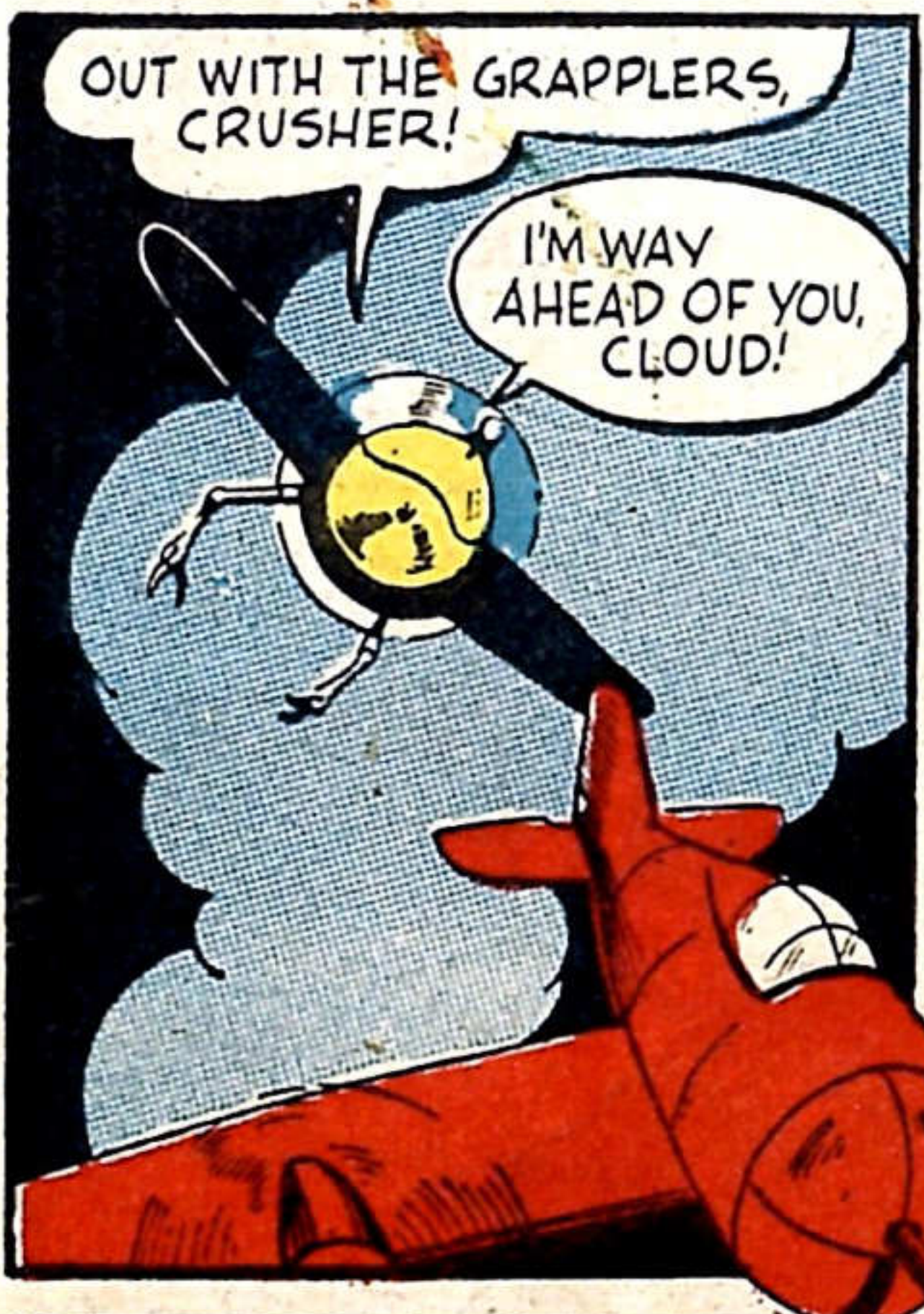
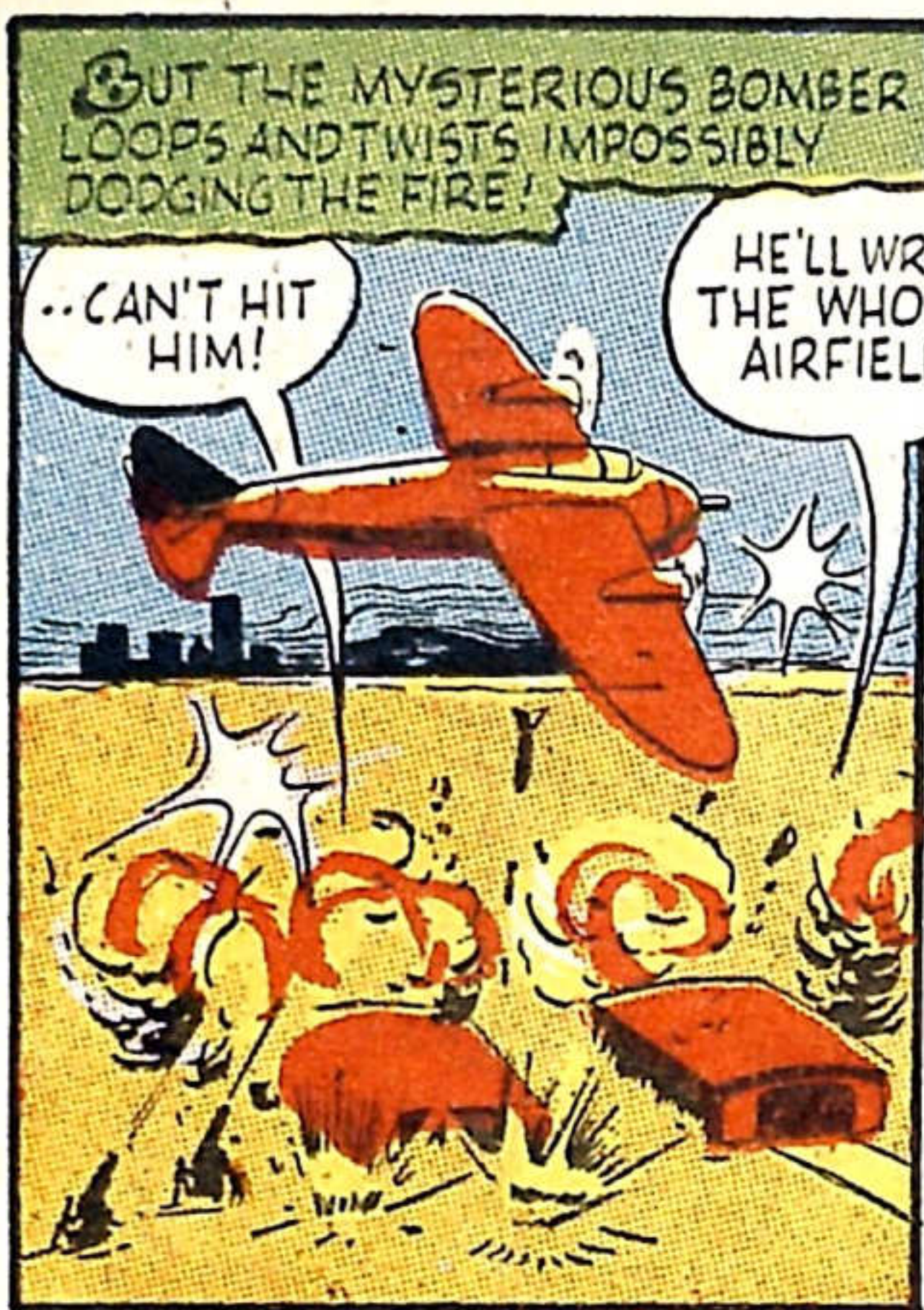


SABOTEURS! TRYING TO WRECK THE AIRFIELD! WHAT NERVE, BUT WE'LL BRING IT DOWN WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!

BOOM  
BOOM  
BOOM









AT HIS SECRET BASE, QUISLOR OBSERVES THROUGH POWERFUL LENSES...

WITH MY UNMANNED BOMBERS, I'LL BOMB EVERY IMPORTANT AIRFIELD TO BITS! AMERICA WILL THEN BE HELPLESS IN AN AIR WAR!

THREE DAYS LATER...

THREE VITAL AIRFIELDS WRECKED BY THE TERRIBLE UNMANNED BOMBERS! THEY ALWAYS COMPLETE THEIR DEADLY WORK! WORST OF ALL, NO WAY OF TRACKING DOWN THE SABOTEURS HAS BEEN DEvised! BOMBERS MANOEUVER AND ESCAPE WITH PUZZLING SPEED!

CLOUD CURTISS TAKES OVER THE SHIP!

HA, HA! HE IS SURPRISED! LET THEM HAVE THE PLANE! WE'VE GOT PLENTY MORE IN RESERVE! THE IMPORTANT THING IS, HE CAN'T TRACE US!

WE GOTTA STOP THIS, CLOUD!

EASY TO TALK, BUT HOW BRIGHT EYES?

C'MON FELLOWS!



CLOUD TAKES OFF WITH THEM IN THE GOLDEN BULLET!

RIVERSIDE AIRPORT BEING BOMBED!

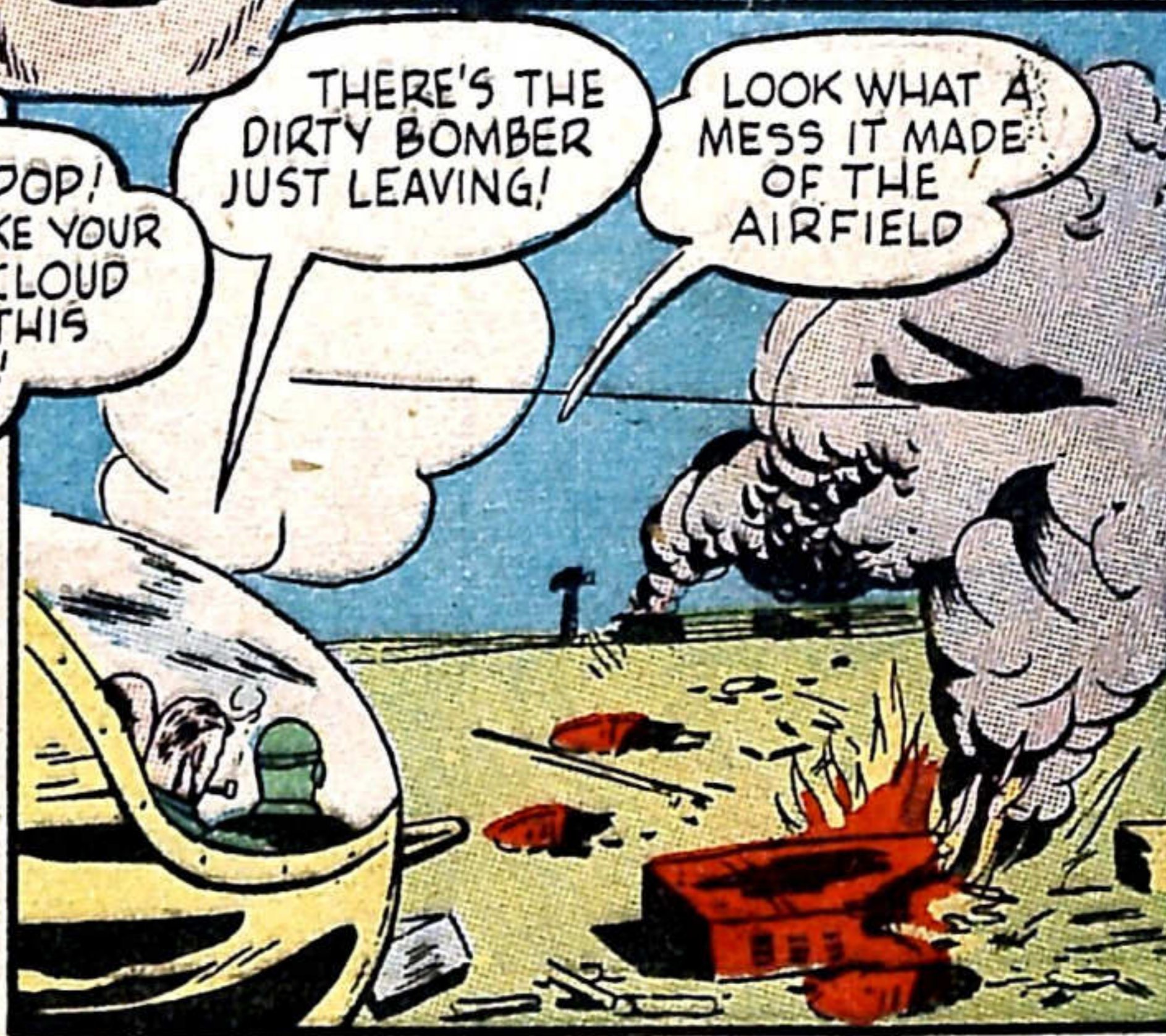
HERE WE GO!

BUT WE'LL BE TOO LATE TO STOP THE BOMBING!

LOOK, POP! YOU SMOKE YOUR PIPE! LET CLOUD FIGURE THIS OUT!

THERE'S THE DIRTY BOMBER JUST LEAVING!

LOOK WHAT A MESS IT MADE OF THE AIRFIELD

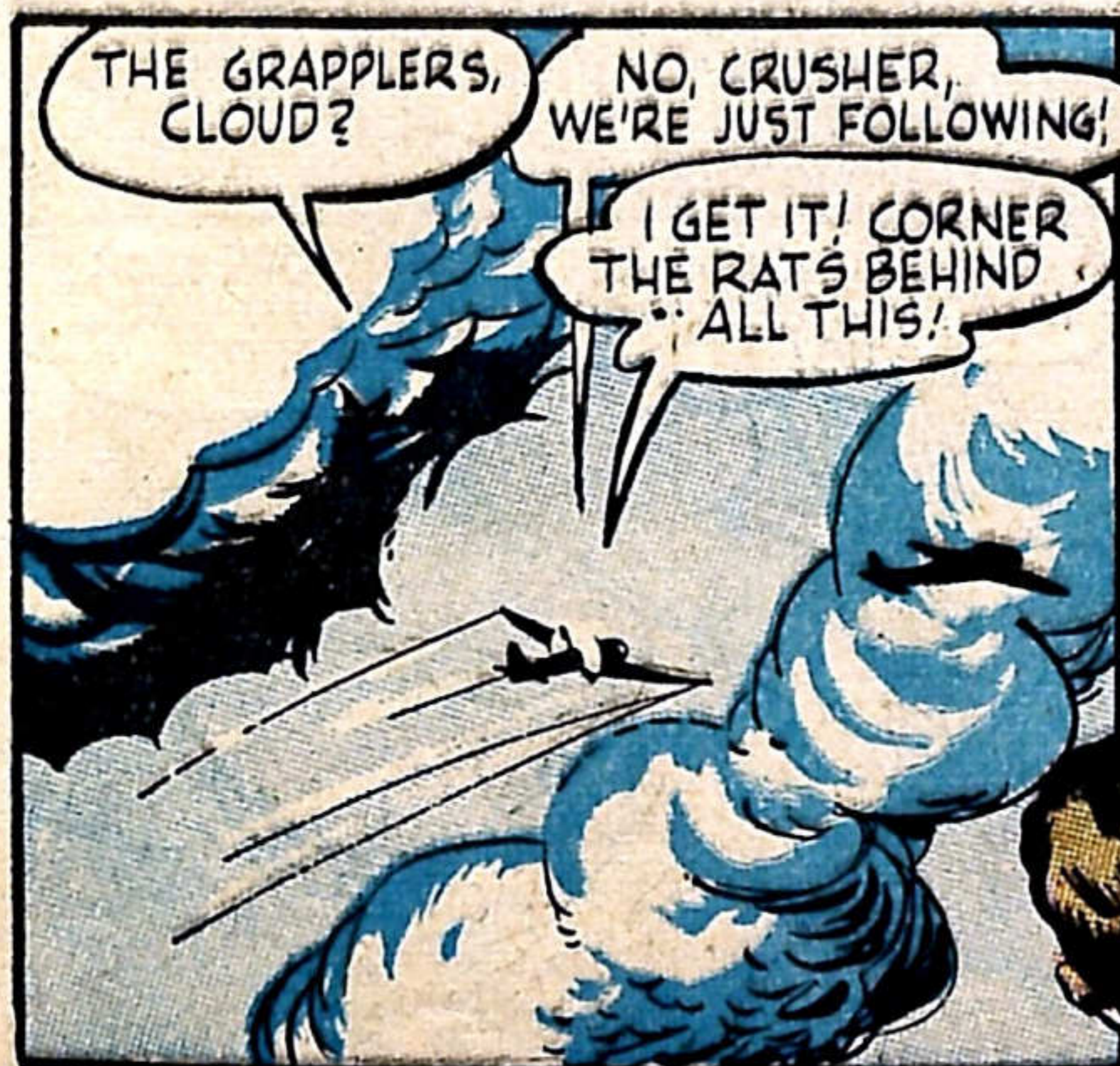


THE GRAPPLERS, CLOUD?

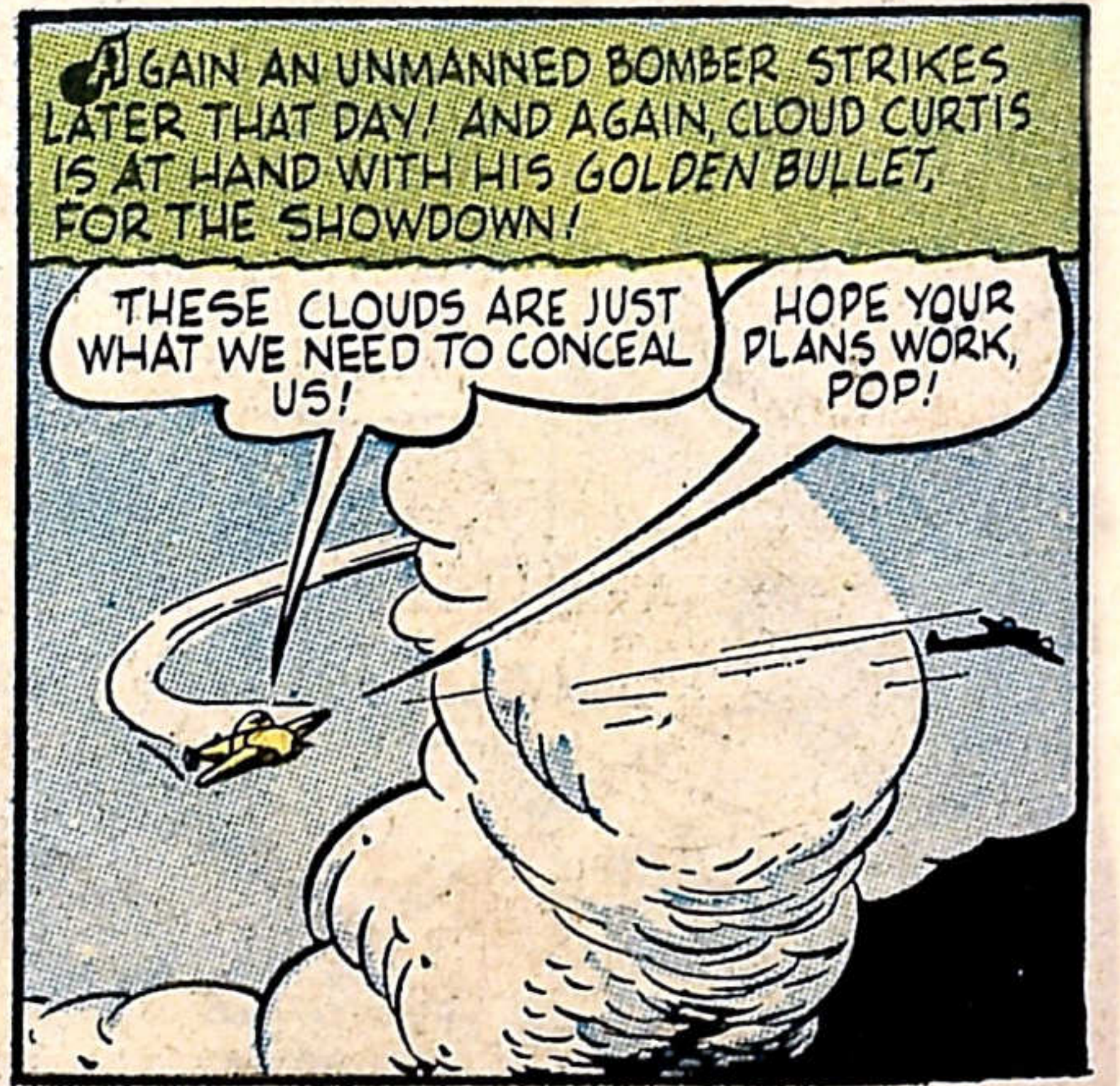
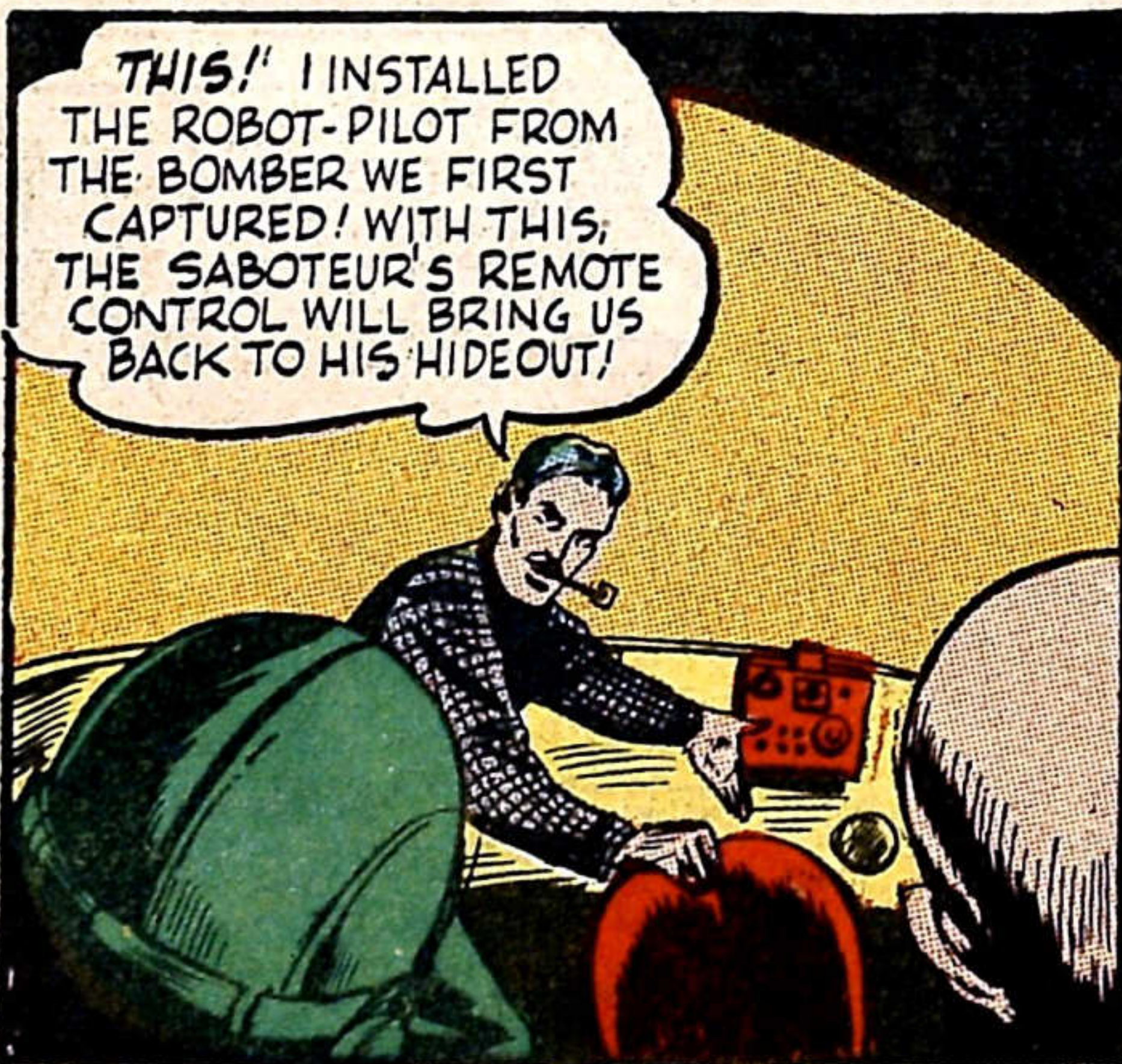
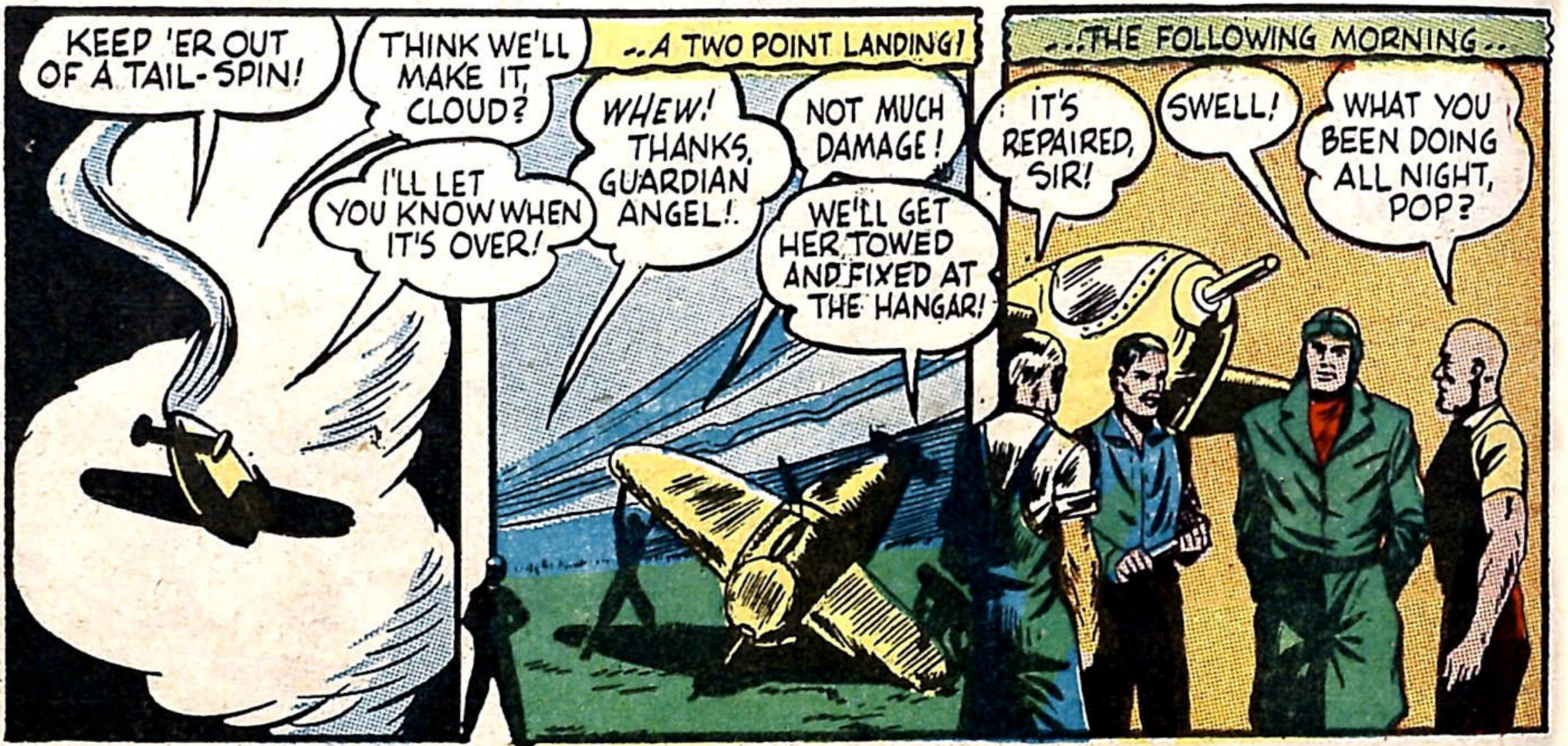
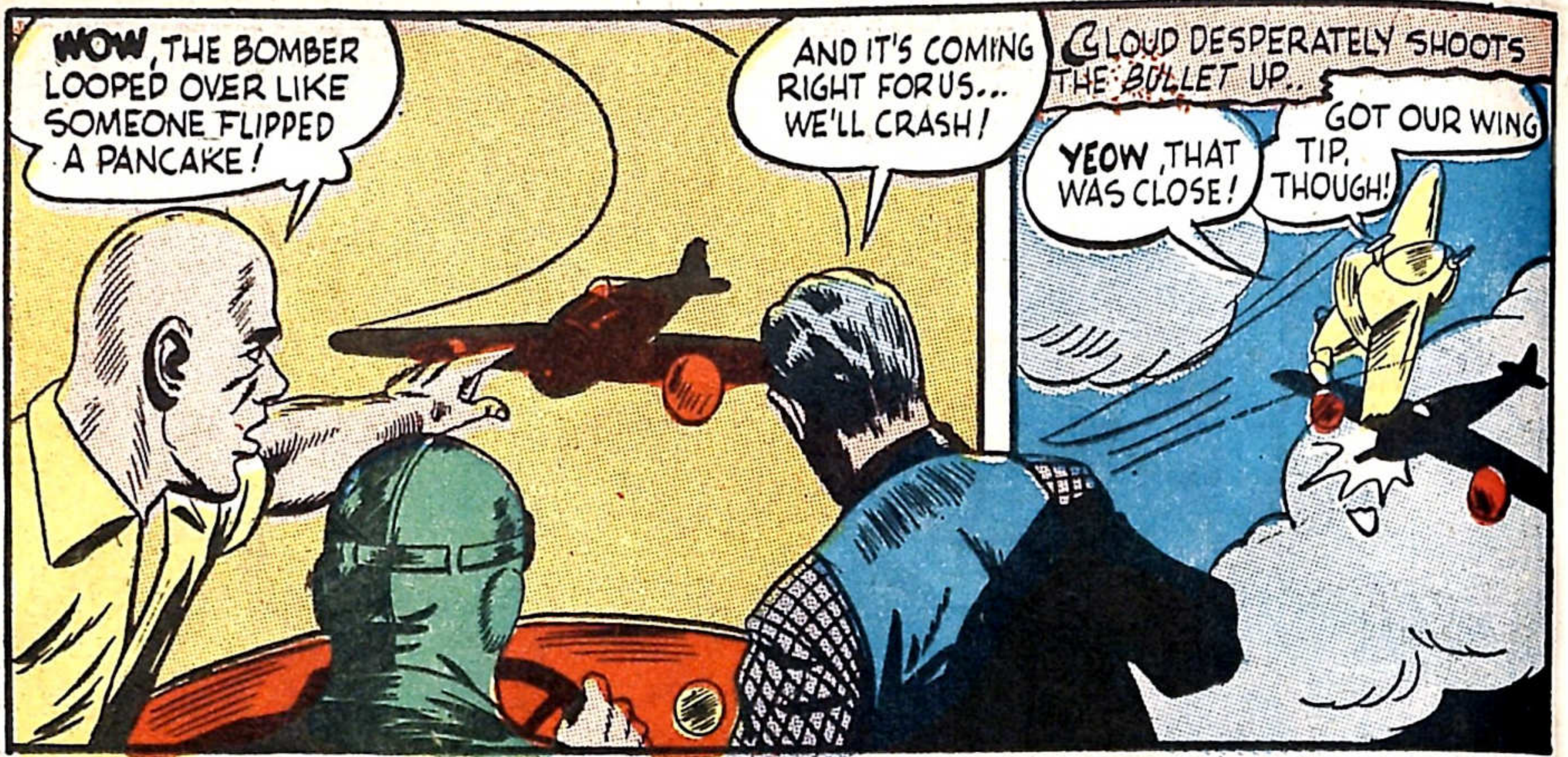
NO, CRUSHER, WE'RE JUST FOLLOWING!

I GET IT! CORNER THE RATS BEHIND ALL THIS!

WE'LL GET RID OF THAT CLOUD CURTIS! HE'S THE ONLY ONE I'M WORRIED ABOUT! LET ME AT THOSE CONTROLS!











IT'S WORKING, POP!

YEAH, IF ONLY THEY DON'T SPY US BEFORE WE LAND!

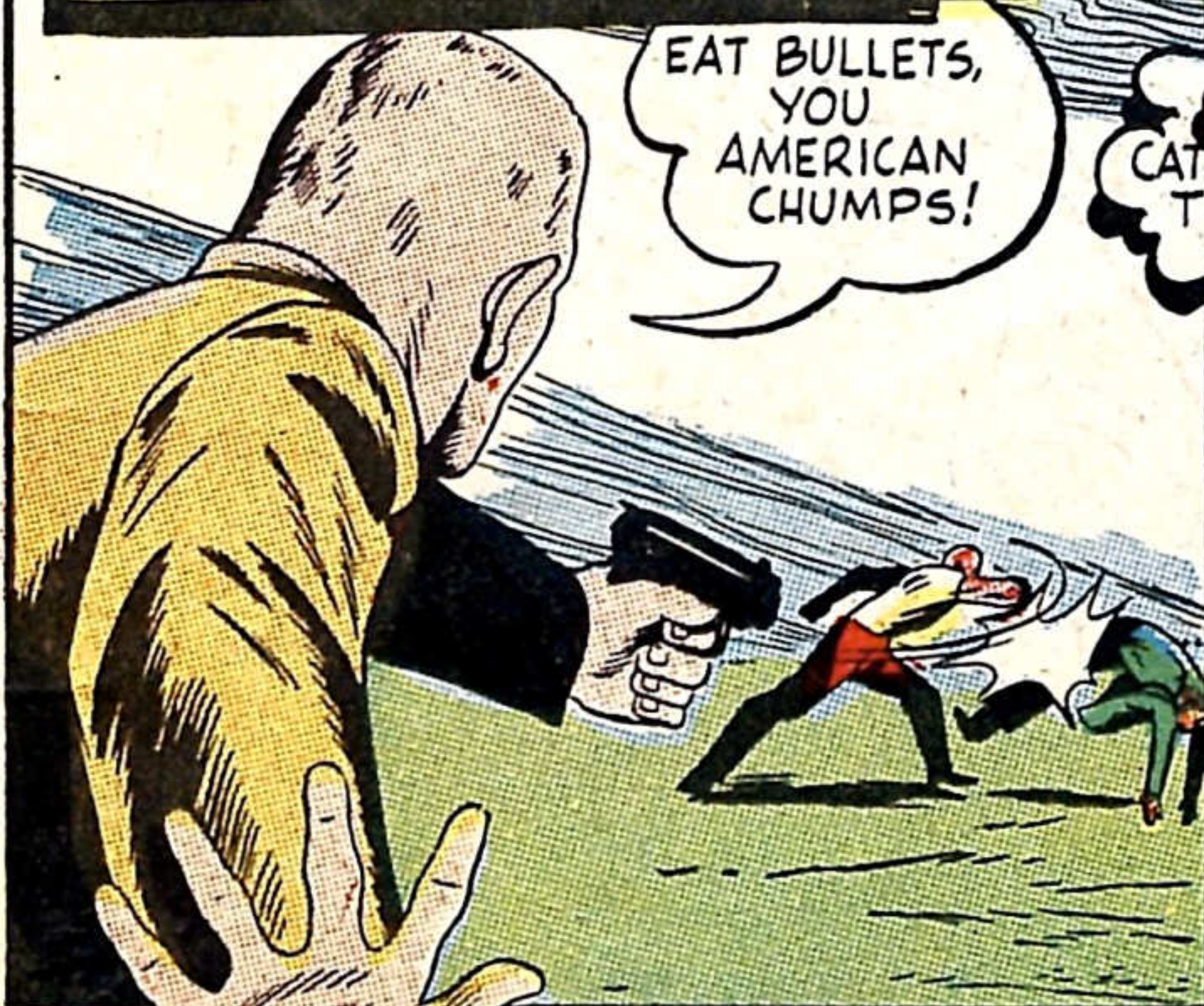
UNKNOWING OF THE TRICK, QUISLOR AND HIS GANG FAIL TO NOTICE THE GOLDEN BULLET LANDING WITH THE RETURNED BOMBER..



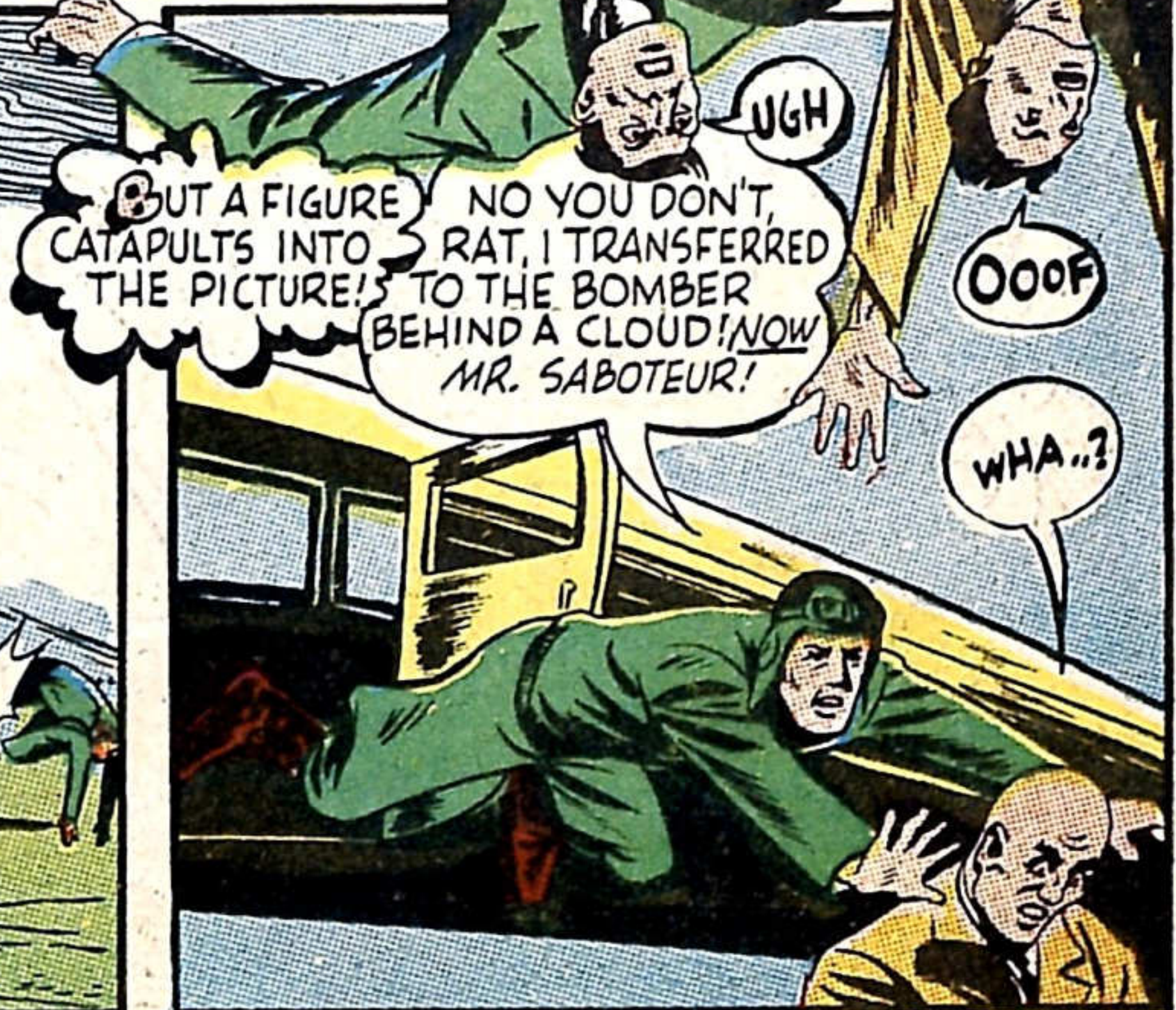
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS WRECKING, RATS?

A LITTLE BOMBING ON THE CHIN, SHALL I SAY?

THE WILY QUISLOR GETS THE DROP!



EAT BULLETS, YOU AMERICAN CHUMPS!



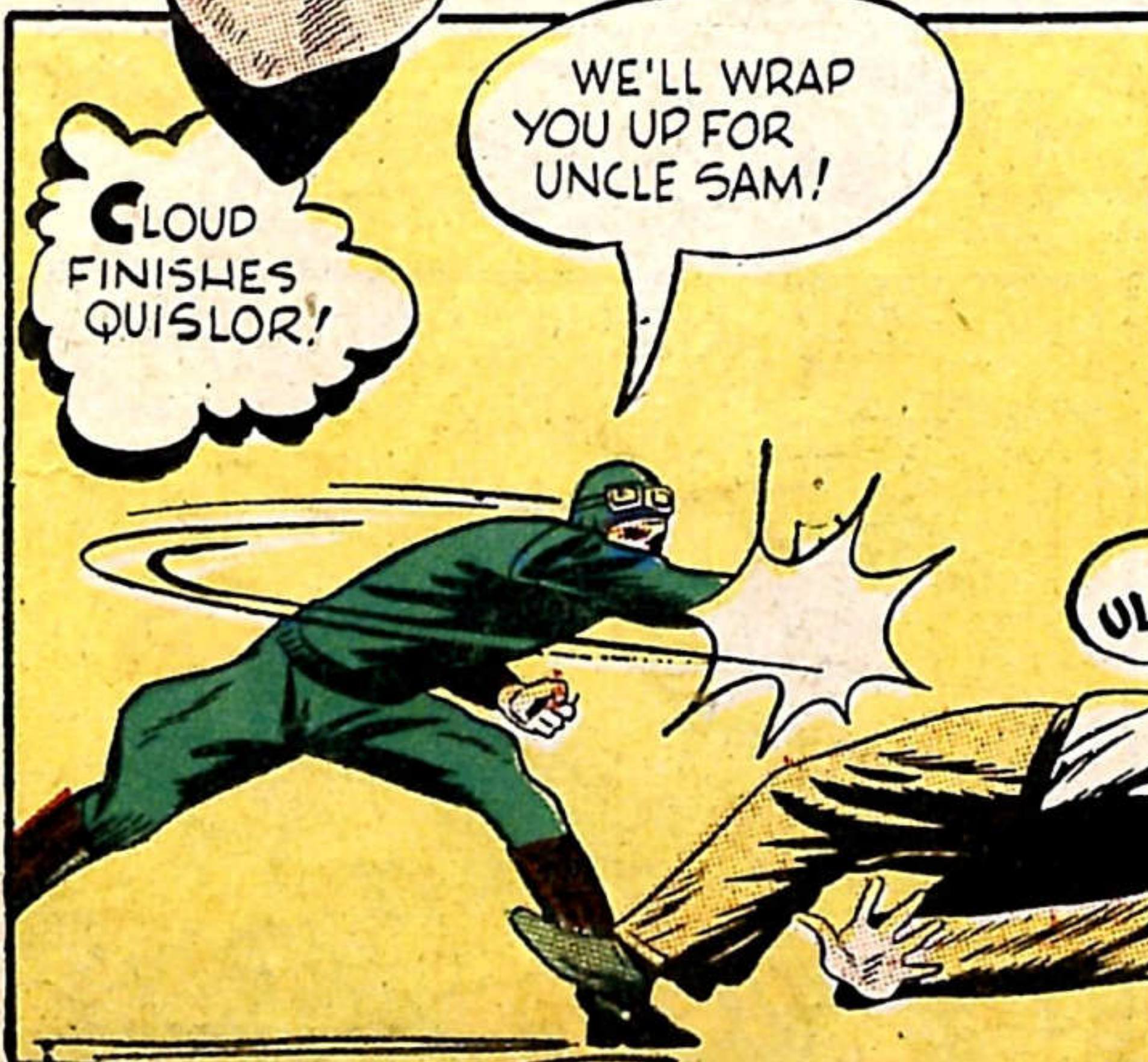
BUT A FIGURE CATAPULTS INTO THE PICTURE!

NO YOU DON'T, RAT, I TRANSFERRED TO THE BOMBER BEHIND A CLOUD! NOW MR. SABOTEUR!

UGH

OOOF

WHA..?



CLOUD FINISHES QUISLOR!

WE'LL WRAP YOU UP FOR UNCLE SAM!

ULKKK



LATER AT HEADQUARTERS!

CLOUD CURTIS DID IT AGAIN!

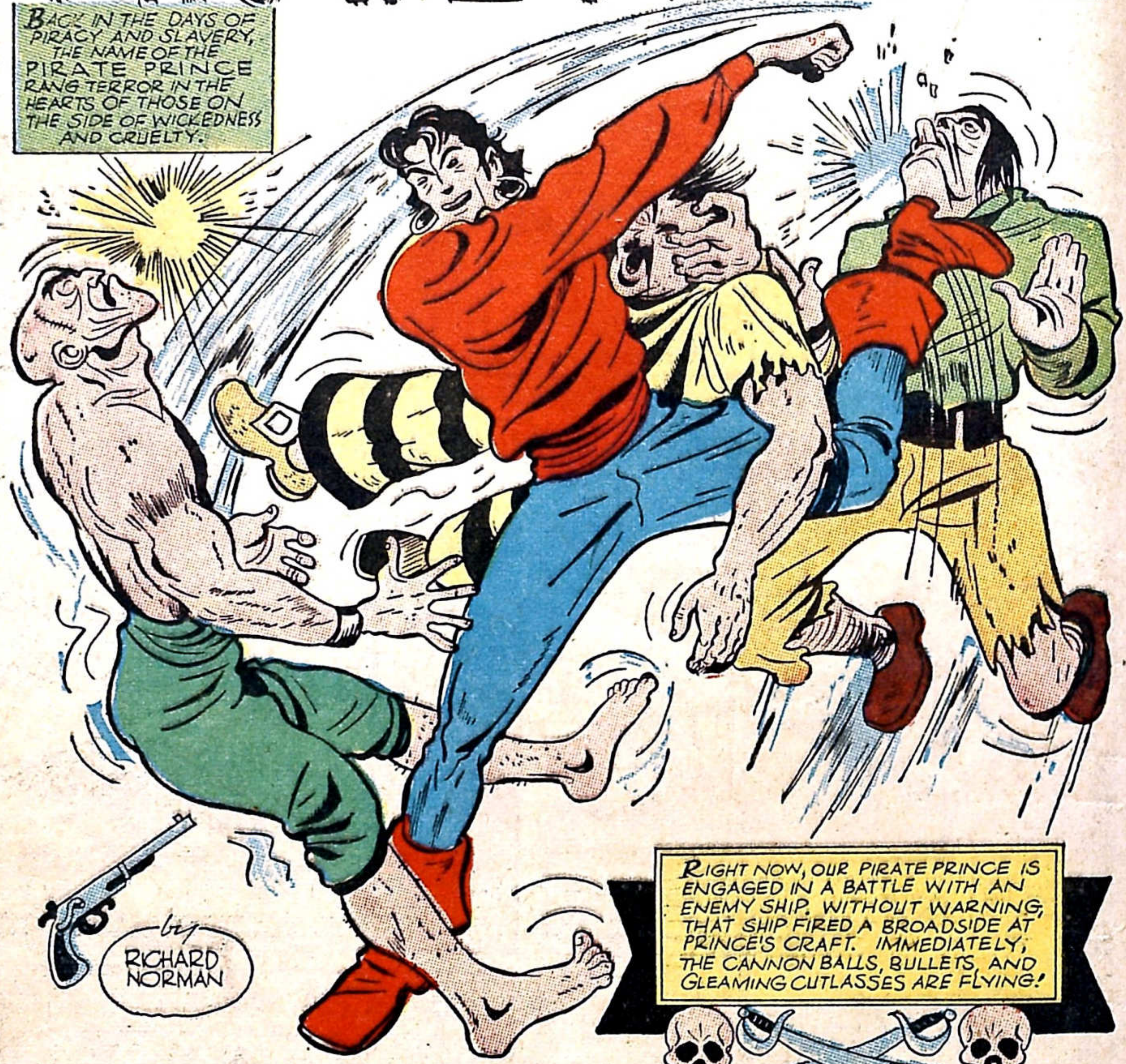
HE STOPPED THOSE UNMANNED BOMBERS FROM WRECKING AMERICA'S AIR DEFENSE!

IF YOU THINK THIS WAS EXCITING, SEE WHAT CLOUD CURTIS IS UP AGAINST IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SILVER STREAK COMICS AS HE WRESTS CONTROL OF THE AIR FROM AN INSIDIOUS POWER WITH THE ONE AND ONLY GOLDEN BULLET.



# The PIRATE PRINCE

BACK IN THE DAYS OF PIRACY AND SLAVERY, THE NAME OF THE PIRATE PRINCE RANG TERROR IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE ON THE SIDE OF WICKEDNESS AND CRUELTY.



by RICHARD NORMAN

RIGHT NOW, OUR PIRATE PRINCE IS ENGAGED IN A BATTLE WITH AN ENEMY SHIP. WITHOUT WARNING, THAT SHIP FIRED A BROADSIDE AT PRINCE'S CRAFT. IMMEDIATELY, THE CANNON BALLS, BULLETS, AND GLEAMING CUTLASSES ARE FLYING!



'COMON, LADS! WE HAVE THE UPPER HAND NOW! GIVE IT TO 'EM!



ON THE ENEMY SHIP--

I--I'M DONE FOR! BLAST THAT PIRATE PRINCE! THE DEVIL MUST BE WITH HIM!





WELL, BEFORE I GIVE UP MY SHIP-- I'LL GET THAT PIRATE PRINCE!



BUT ONE OF PRINCE'S LOYAL MEN--HIGH IN THE RIGGING--SEES THE GUN LEVELLED AT HIS CAPTAIN!

FIND YOUR MARK--TRUSTED SWORD.

HE HURLS HIS SWORD--



THE RAPIER FINDS ITS MARK IN THE VILLAIN'S BACK!

UGGGH!



PRINCE AND HIS MEN SURGE ON TO THE STRICKEN VESSEL.

HOORAY FOR US! WE WIN!



WELL, YOU OLD DEVIL-- YOU SEE IT DOESN'T PAY TO RUN SLAVES WHEN THE PIRATE PRINCE IS ON THE SEAS.



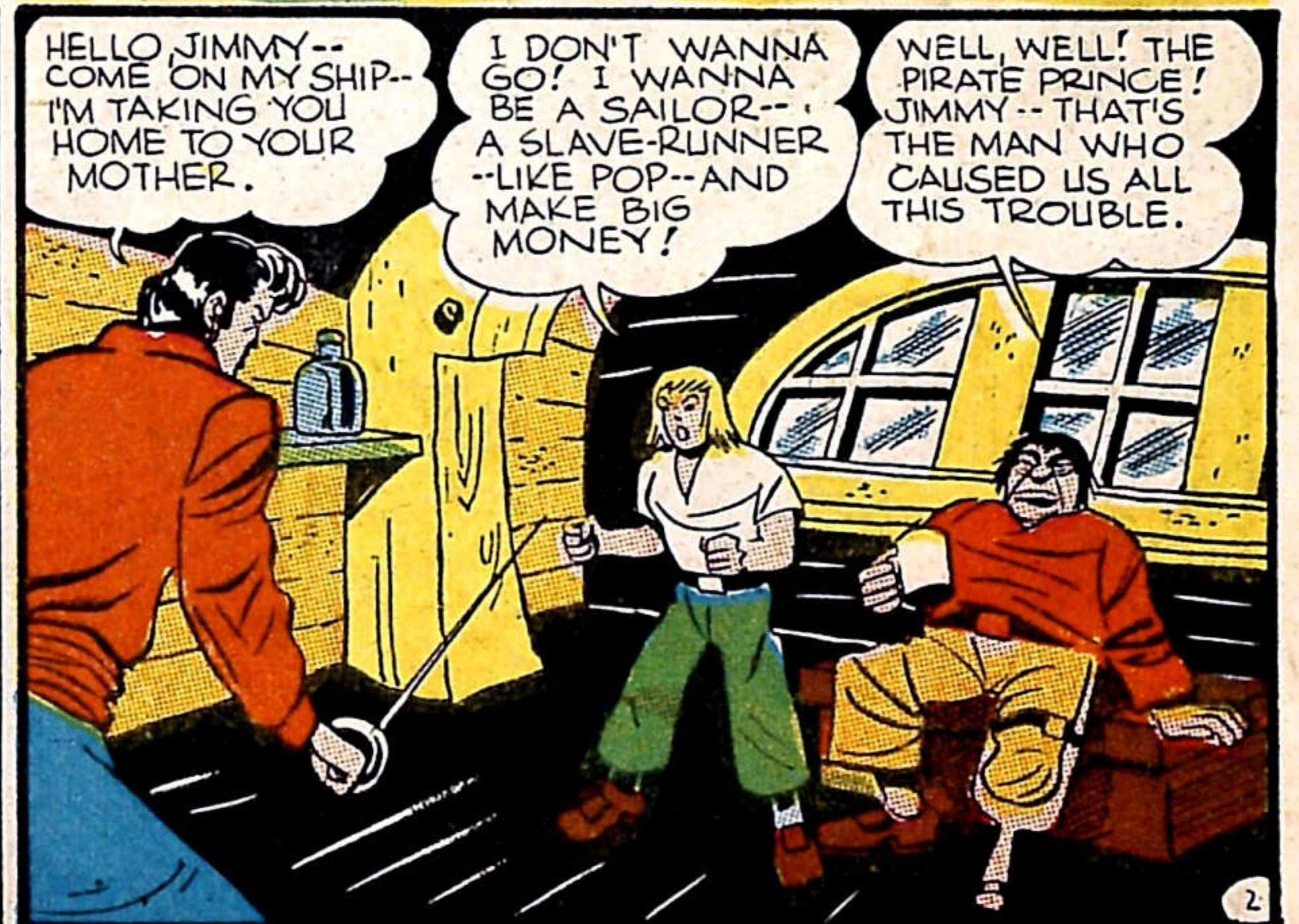
YOU'RE RIGHT, PRINCE. LET BYGONES BE BYGONES--I'M DYING--AND DESERVE THIS HORRIBLE FATE. I--I GUESS I LIVED A PRETTY WICKED LIFE---I TRIED TO BE GOOD AND JUST-- AT ONE TIME -- LIKE YOU, PRINCE-- BUT---



PRINCE--YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING--MY KID--LITTLE JIMMY--HE'S BELOW---DON'T LET HIM BECOME A BUM LIKE ME--TAKE HIM TO HIS MA--SHE'S GOOD--I DESERTED HER--PROMISE ME, PRINCE..

SURE-- I PROMISE!

COUGH  
COUGH  
SPIT  
BLUB



HELLO, JIMMY-- COME ON MY SHIP-- I'M TAKING YOU HOME TO YOUR MOTHER.

I DON'T WANNA GO! I WANNA BE A SAILOR-- A SLAVE-RUNNER --LIKE POP--AND MAKE BIG MONEY!

WELL, WELL! THE PIRATE PRINCE! JIMMY-- THAT'S THE MAN WHO CAUSED US ALL THIS TROUBLE.





YOU KILLED MY POP AN' I'D LIKE TO KILL YOU FOR DOING IT!

YOU'RE A PRETTY FRESH KID, JIMMY. GET ON MY SHIP, QUICK!



THE PIRATE PRINCE STOPS AT A PORT TO DISPOSE OF HIS PRISONERS.

HERE IS A PRIZE STOCK OF CUTTHROATS, CAPTAIN. SEE THAT THEY'RE PUT BEHIND BARS.



BUT PEG-LEG'S MONEY DOES A LOT FOR HIM.

Y'SEE THIS BAG O' GOLD I OWN? IT'S ALL YOURN IF YOU LET ME GET AWAY

GOLD, EH? HMMM-- IT'S A DEAL! GET GOING, PEG-LEG.



FREE, PEG-LEG HUNTS UP A SEA CAPTAIN HE KNOWS.

LISTEN, CAP--THERE'S LOTS OF MONEY IN THIS IDEA I HAVE.

I'M GAME! HOW'LL I GET IT?



THE PIRATE PRINCE IS TAKING LITTLE JIMMY BACK TO HIS HOME. NOW IF WE CAN KIDNAP HIM--AND DEMAND A HIGH RANSOM FROM THE PRINCE--



WE NOT ONLY CAN COLLECT THE MONEY, BUT DO AWAY WITH THE PIRATE PRINCE-- AFTER HE HANDS IT OVER.

A SWELL PLAN! YOU GET THE KID.

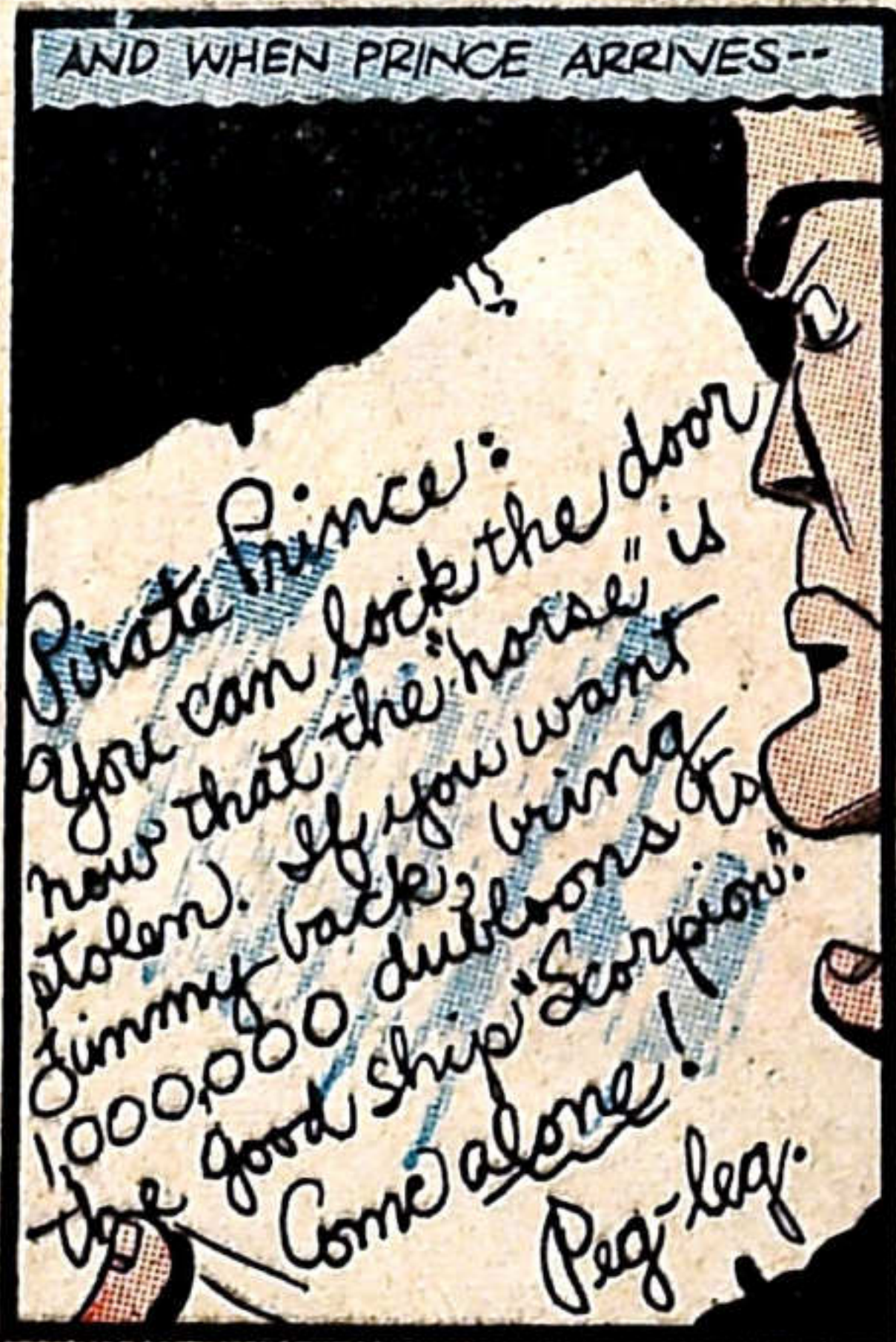


PEG-LEG SNEAKS UP TO PRINCE'S ROOM.



PEG-LEG! GEE, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU! THE PIRATE PRINCE IS OUT.

GOOD! I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME. YOU DON'T WANT TO GO HOME!



AND WHEN PRINCE ARRIVES--

*Pirate Prince:  
you can lock the door  
now that the "horse" is  
stolen. If you want  
Jimmy back, bring  
1000,000 duros to  
the good ship "Scorpion".  
Come alone!  
Peg-leg.*

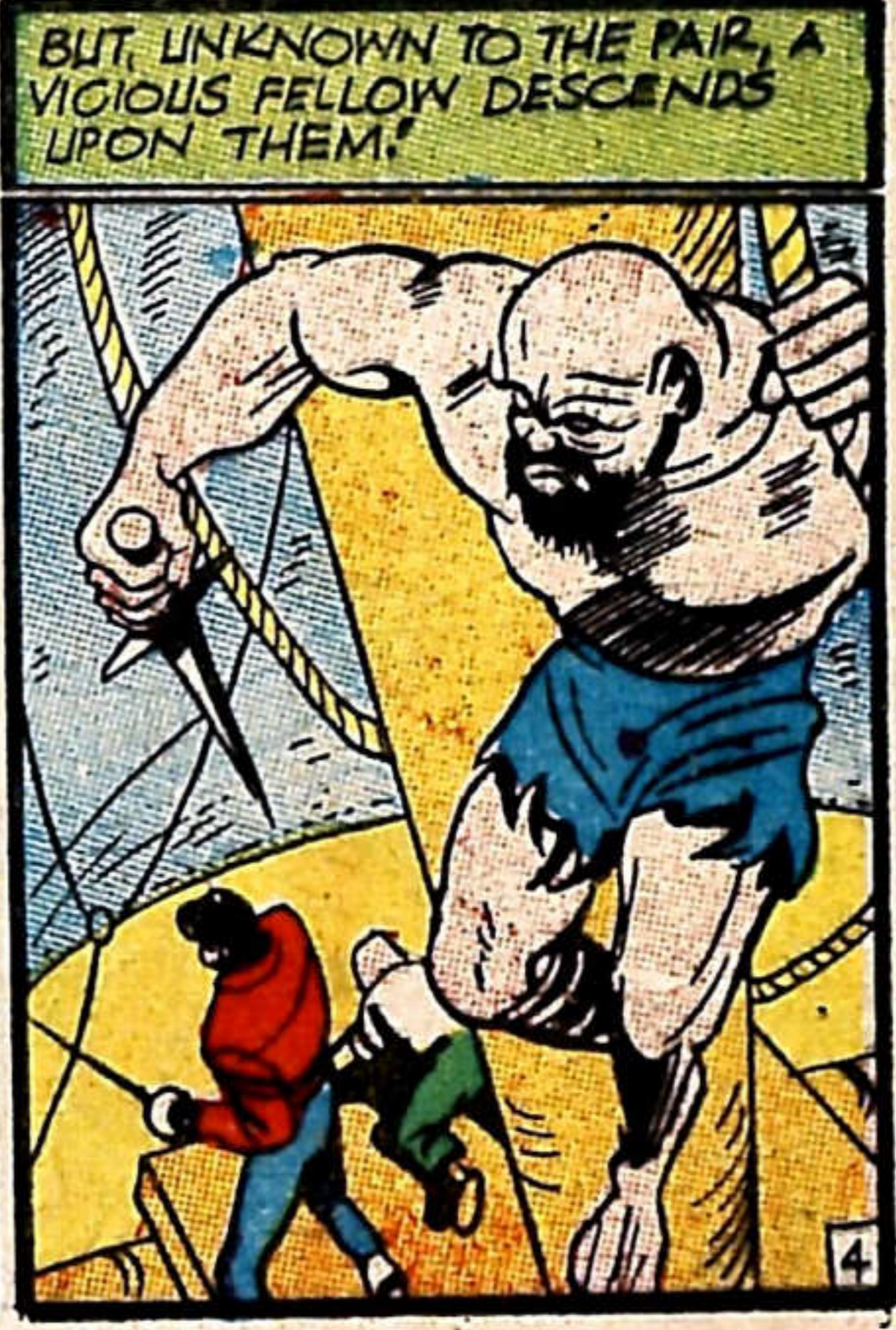
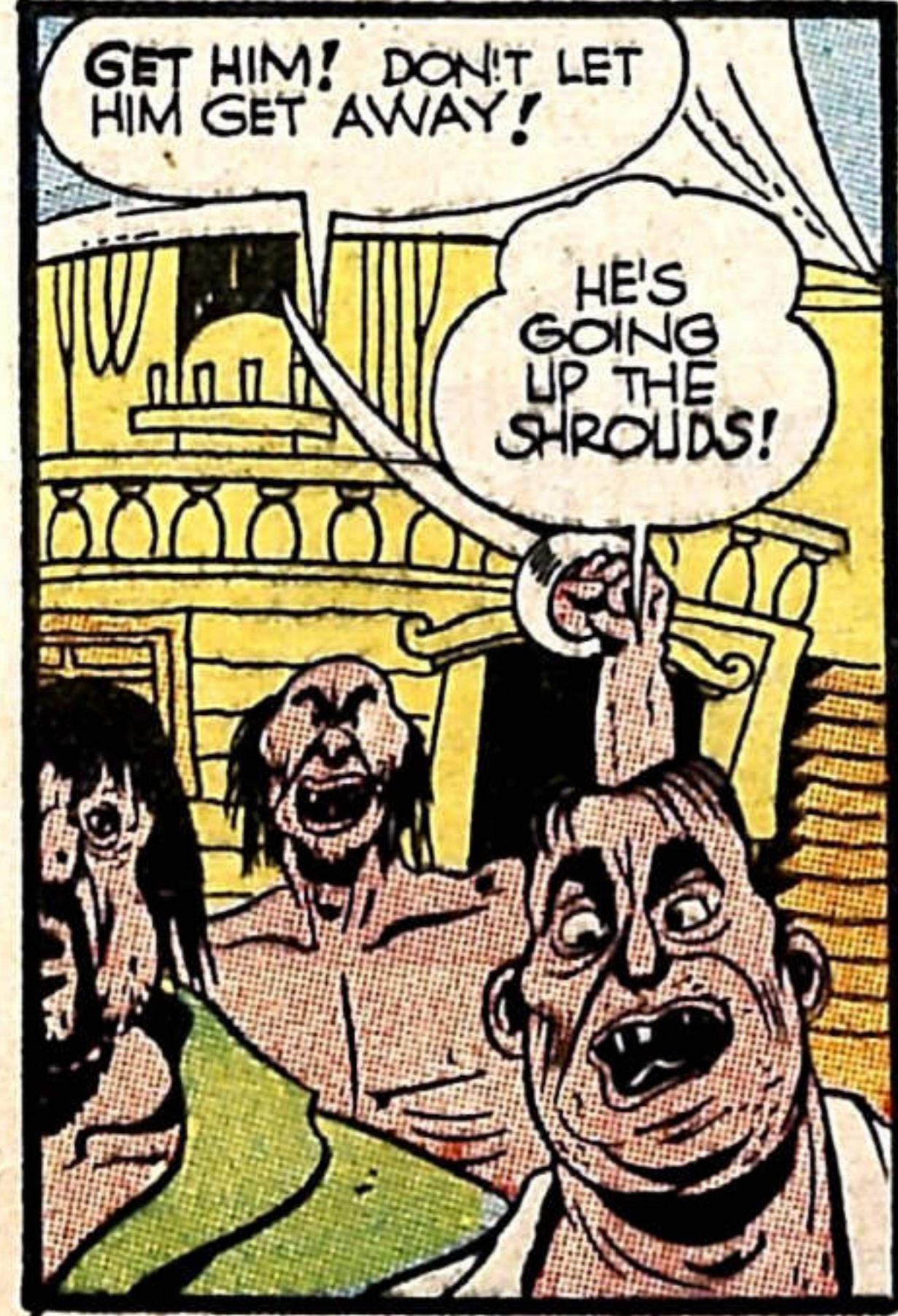


SO PRINCE GOES TO THE 'SCORPION' CARRYING A HEAVY CHEST.

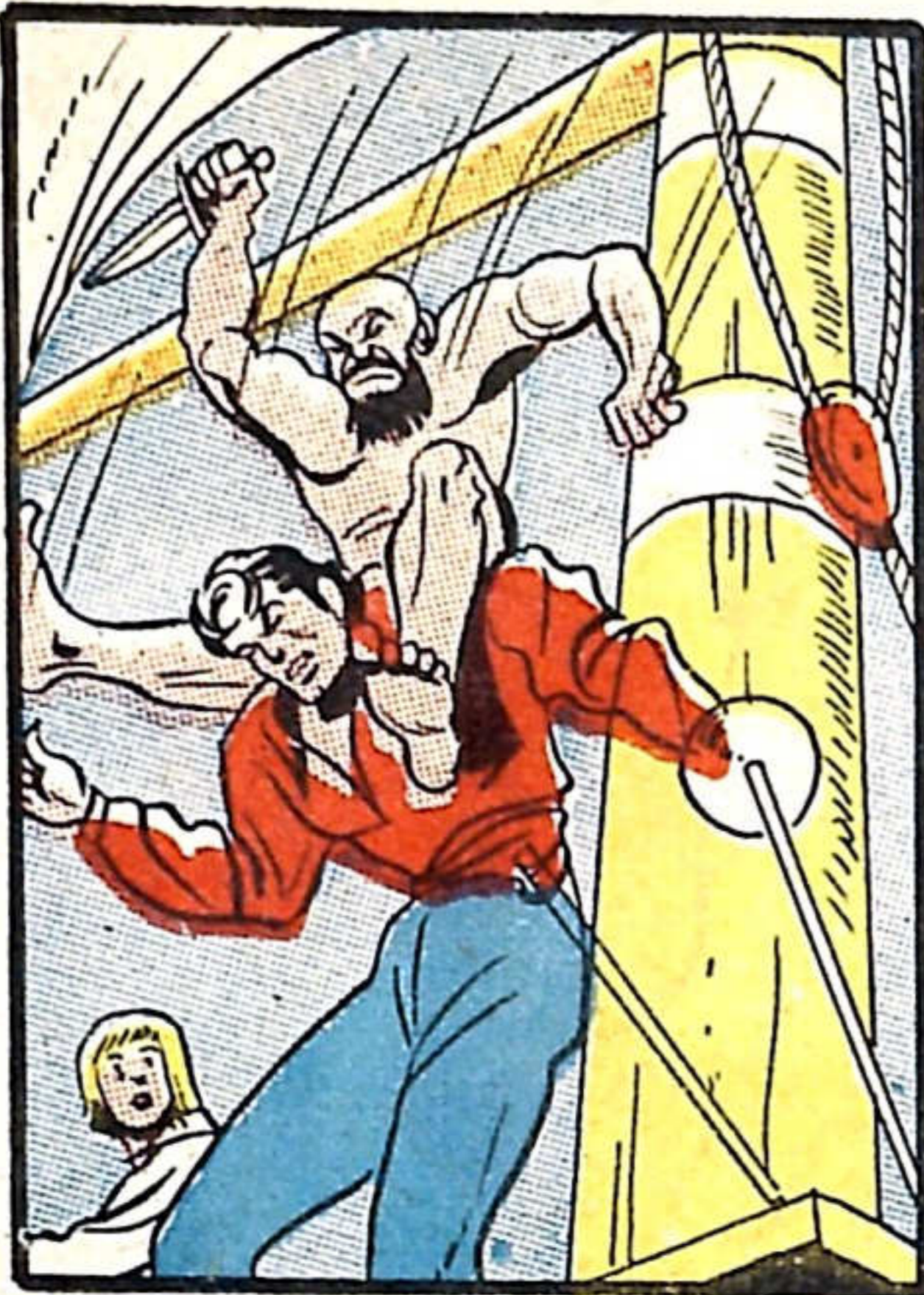
AHOY! IT'S THE PIRATE PRINCE-- WITH GOLD!

AH, YES-- COME ABOARD-- PEG-LEG EXPECTS YOU. (HEH, HEH)





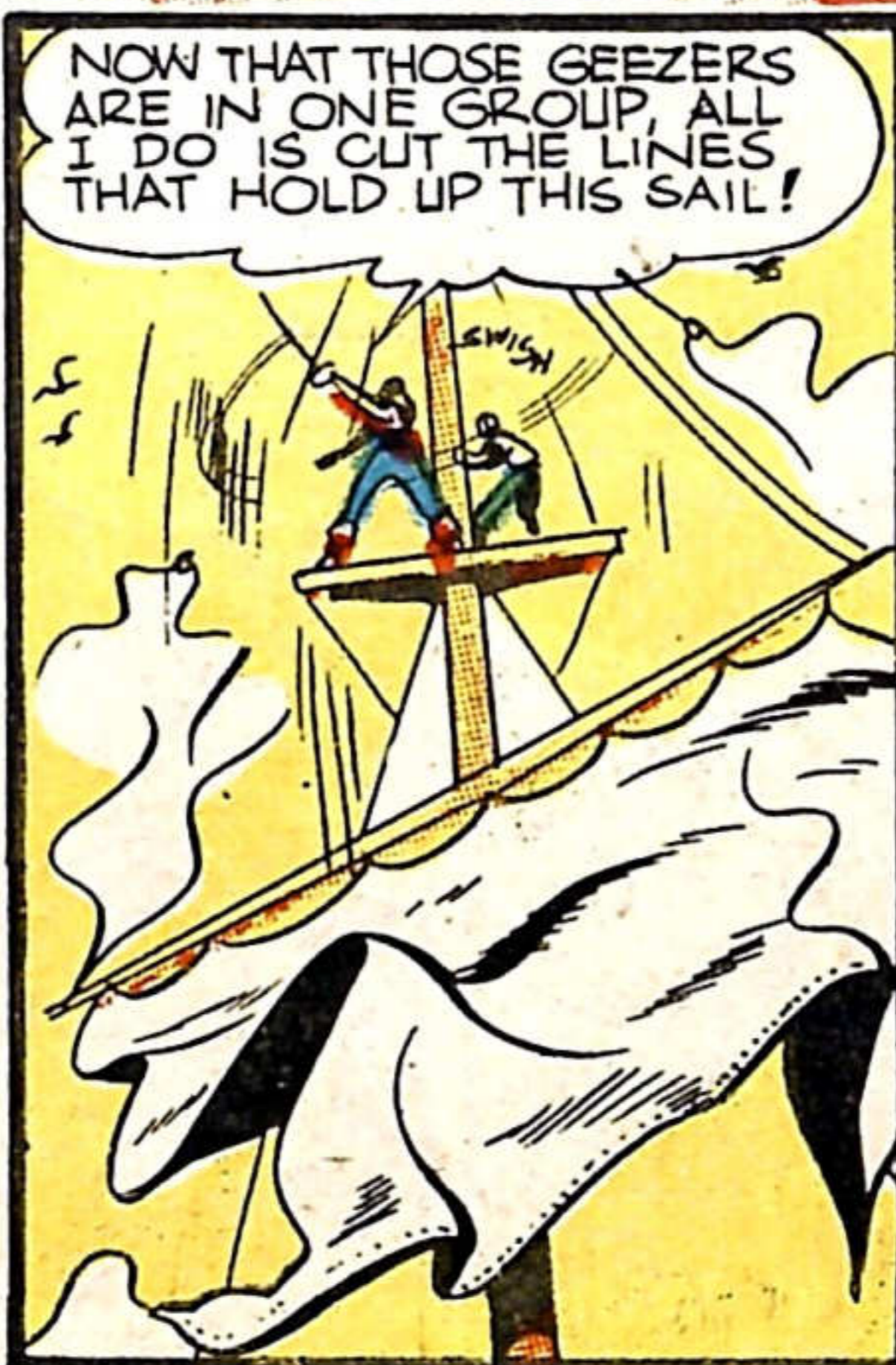




WITH A DEFT MOTION, PRINCE HURLS THE ATTACKER TO THE DECK.



THE SAIL FLOPS DOWN ON ALL THE MEN, COVERING THEM.





YES--BUT WHO KNOWS HOW LONG THIS BOOM WILL LAST! MEN LIKE US HAVE TO MAKE AS MUCH AS WE CAN WHILE THE HAY-MAKING IS GOOD--

--WELL--WE'VE ALL GOT TO DO OUR SHARE!

OUR WORKERS HAVE TO CHIP IN, TOO!

LET THEM WORK EXTRA SHIFTS AND INCREASE THEIR HOURS!

LATER

VERY WELL, ARNOLD-- ISSUE THE NECESSARY ORDERS!

YES, SIR!

AND SO THE RELENTLESS MACHINERY OF GREED IS SET IN MOTION!

THE NEXT MORNING...

ORDER NUMBER A517-- EFFECTIVE TOMORROW! THE DAY SHIFT WILL WORK TWO ADDITIONAL HOURS, AND THE NIGHT SHIFT THREE...

WHAT ARE THEY TRYING TO PULL ON US?

HEY, TONY! LOOK AT THIS!

SAY... WHAT IS THIS?

--TAKIN' ADVANTAGE OF DEFENSE WORK TO BLEED US DRY!

WHY--TH' DIRTY RATS!

THEY'RE NOTHING BUT TRAITORS!

OUR PROFITS SHOW A RECORD GAIN THIS MONTH!

FINE! KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, ARNOLD!

IF YOU WORKERS DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT THESE UNJUST PRACTICES, THEN YOU'RE NOT MEN!

AS THE DAYS PASS, THE WORKERS FEEL MORE AND MORE THE BURDEN OF THE ADDED HOURS OF LABOR!

PRICES ARE GOING UP--AND YOU'RE MAKING LESS MONEY! WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US, JOHN?

I DON'T KNOW MARY--I DON'T KNOW!

AND IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE--



**TOM PETERS, ONE OF THE WORKERS, DECIDES TO ACT!**

SOMEBODY'S GOT TO START SOMETHING, AND IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ME!



**FROM DOOR TO DOOR HE TRAVELS...**

WE'LL HAVE A MEETING TOMORROW NIGHT, FRANK!



YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, TOM!

BE THERE!

IT'S BETTER TO DIE FIGHTING THAN LIVE LIKE DOGS!

AT LAST!



RIGHT!

**BUT TOM DOESN'T GAIN THE SUPPORT OF ALL THE MEN--**

BOY! THE BOSS WOULD PAY PLENTY TO LEARN ABOUT THIS!



YES, SIR! I'M LOYAL, I AM, SIR! GOOD NIGHT, SIR!

GOOD NIGHT!

YOU SKUNK!



YES, SIR! PETERS IS THE GUY'S NAME--TOM PETERS! HE'S STIRRING UP TH' MEN!



NEXT DAY--

VERY GOOD, MY MAN! I SHALL REMEMBER YOUR LOYALTY AT THE PROPER TIME! IN THE MEANTIME, KEEP ME INFORMED AS TO DEVELOPMENTS!



ACME DETECTIVE AGENCY? LISTEN---



TRYIN' TO BEAT THE BIG BOSS, EH?

LATER--AS TOM PETERS RETURNS TO HIS HOME--

HERE HE COMES!

NICE AND QUIET, JOE!



THAT'S ENOUGH, JOE... LET'S SCRAM!

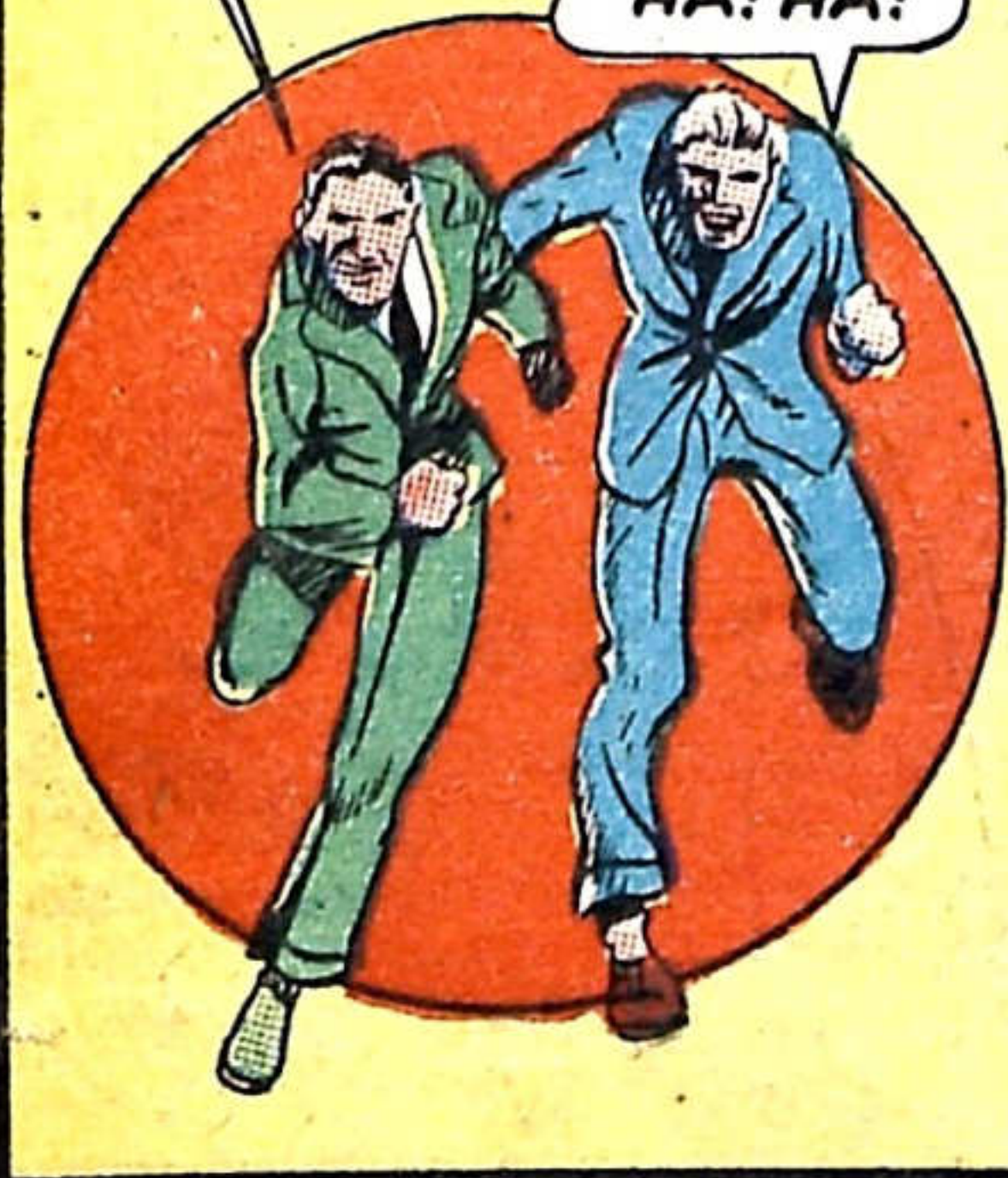


WAK!



A NICE CLEAN JOB, I CALLS IT, SPIKE!

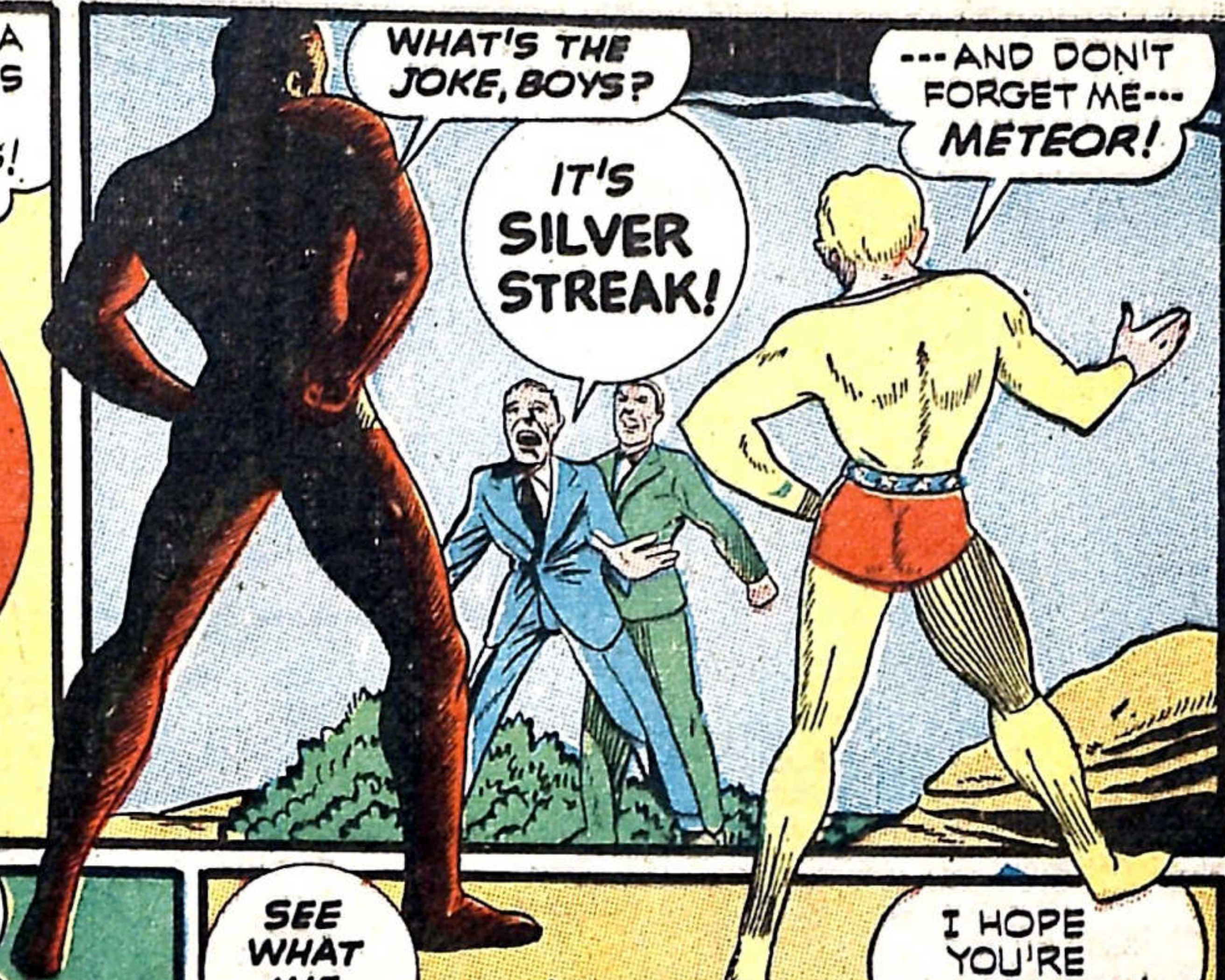
YEAH! WOT A RACKET THIS DETECTIVE BUSINESS IS! HA! HA!



WHAT'S THE JOKE, BOYS?

---AND DON'T FORGET ME--- METEOR!

IT'S SILVER STREAK!

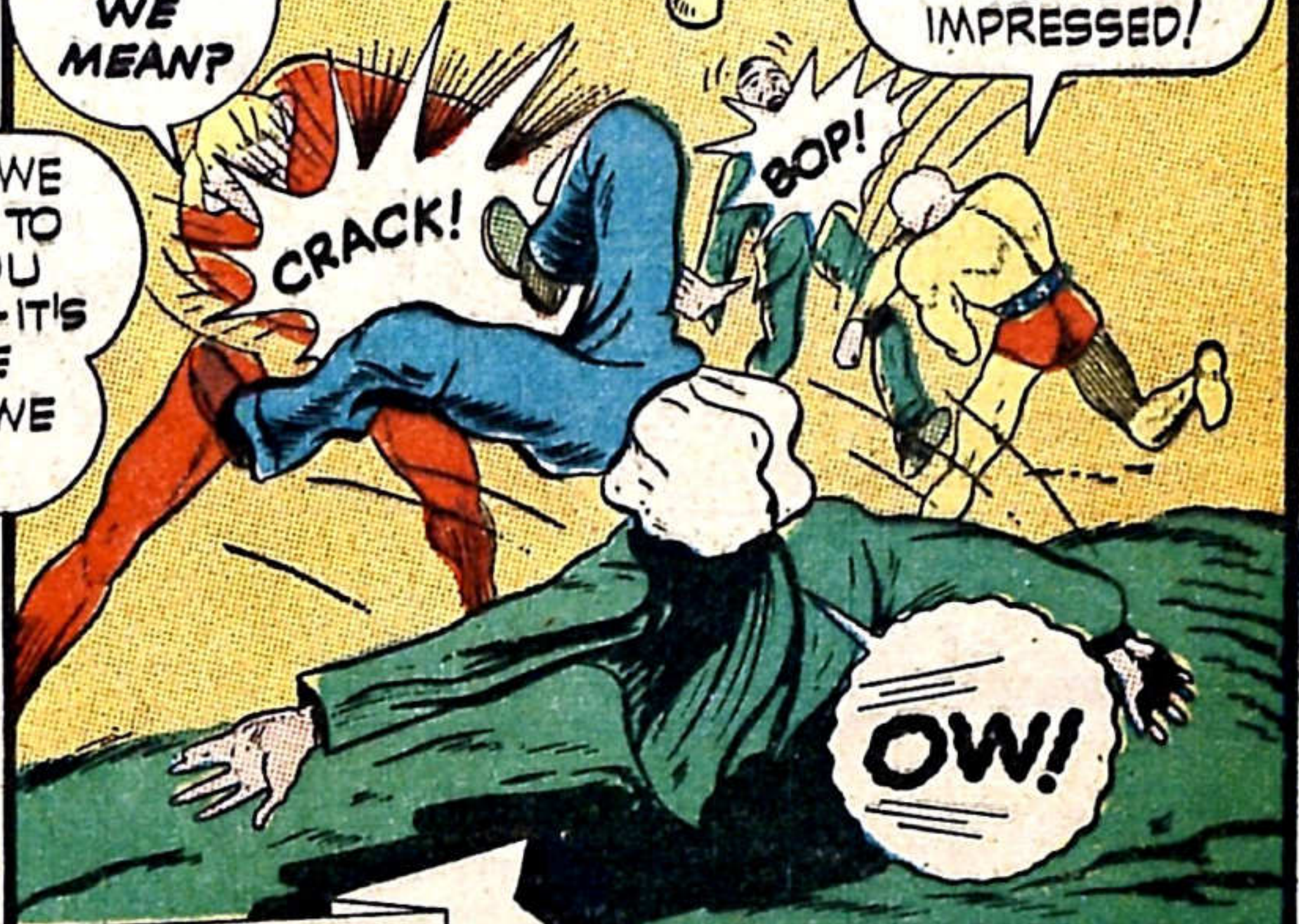


WE SAW THAT LITTLE SONG AND DANCE ACT YOU TWO PUT ON--AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING-- WE DON'T LIKE IT!

SEE WHAT WE MEAN?

I HOPE YOU'RE IMPRESSED!

NOPE! WE DECIDED TO SHOW YOU OUR ACT--IT'S A LITTLE BETTER, WE THINK!



OOH, LOOK! HE'S A HIGH-JUMPER!

SOK!

AND THE VULTURE FINDS HIS NEST!



HERE'S SOME COMPANY FOR YOU!







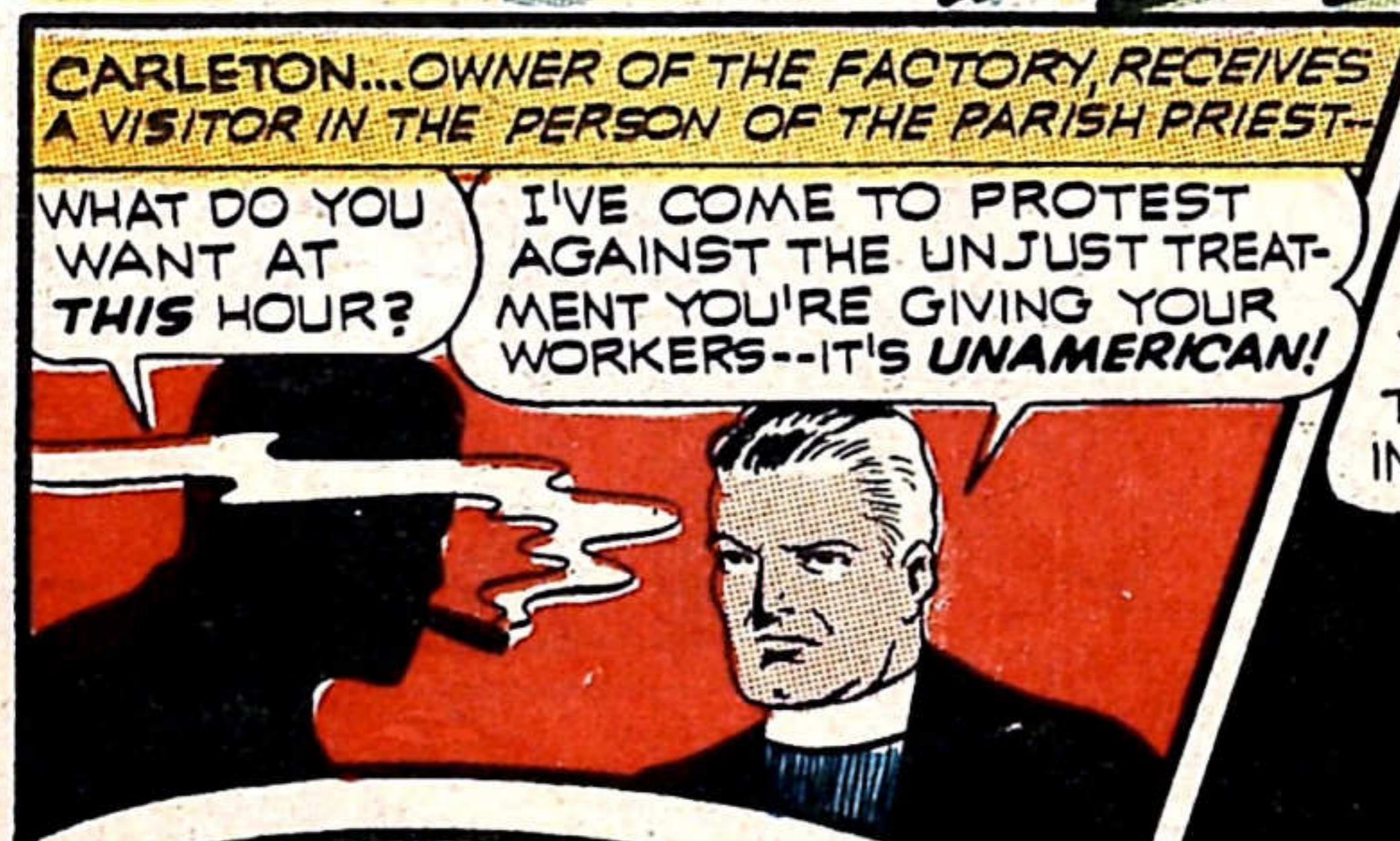
THE GEESE HANG HIGH!



THEY'RE GOOD AND COOKED! HOW'S THAT OTHER FELLOW DOING, METEOR?

HE'S COMING TO, SILVER!

THEY WERE OUT TO GET ME BECAUSE I WANTED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE AWFUL CONDITIONS IN THE FACTORY!



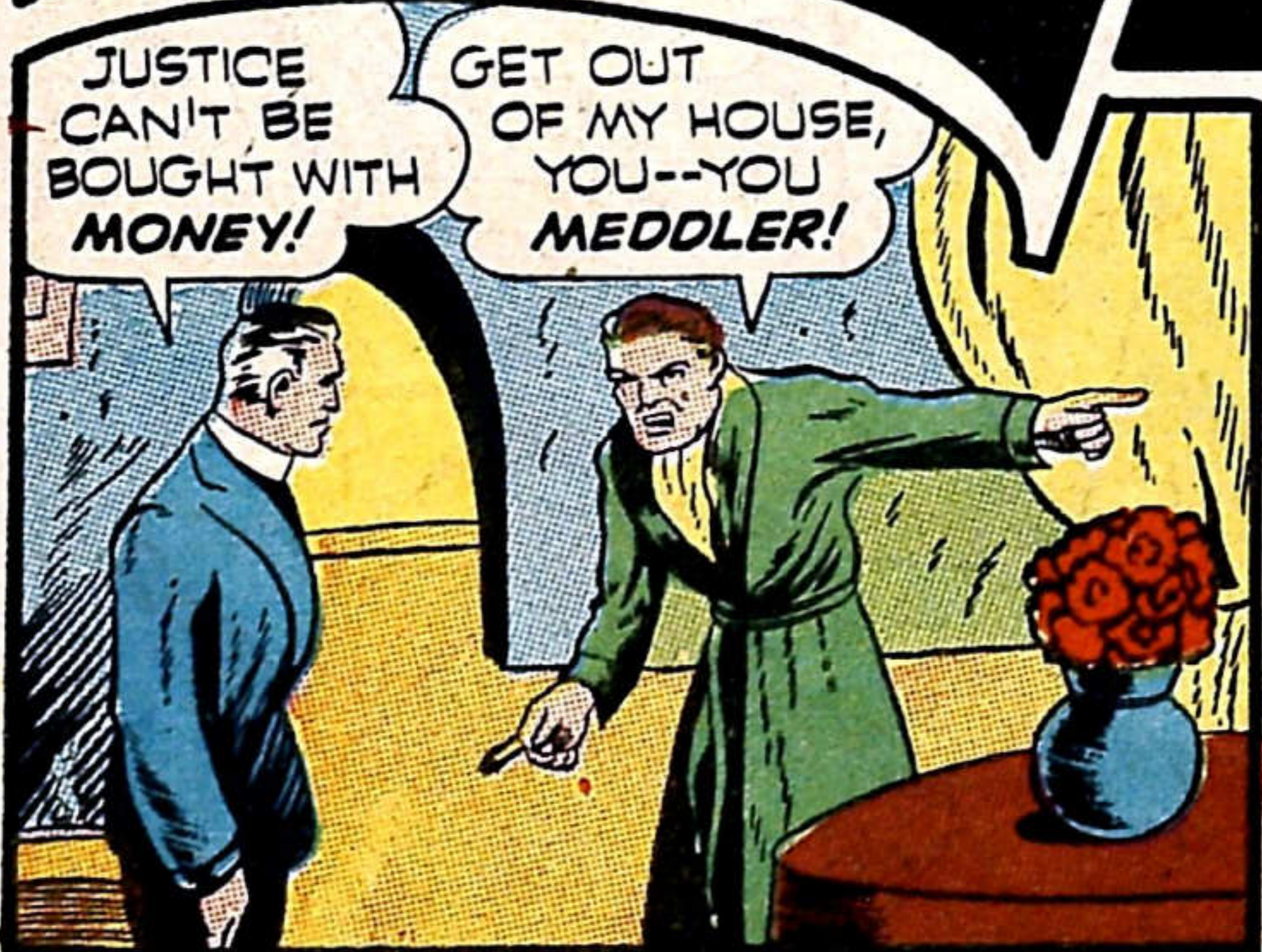
CARLETON... OWNER OF THE FACTORY, RECEIVES A VISITOR IN THE PERSON OF THE PARISH PRIEST--

WHAT DO YOU WANT AT THIS HOUR?

I'VE COME TO PROTEST AGAINST THE UNJUST TREATMENT YOU'RE GIVING YOUR WORKERS--IT'S UNAMERICAN!



LISTEN, YOU! I'M THE GUY WHO GIVES YOU ENOUGH DOUGH TO SUPPORT YOUR PARISH--- YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ON MY SIDE IN CASES LIKE THIS!



JUSTICE CAN'T BE BOUGHT WITH MONEY!

GET OUT OF MY HOUSE, YOU--YOU MEDDLER!



I'LL FIX YOU FOR THIS--BUT GOOD!

CUTE FELLOW, ISN'T HE?

A HONEY!



THE NERVE OF THAT GUY--AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR HIM! LET'S SEE---HOW MUCH ARE MY PROFITS THIS MONTH--



EXCUSE ME, MR. CARLETON!

ME TOO!

THE KING WAS IN THE COUNTING-HOUSE COUNTING OUT HIS MONEY--



HUH?

WHAT THE...? WHAT ARE YOU-- A COUPLE OF CIRCUS FREAKS?

YOU'RE THE FREAK, CARLETON!



TELL 'IM, POPS!

CAUTIOUSLY CARLETON'S HAND TOUCHES A BUZZER...



HERE WE GO!

...AND IN ANOTHER ROOM, HIS BODYGUARD GETS THE CALL!



AND ME WITH A FULL HOUSE, TOO!

THAT'S TH' BOSS! C'MON!

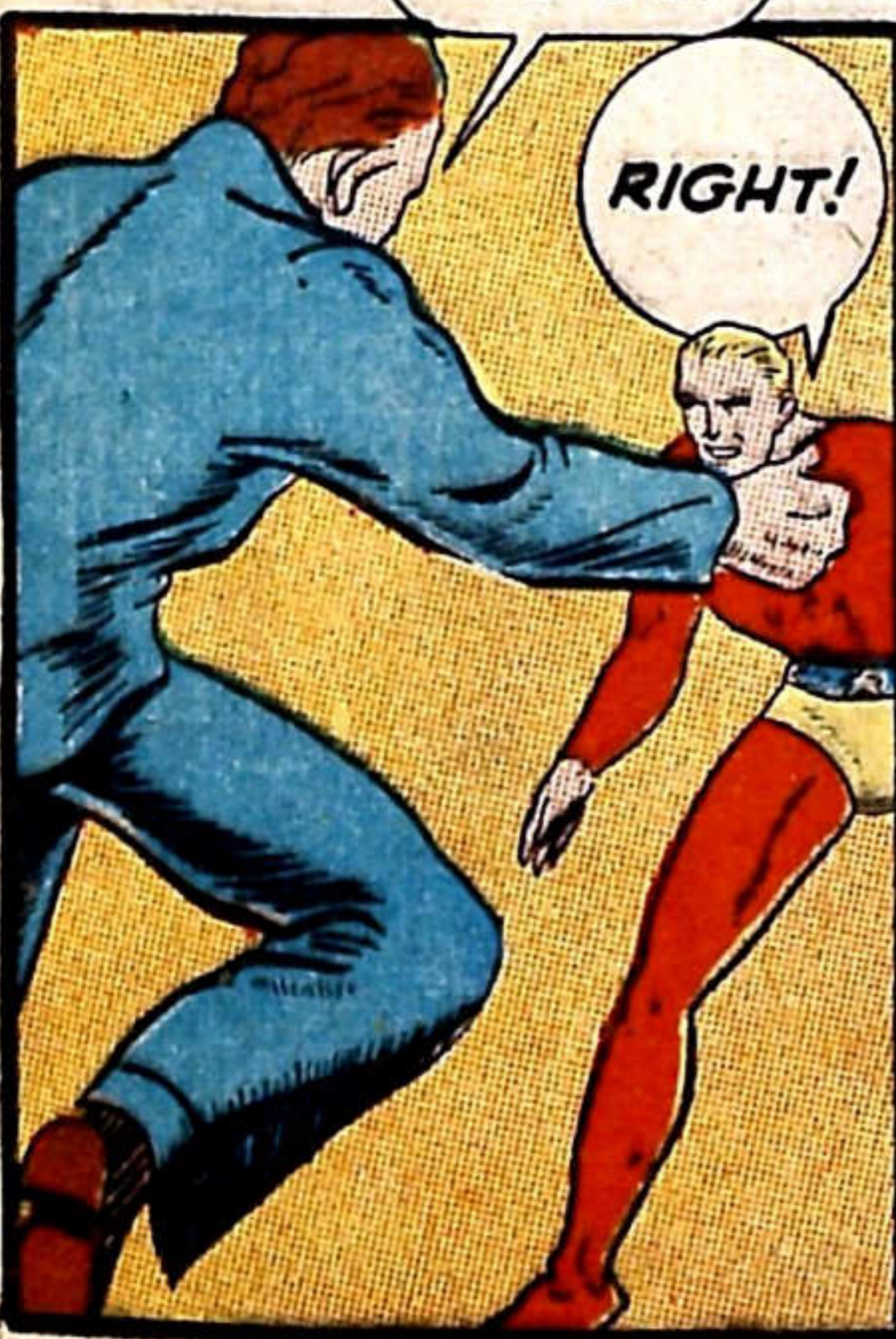
GET THESE TWO OUT OF HERE!

AHA! PLAYMATES!

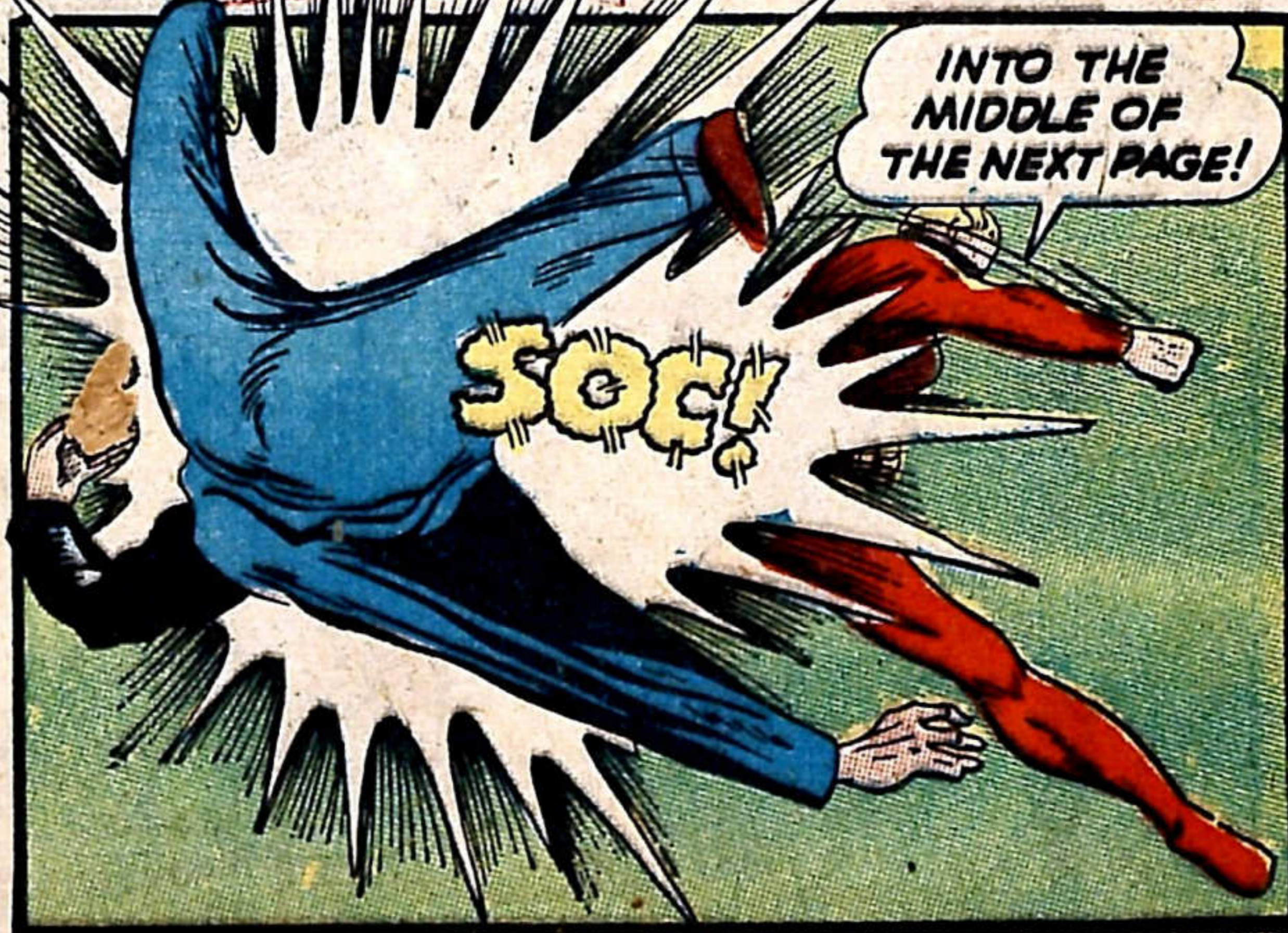


IT'S A PLEASURE, CHIEF!

GOODY! GOODY!



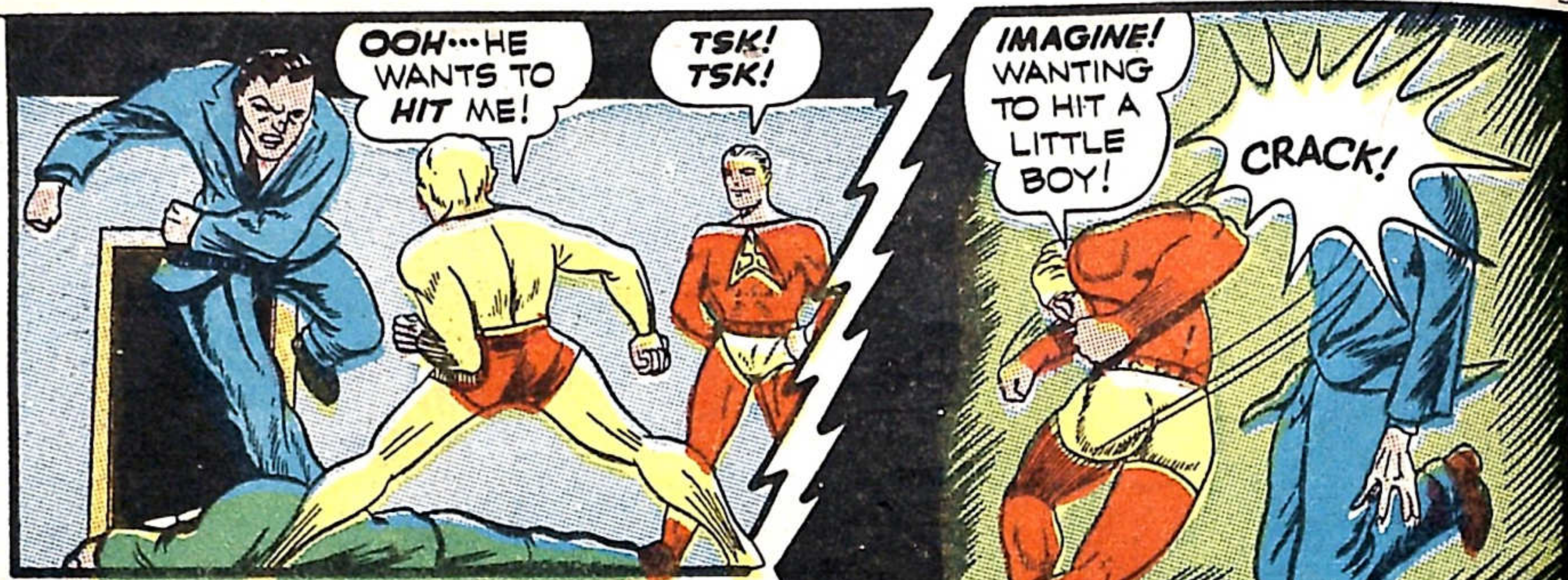
RIGHT!



INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE NEXT PAGE!

SOCK





OOH...HE WANTS TO HIT ME!

TSK! TSK!

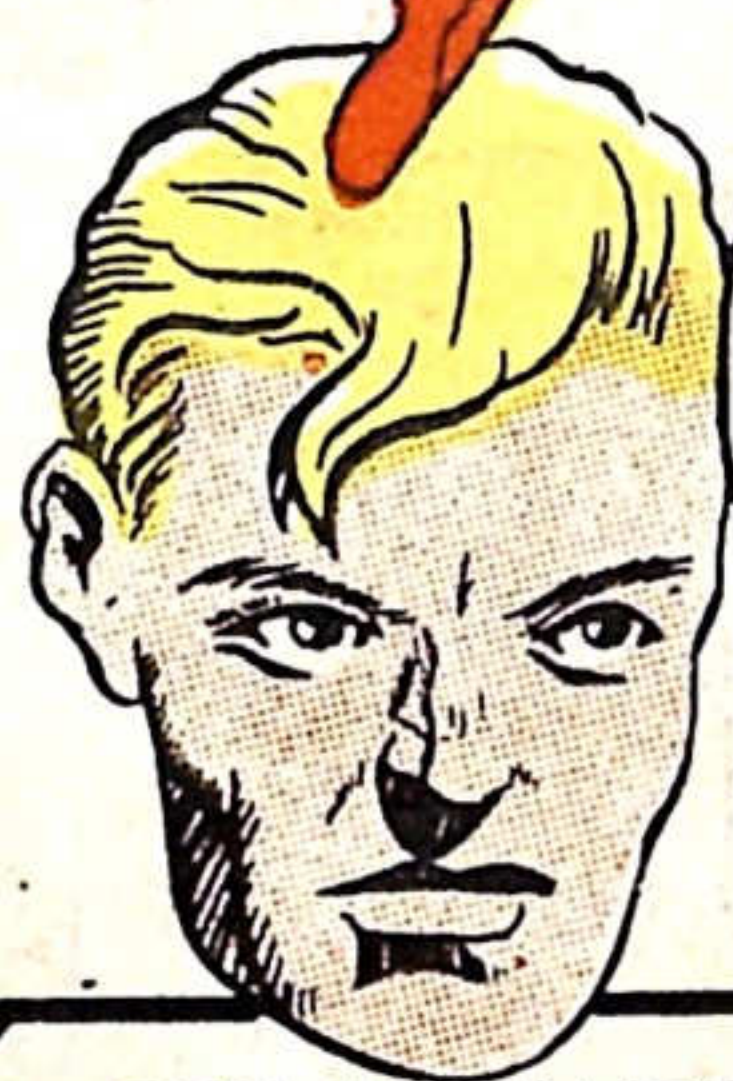
IMAGINE! WANTING TO HIT A LITTLE BOY!

CRACK!



NOW---IT'S YOUR TURN!

NO...NO! I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING! MONEY---



STILL THINK YOU CAN BUY YOUR WAY OUT OF ANYTHING, DON'T YOU? NOT THIS TIME! WE'RE NOT HIGHWAYMEN! WE WANT MORE THAN THAT FROM YOU!



MORE THAN MONEY? IMPOSSIBLE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY!

FOR INSTANCE--A TRUE UNDERSTANDING OF THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY... ALLOWING THE WORKERS EQUAL RIGHTS WITH THEIR EMPLOYERS!

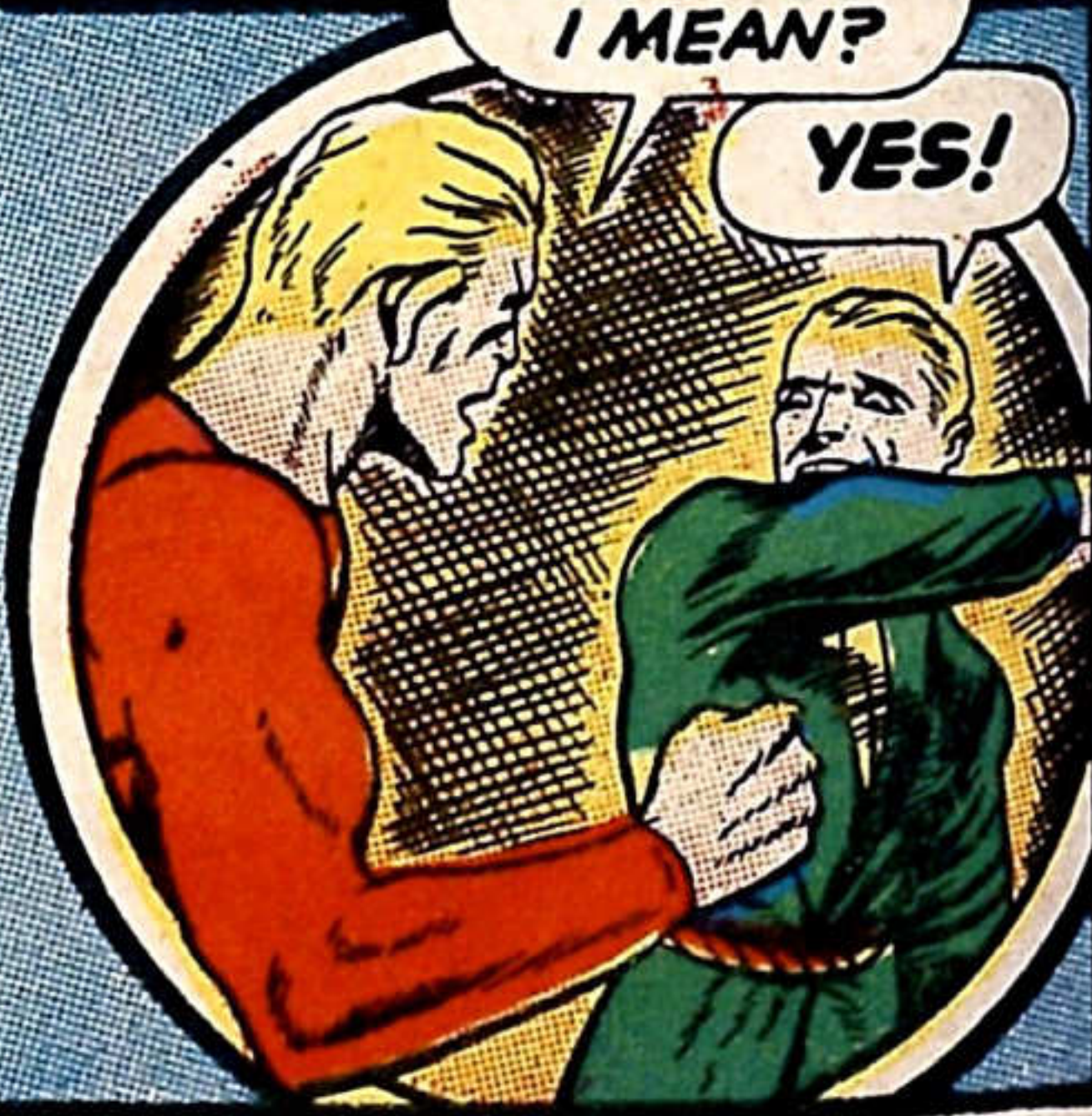


DO YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN?



IN OTHER WORDS---GIVE YOUR WORKERS A BREAK!

WELL... I...I...



YES!



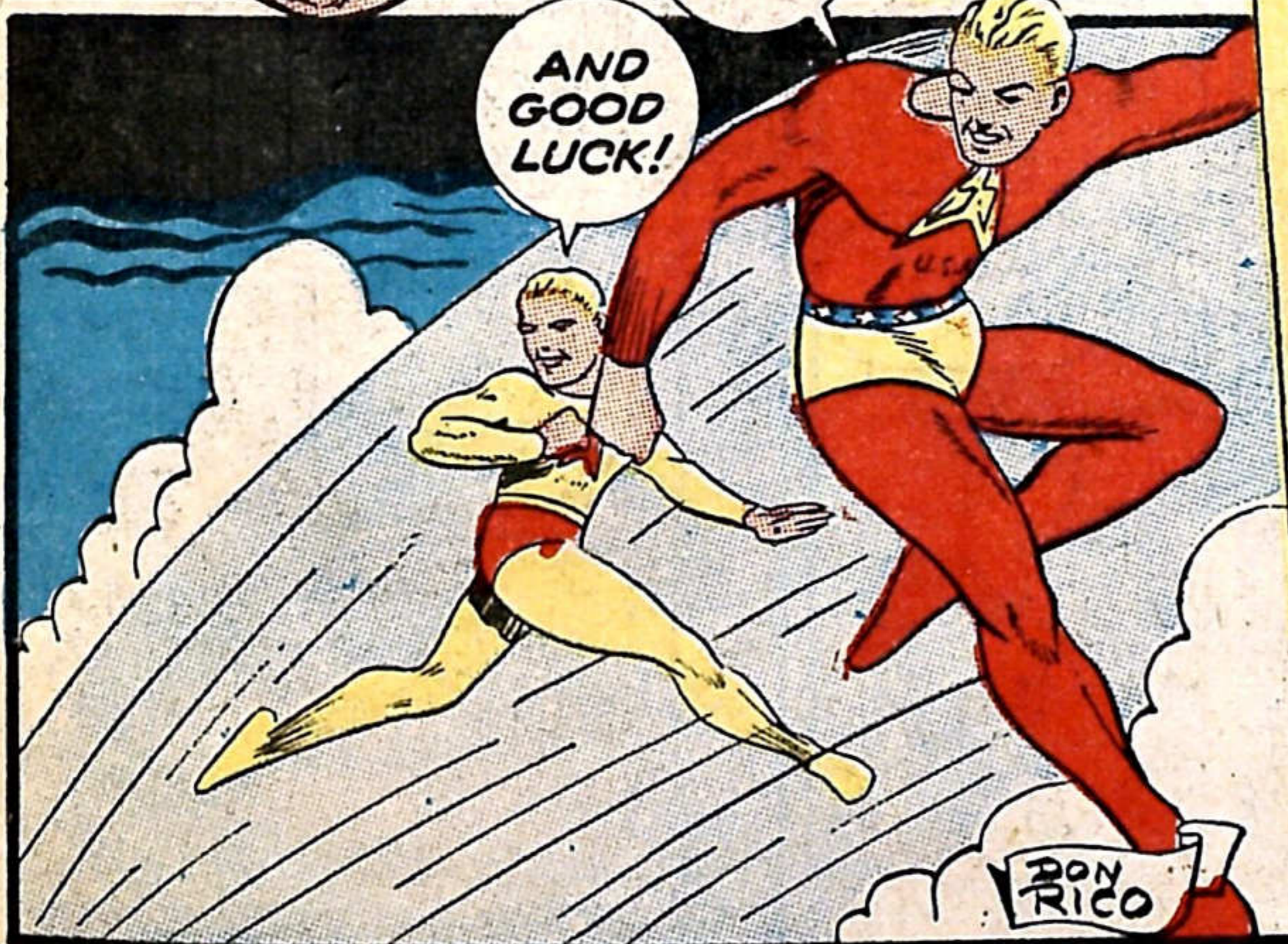


**BULLETIN**

ORDER NO. AS18

BECAUSE THE  
MANAGEMENT WISHES  
TO SHARE WITH ITS  
EMPLOYEES THE  
BENEFITS OF THE  
GOVERNMENT  
ORDER--WORKERS  
WILL BE PAID  
DOUBLE TIME FOR  
OVERTIME.

*D. A. Carleton*  
PRESIDENT.



DON'T Miss...  
"THE *Thing* THAT WALKS  
LIKE A *MAN*!"

Starring  
THE TWO GREATEST CRIME  
BUSTERS OF ALL TIME...  
**SILVER STREAK**  
and **METEOR**  
IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF  
**SILVER STREAK**  
Comics!

AN EERIE, TINGLING  
STORY OF CRIME--AND  
JUSTICE!



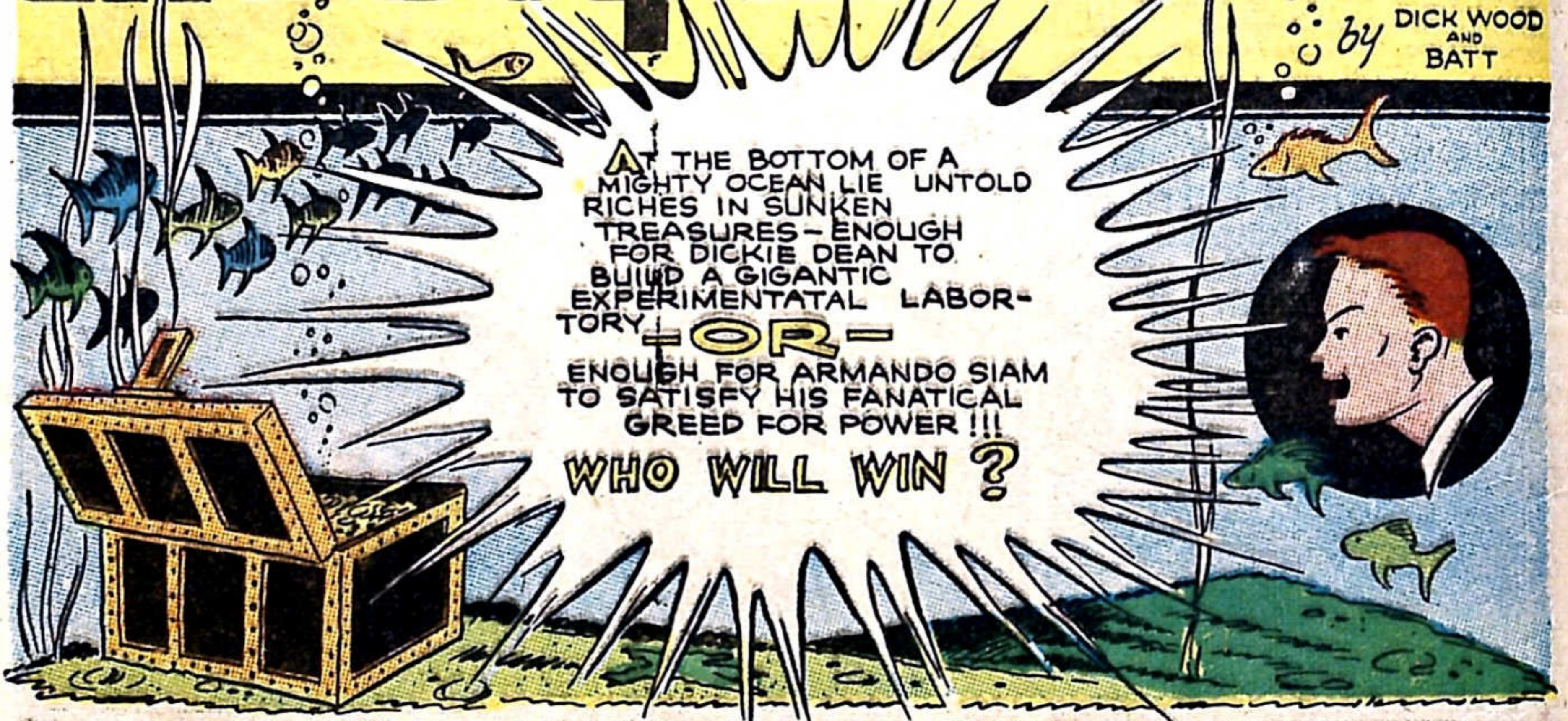
# DICKIE DEAN

the boy inventor

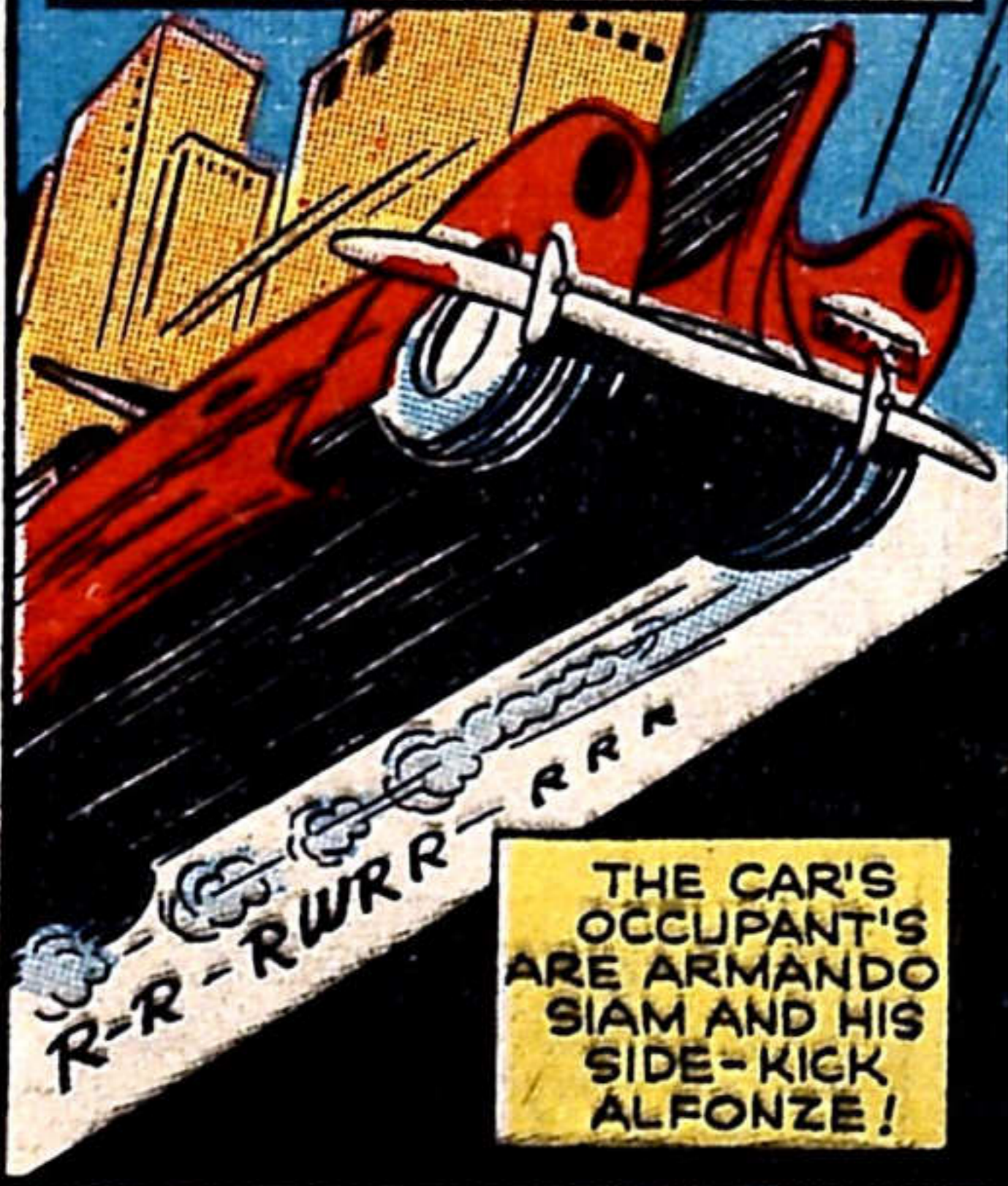
by DICK WOOD AND BATT

AT THE BOTTOM OF A MIGHTY OCEAN LIE UNTOLD RICHES IN SUNKEN TREASURES - ENOUGH FOR DICKIE DEAN TO BUILD A GIGANTIC EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - OR - ENOUGH FOR ARMANDO SIAM TO SATISFY HIS FANATICAL GREED FOR POWER !!!

WHO WILL WIN ?



DARTING INWARD FROM AN EASTERN SEAPORT IN A FOREIGN-BUILT CAR COMES TROUBLE!



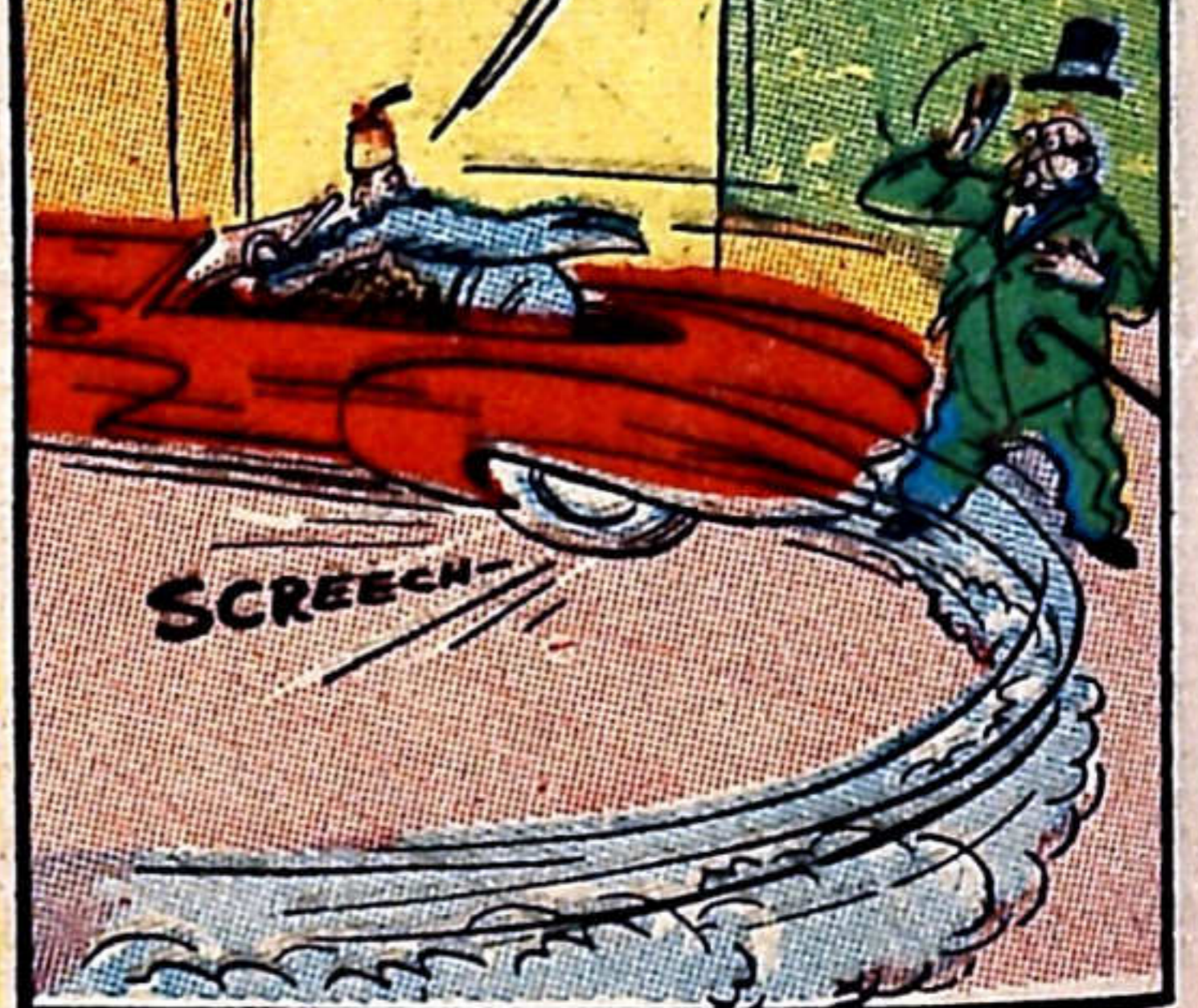
THE CAR'S OCCUPANT'S ARE ARMANDO SIAM AND HIS SIDE-KICK ALFONZE!

SUDDENLY -

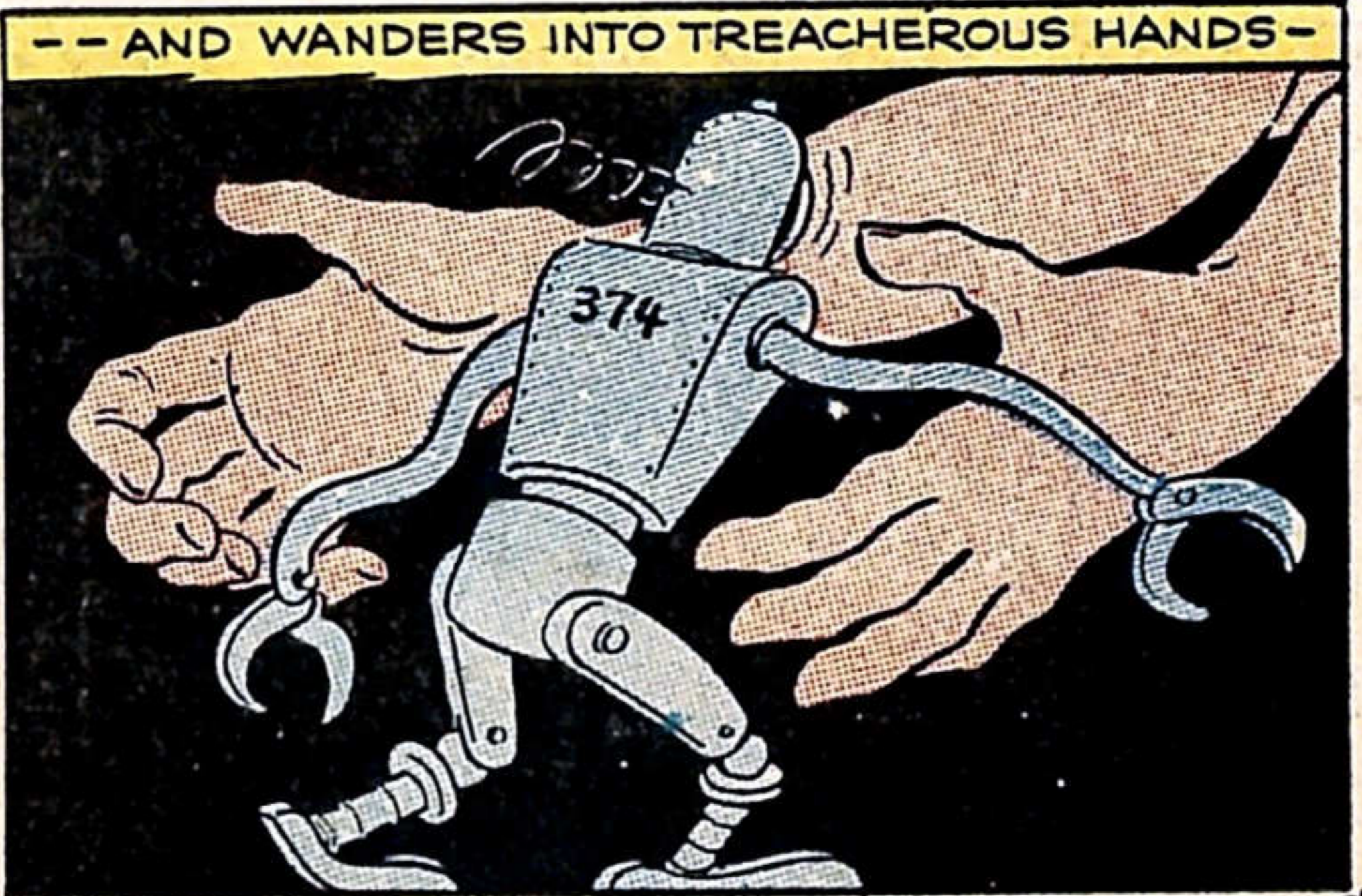
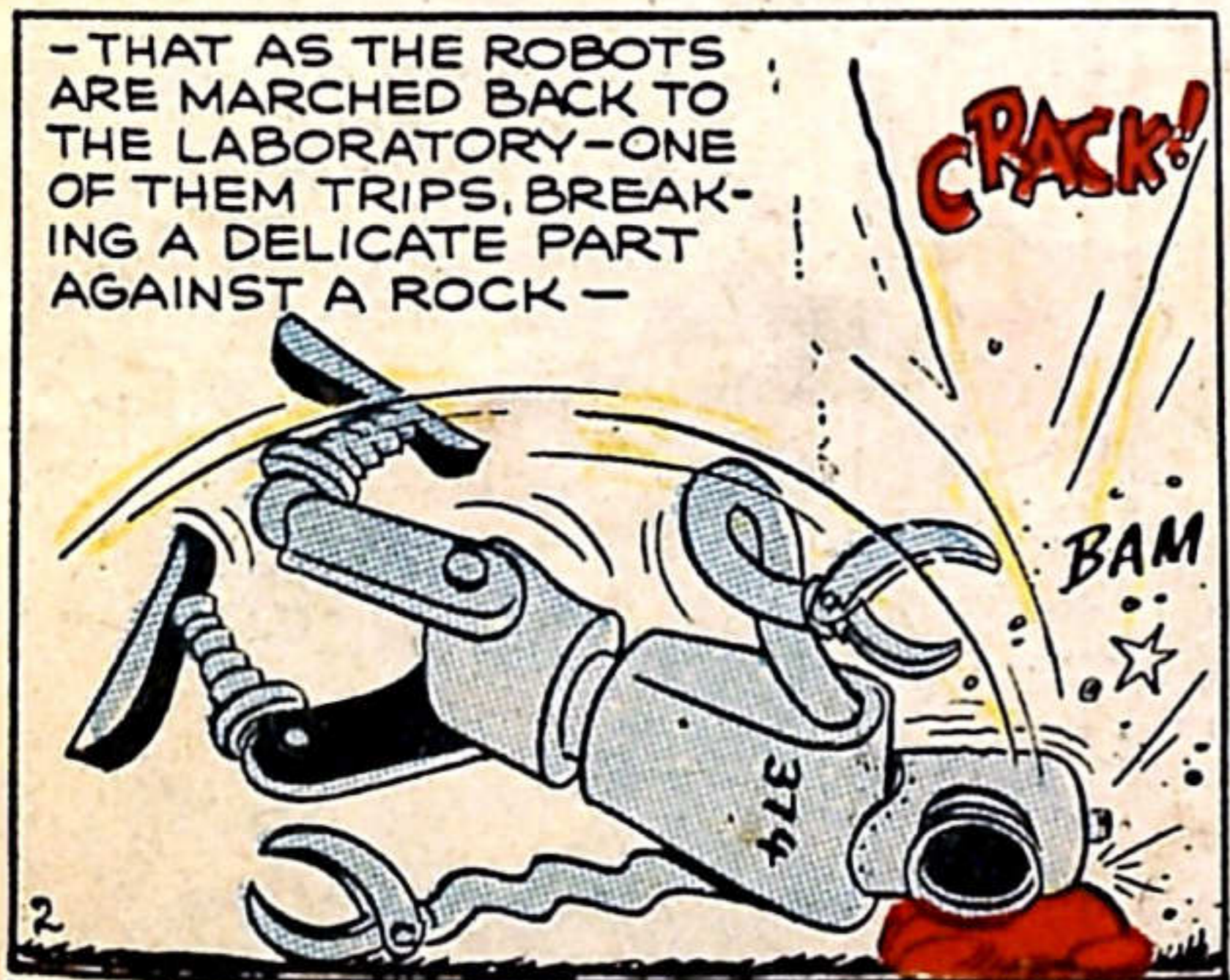
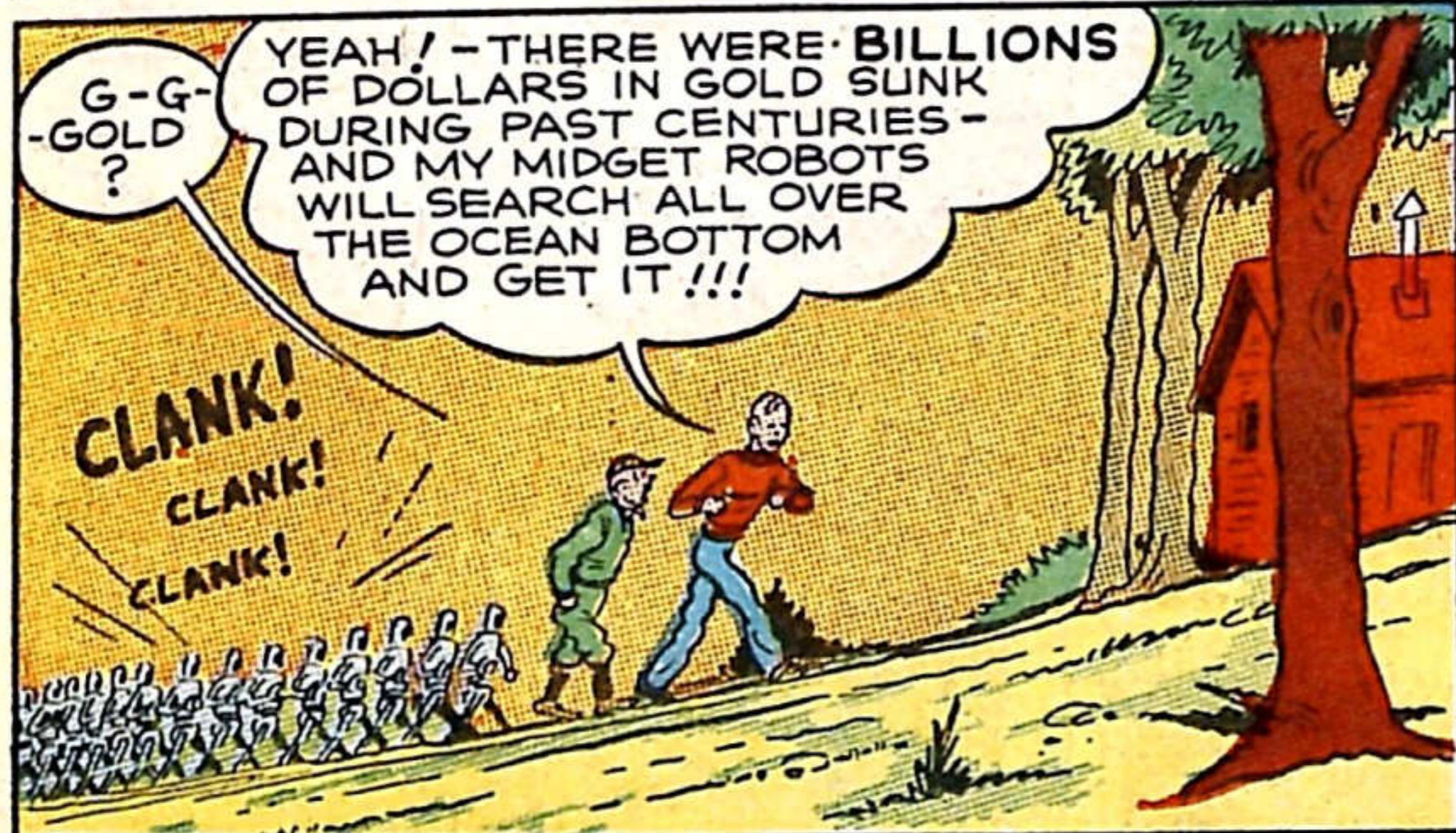
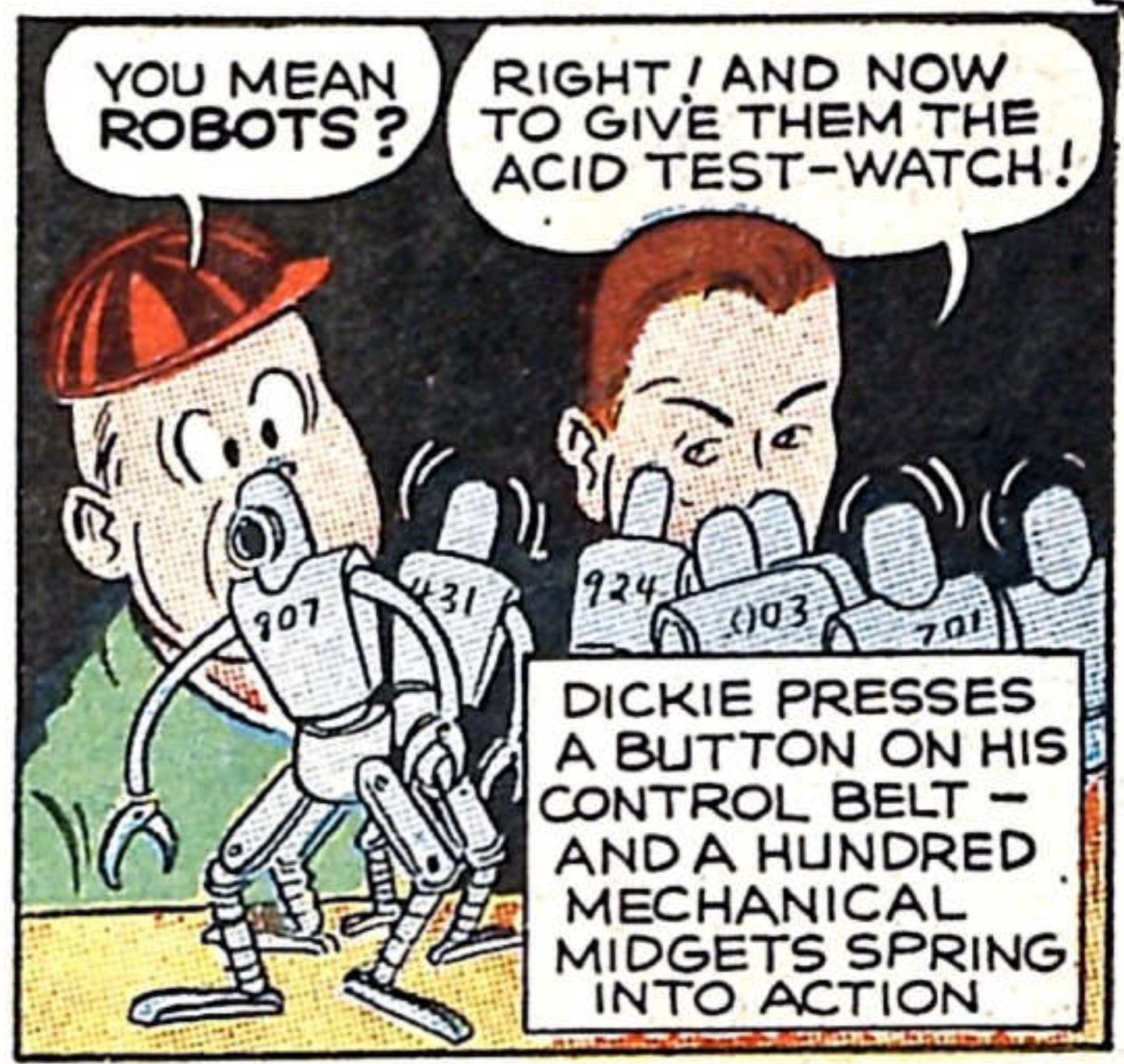
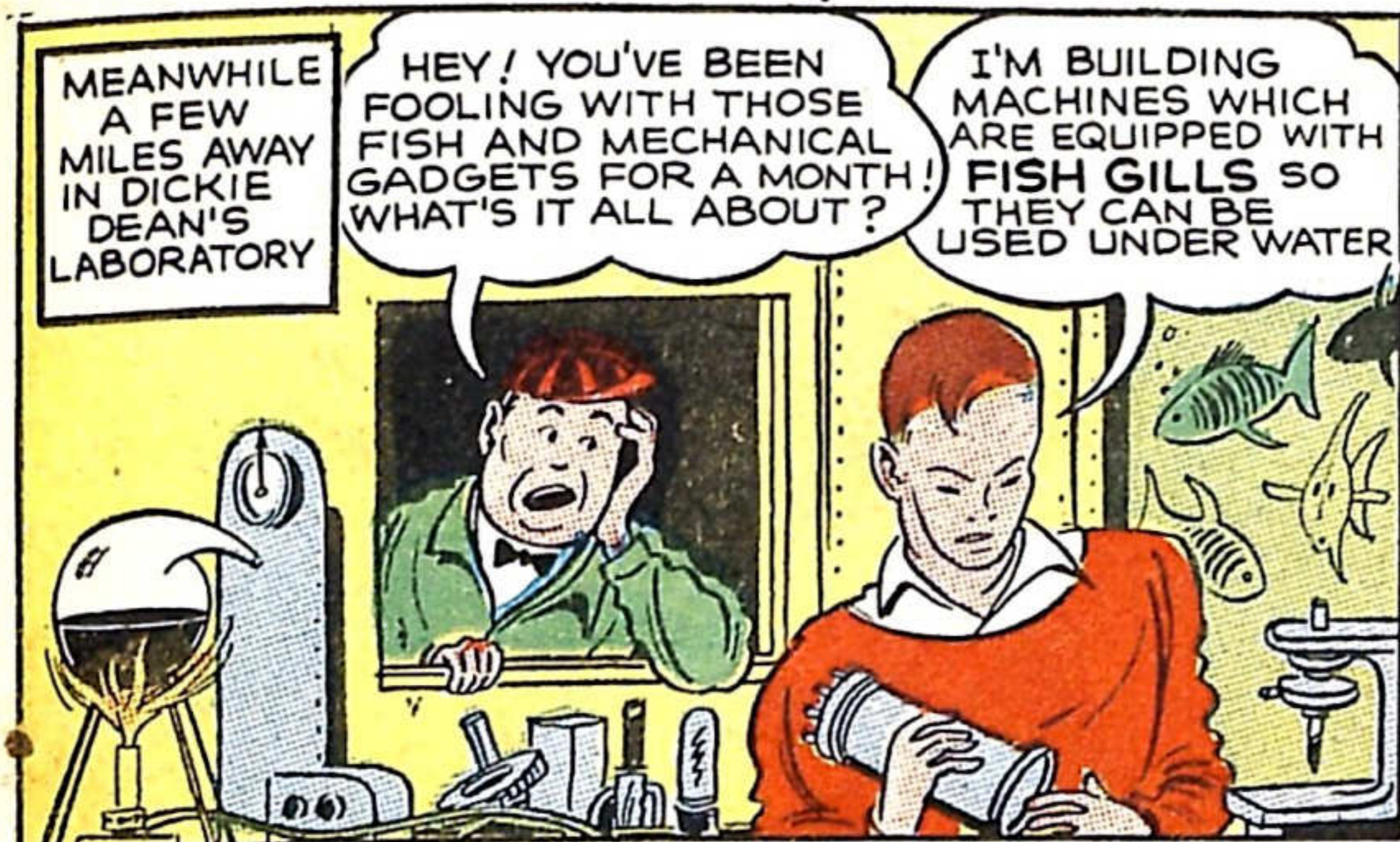
LOOK! ZAT PEEG MUST HAVE SOME MONEY - I WILL KEEL HIM A LITTLE !!



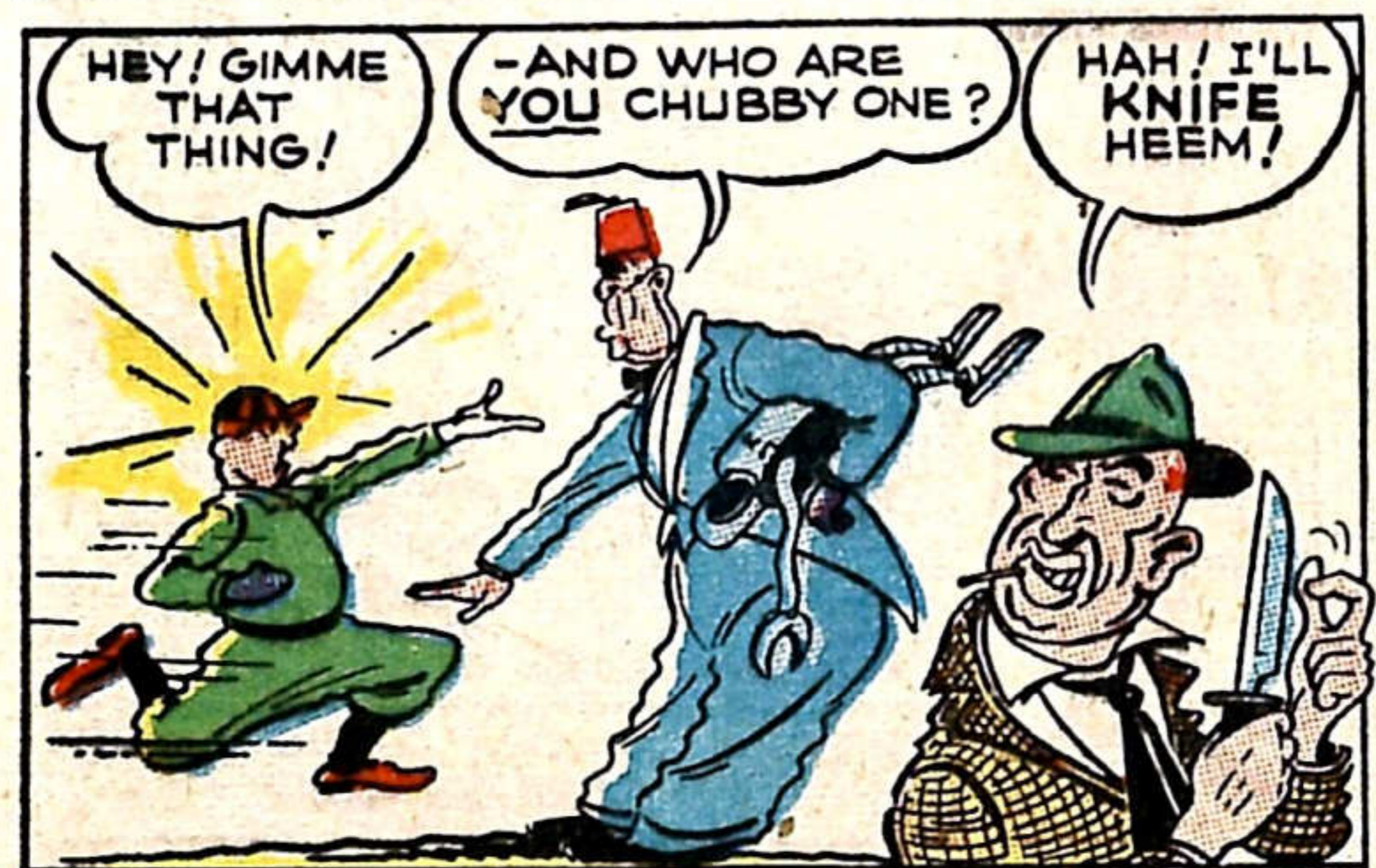
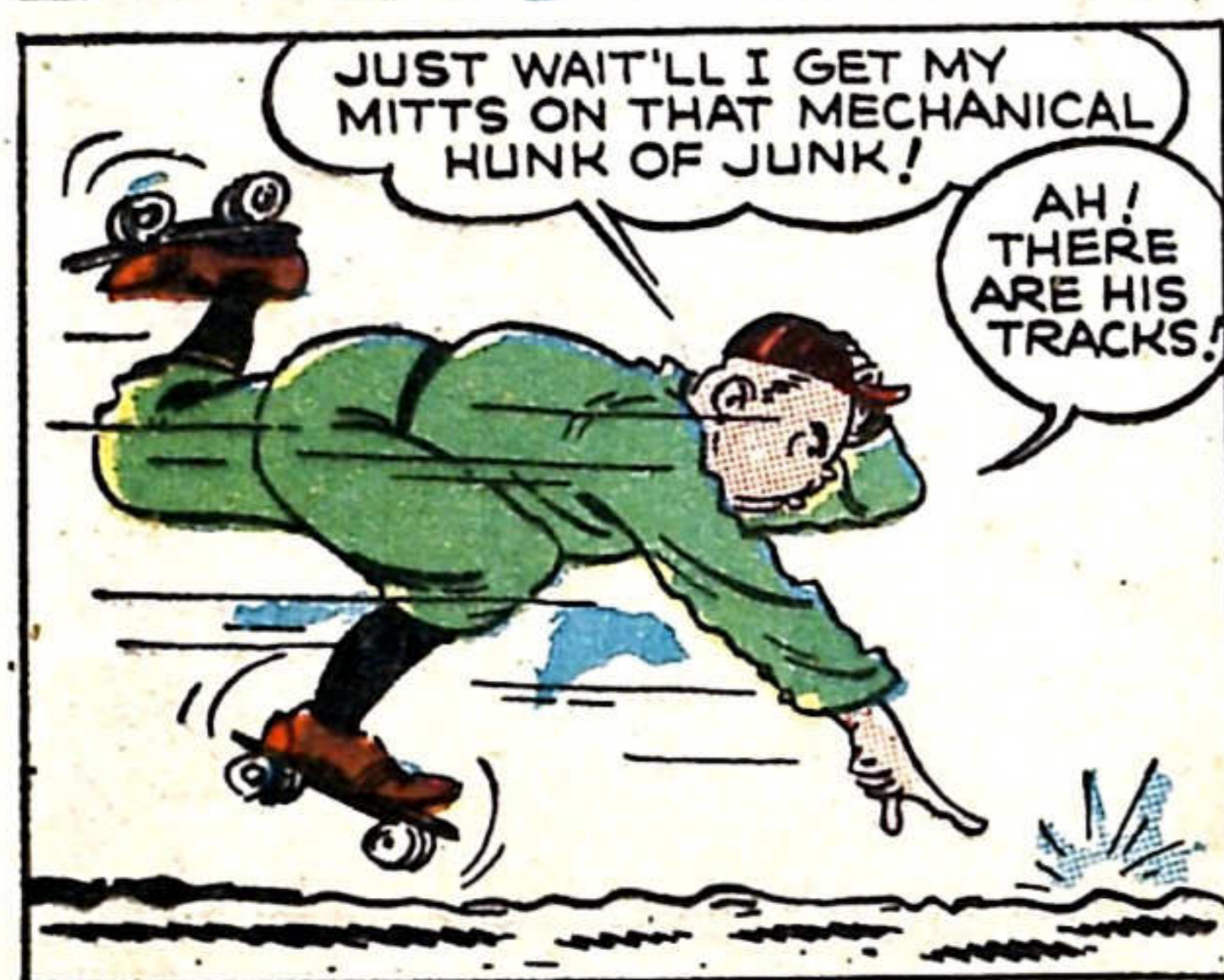
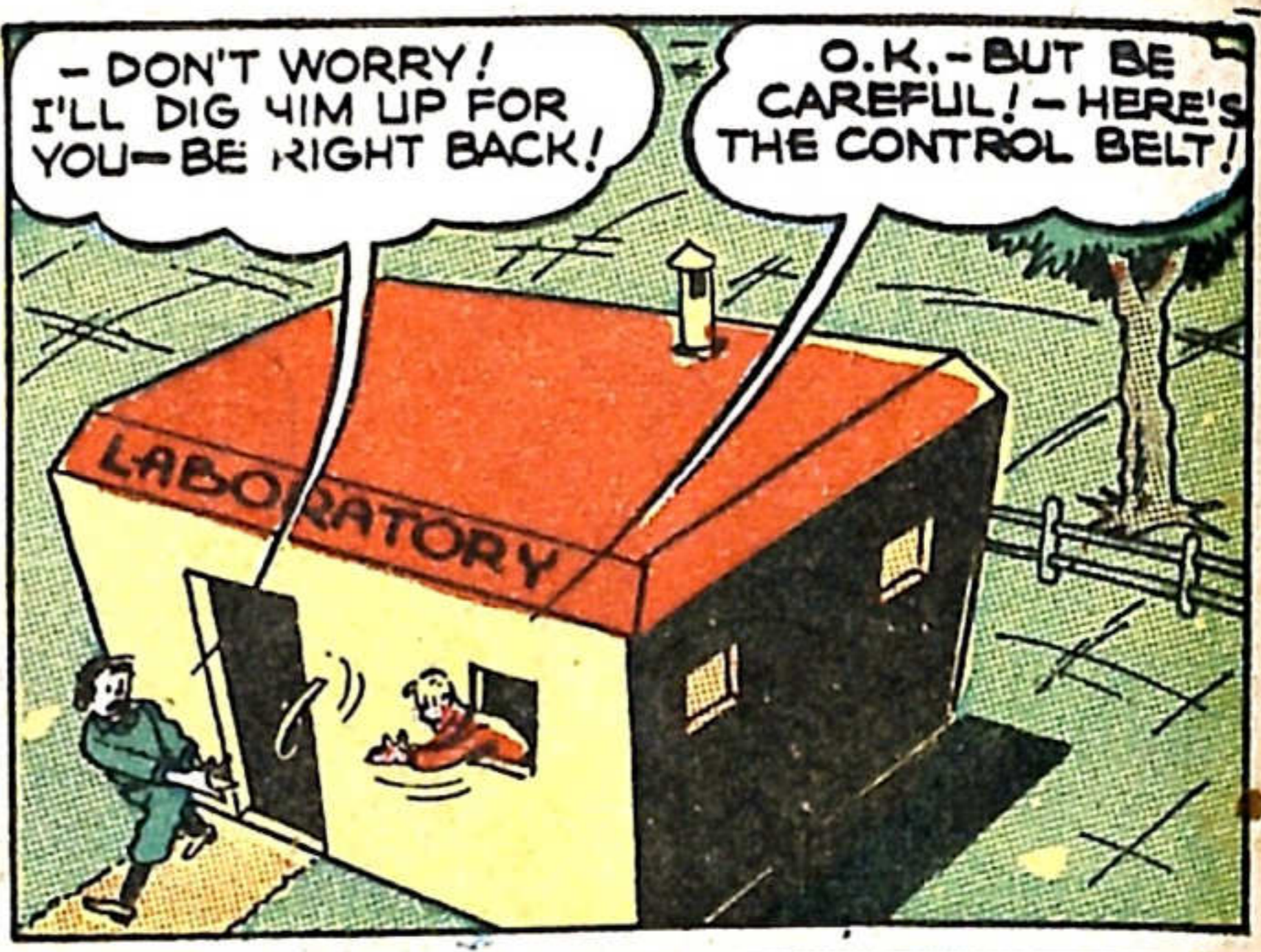
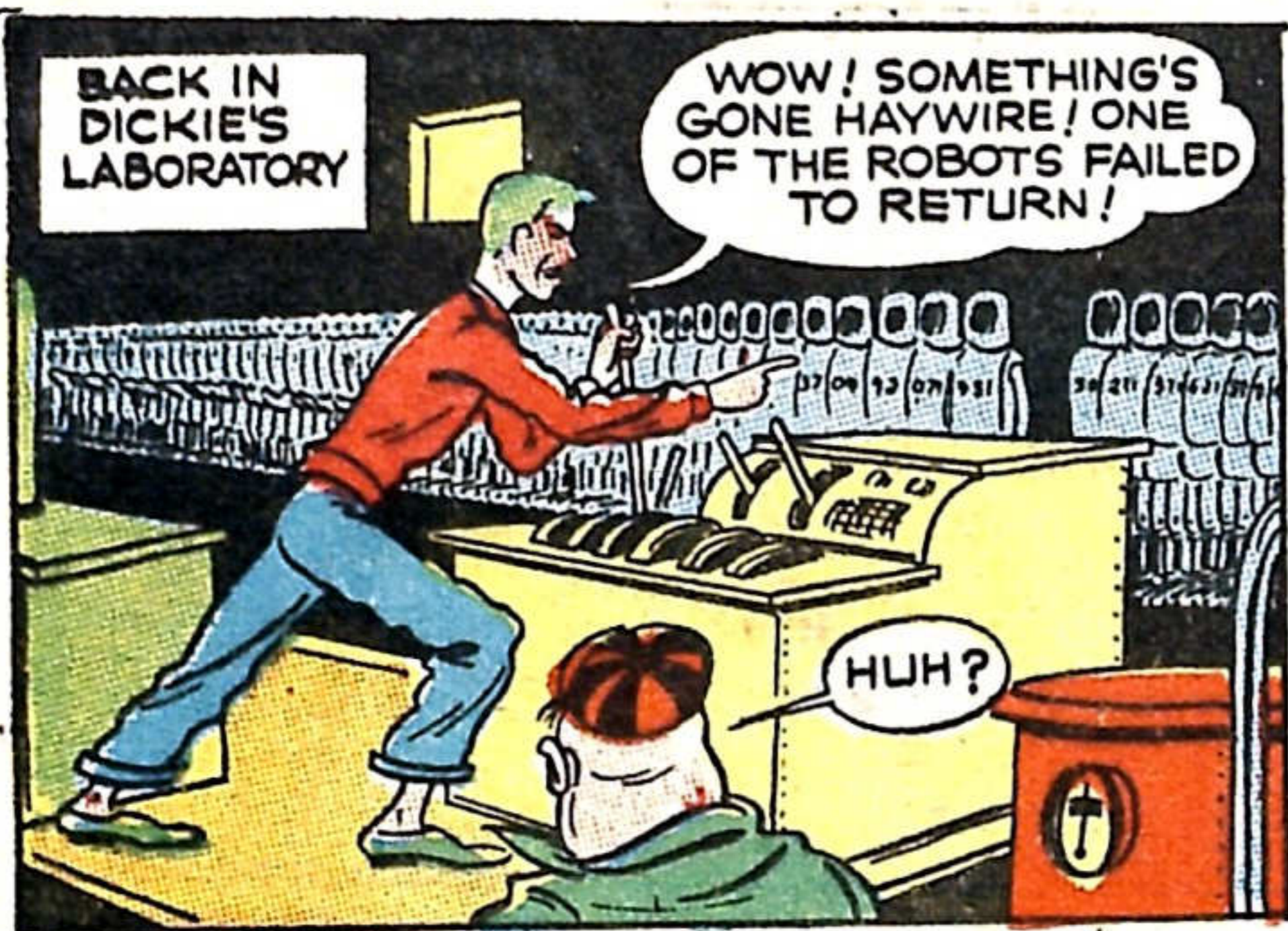
FOOL !! DEEZ IS AMERICA - MURDER IS ILLEGAL HERE! FIRST WE MUST FIND A HIDE-OUT LIKE ZE GANGSTERS - ZEN WE RELIEVE PEOPLE OF THEIR MONEY !!















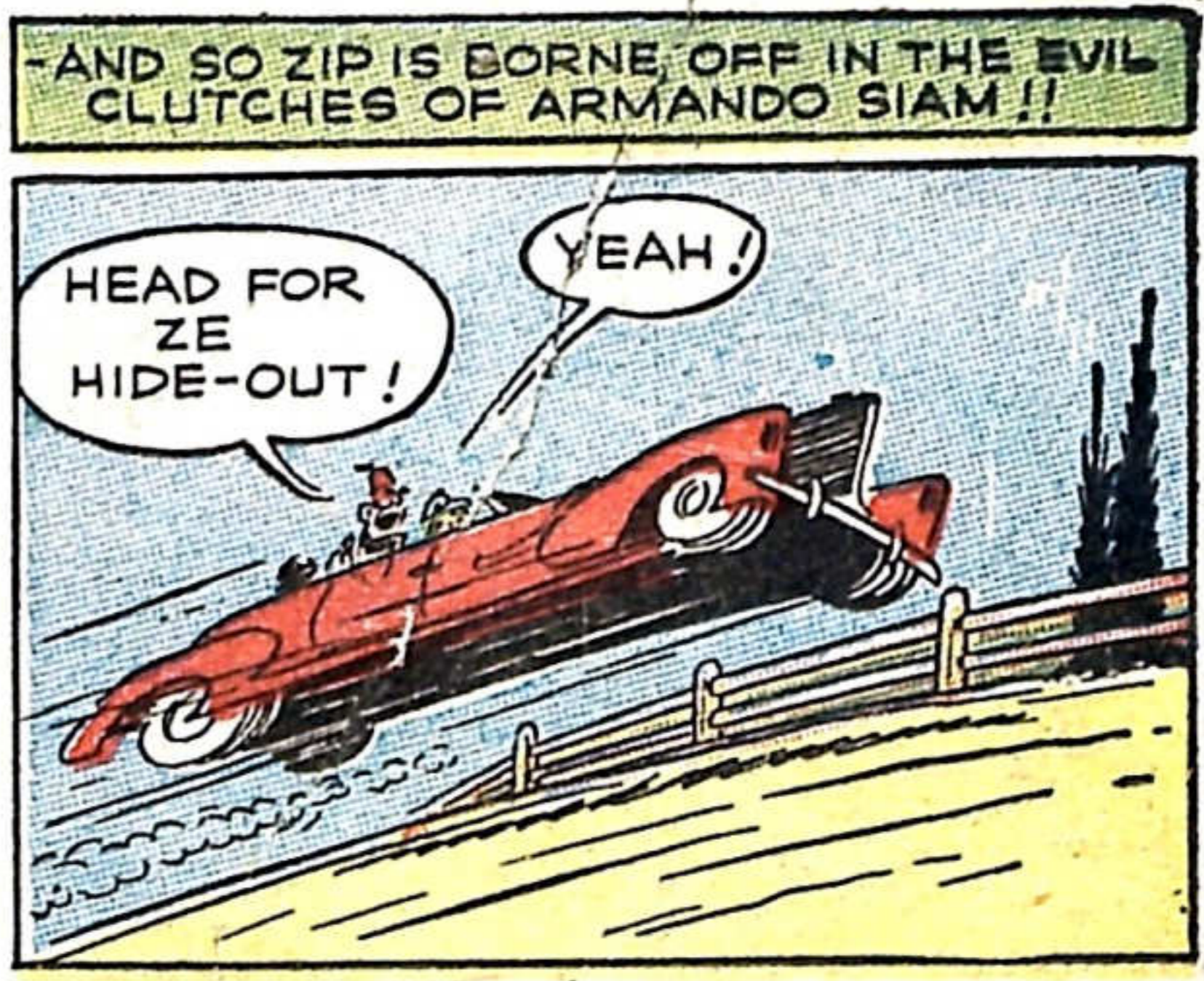
SO YOU HAVE ZE CONTROL BOX FOR THEEZ ROBOTS - EH? YOU HEAR THAT ALFONZE?

ALFONZE HEAR WELL BOSS!



-AND NOW I SHALL POISON HEEM!

NO-FOOL! WE MAY BE ABLE TO USE HEEM LATER!



-AND SO ZIP IS BORNE OFF IN THE EVIL CLUTCHES OF ARMANDO SIAM!!

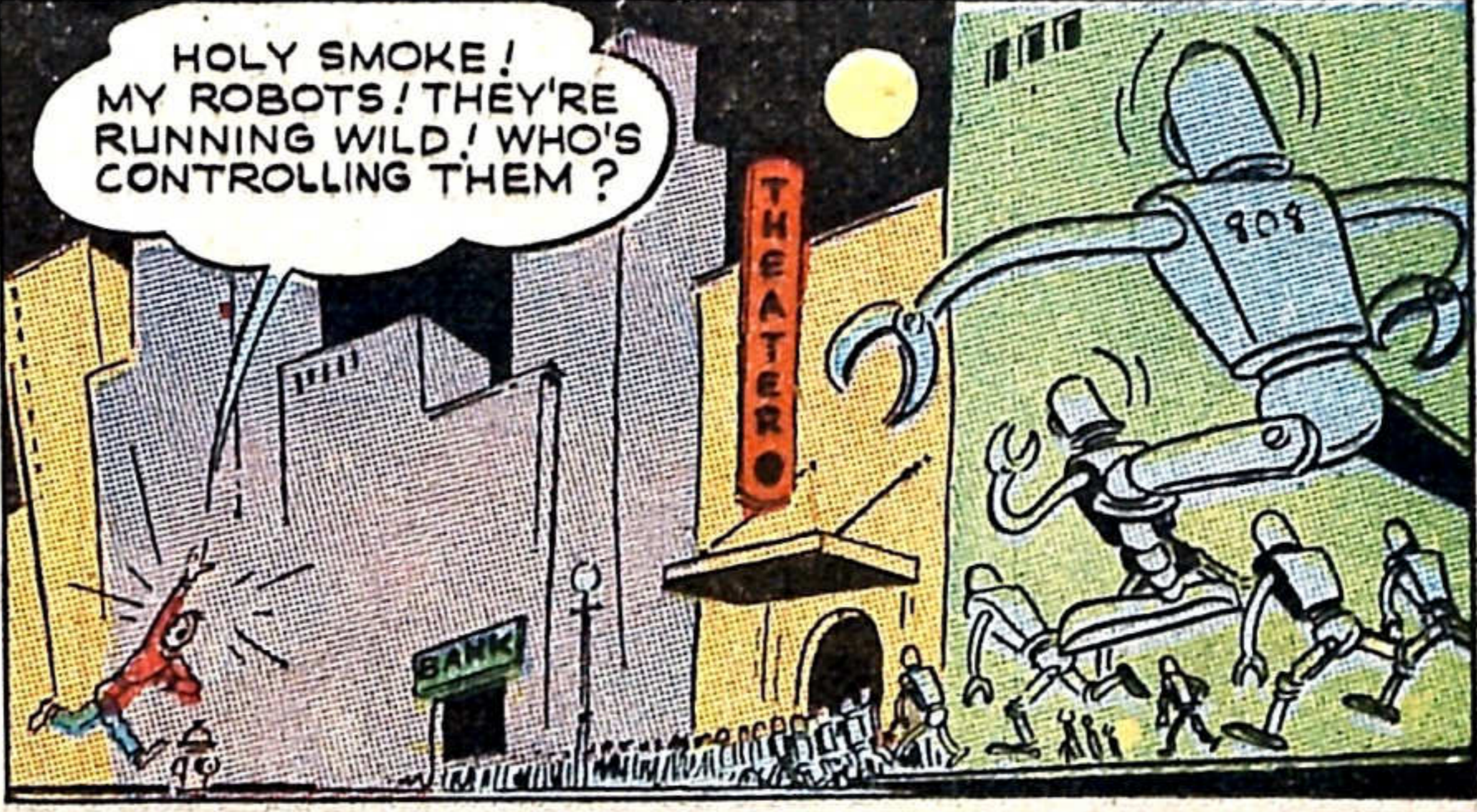
HEAD FOR ZE HIDE-OUT!

YEAH!

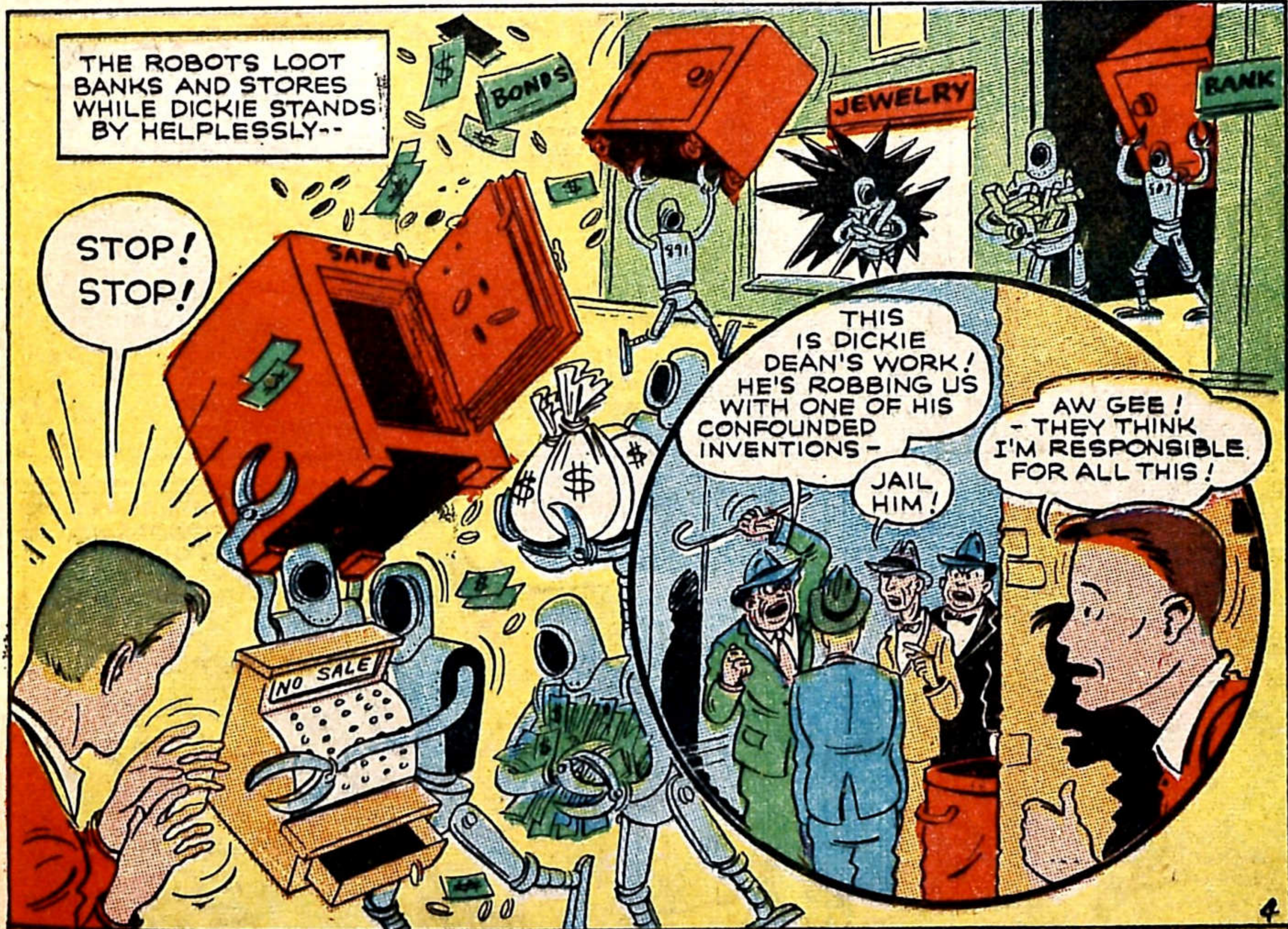


THAT NIGHT

I'VE GOTTA FIND ZIP - HE MAY BE HURT!



HOLY SMOKE! MY ROBOTS! THEY'RE RUNNING WILD! WHO'S CONTROLLING THEM?



THE ROBOTS LOOT BANKS AND STORES WHILE DICKIE STANDS BY HELPLESSLY--

STOP! STOP!

THIS IS DICKIE DEAN'S WORK! HE'S ROBBING US WITH ONE OF HIS CONFOUNDED INVENTIONS -

JAIL HIM!

AW GEE! - THEY THINK I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS!

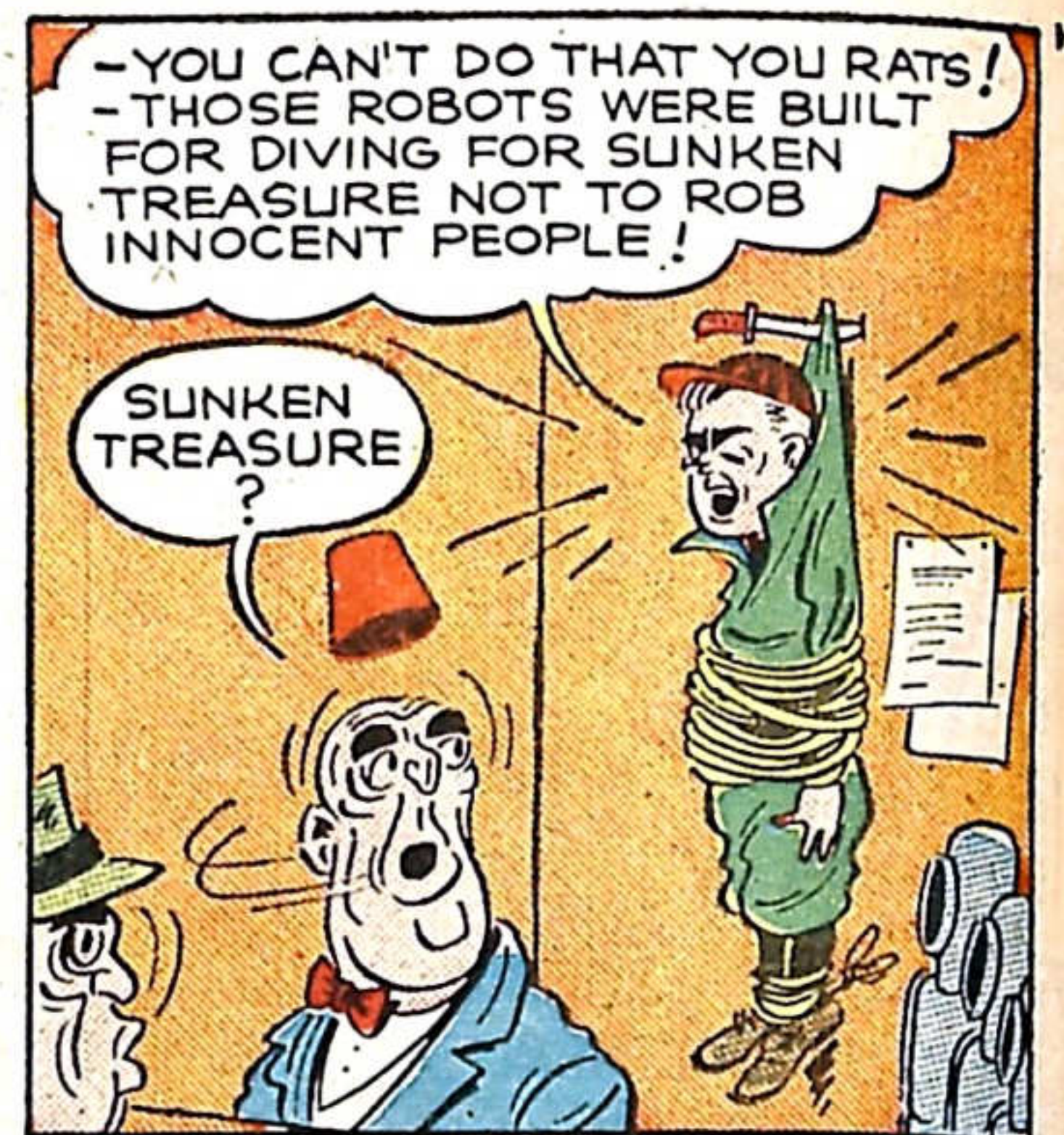




THE ROBOTS RETURN TO ARMANDO'S HIDE-OUT!

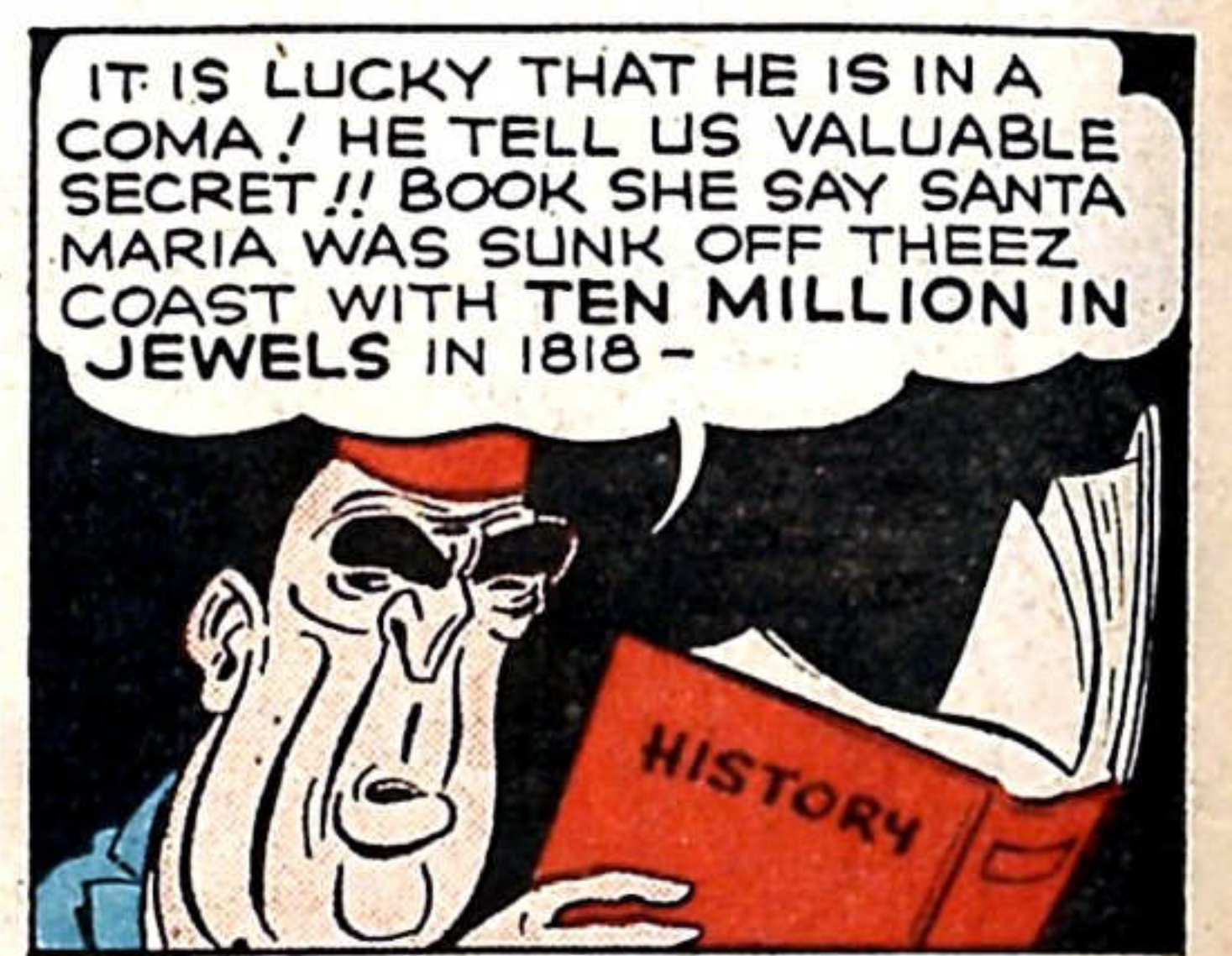
-AAA-HA-HA!!!  
-THEES SURE IS BIG HAUL!! WE ARE RICH!

BAH!  
THEEZ IS NOTHING!  
WAIT TILL WE TURN ZE ROBOTS LOOSE IN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO!



-YOU CAN'T DO THAT YOU RATS!  
-THOSE ROBOTS WERE BUILT FOR DIVING FOR SUNKEN TREASURE NOT TO ROB INNOCENT PEOPLE!

SUNKEN TREASURE?

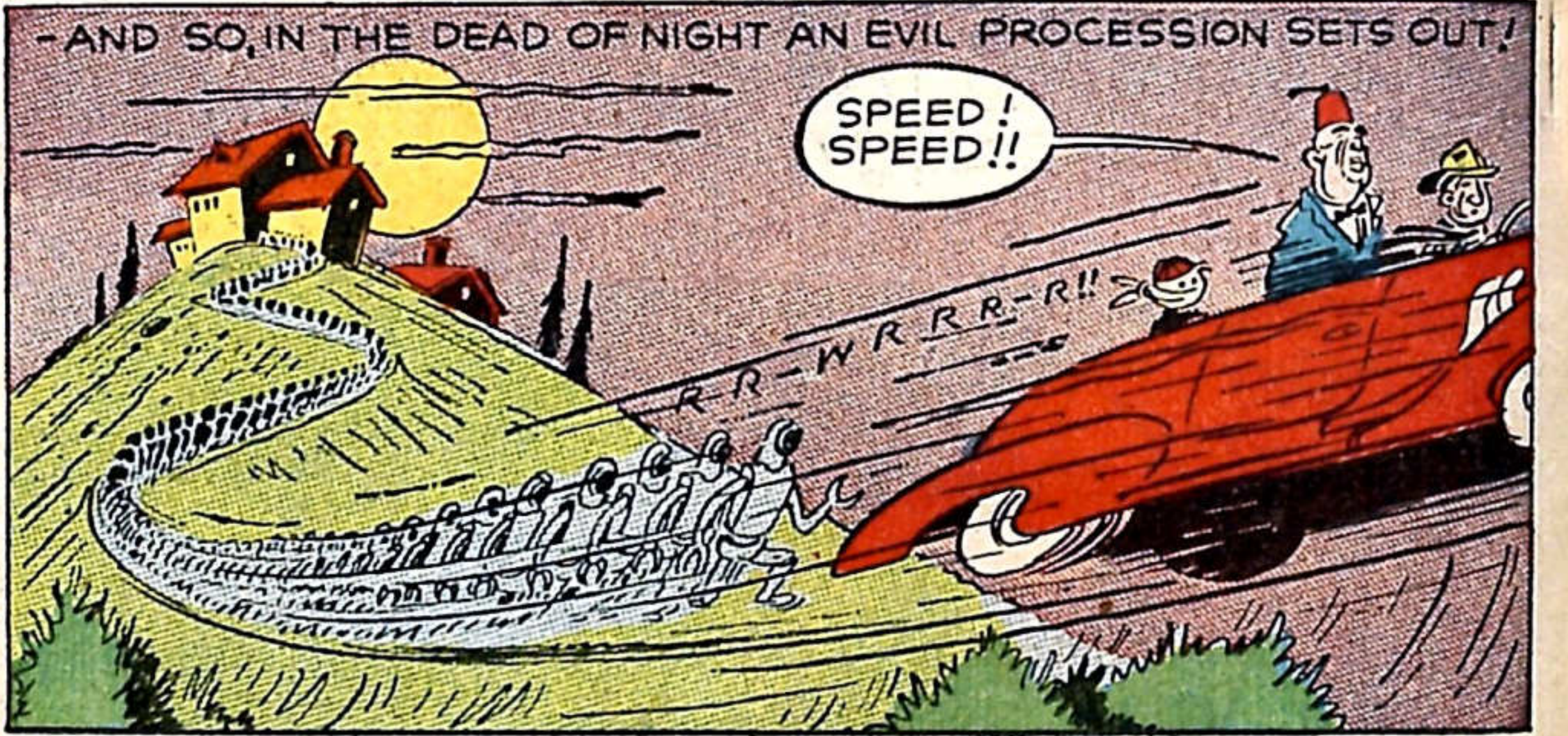


IT IS LUCKY THAT HE IS IN A COMA!  
HE TELL US VALUABLE SECRET!!  
BOOK SHE SAY SANTA MARIA WAS SUNK OFF THEEZ COAST WITH TEN MILLION IN JEWELS IN 1818 -



PACK UP! WE LEAVE NOW FOR ZE COAST TO GET ZAT STUFF!

SURE BOSS!



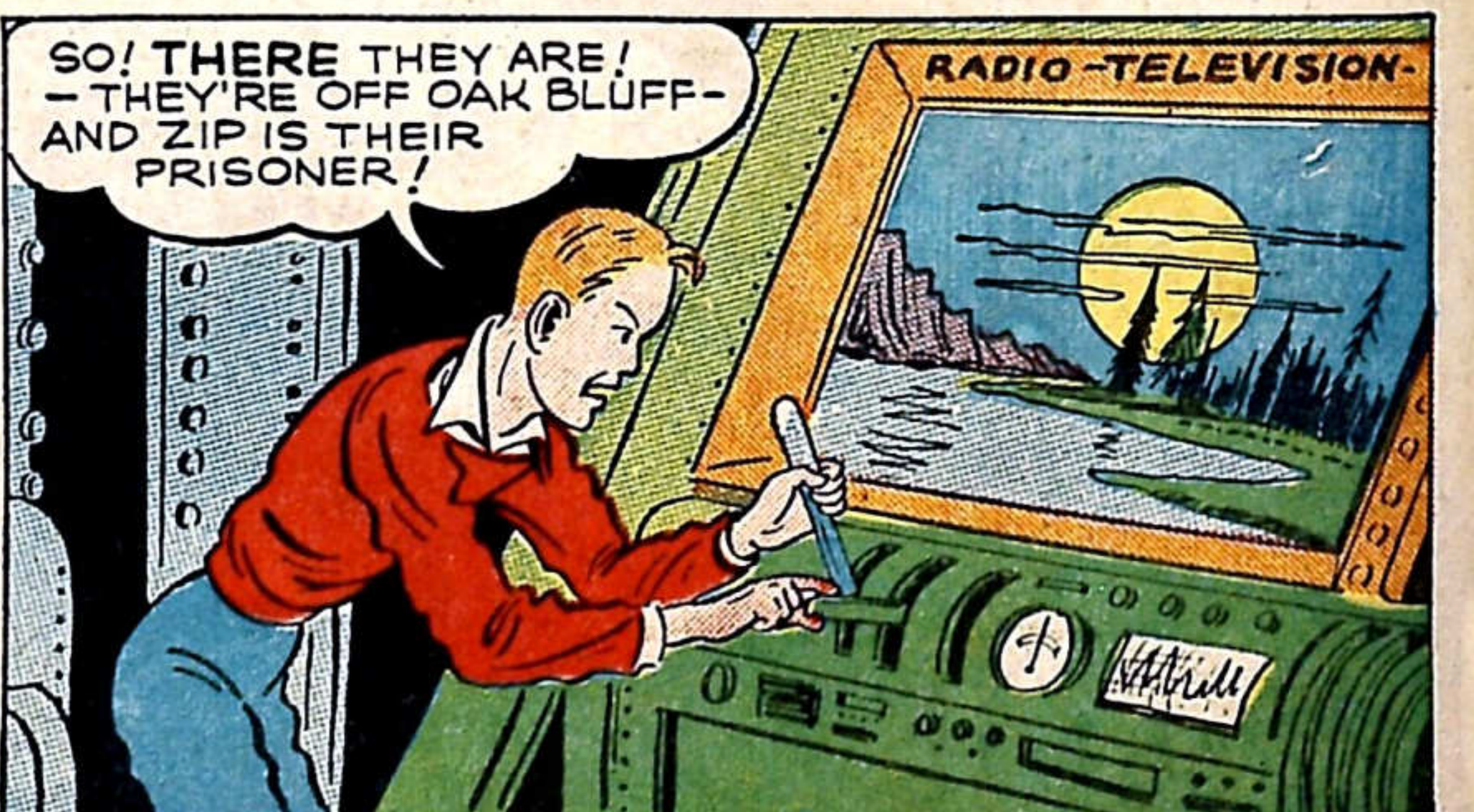
-AND SO, IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT AN EVIL PROCESSION SETS OUT!

SPEED!  
SPEED!!



MEANWHILE DICKIE TRIES TO LOCATE ZIP AND THE ROBOTS!

I'VE GOTTA FIND THEM!

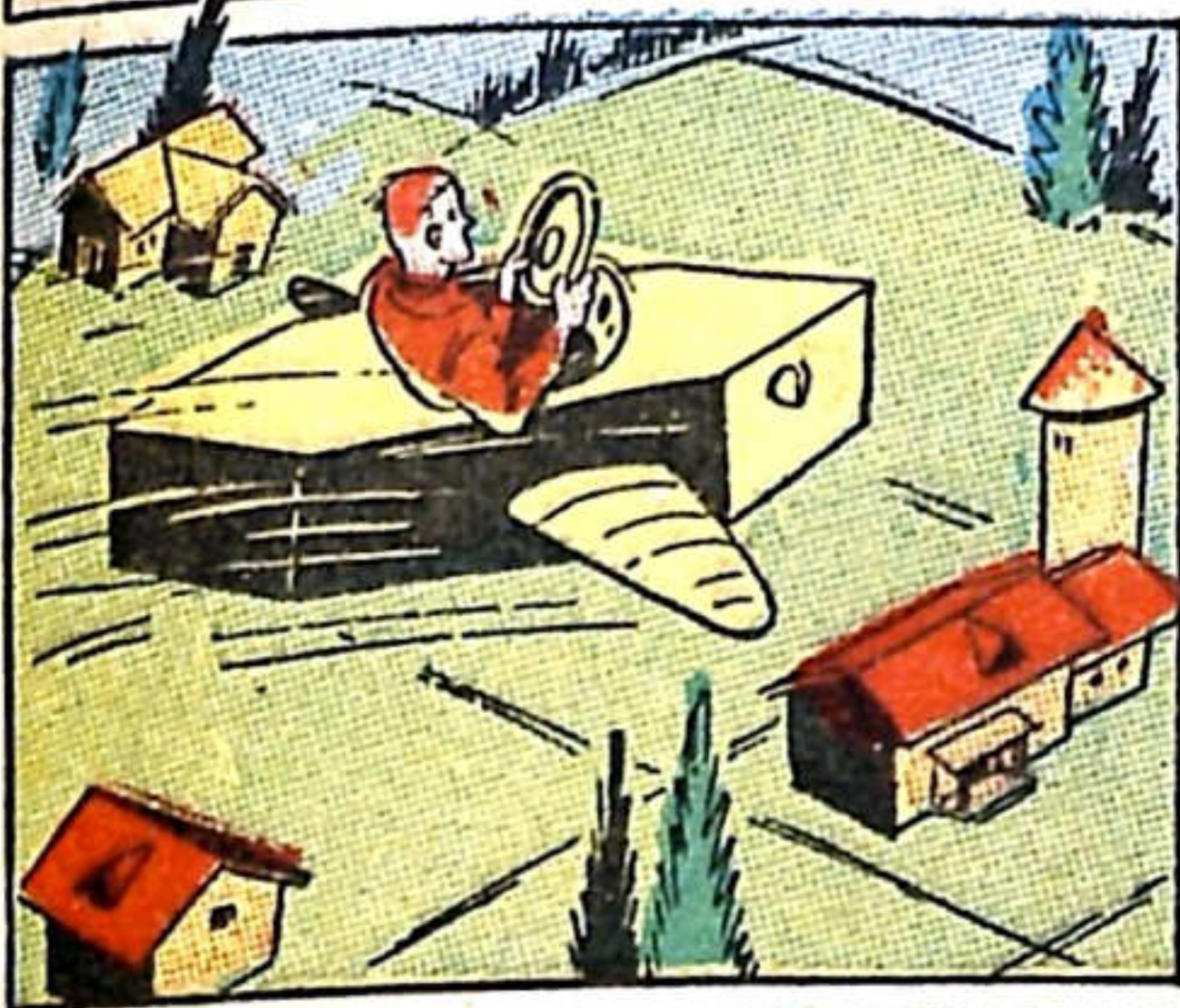


SO! THERE THEY ARE!  
-THEY'RE OFF OAK BLUFF- AND ZIP IS THEIR PRISONER!

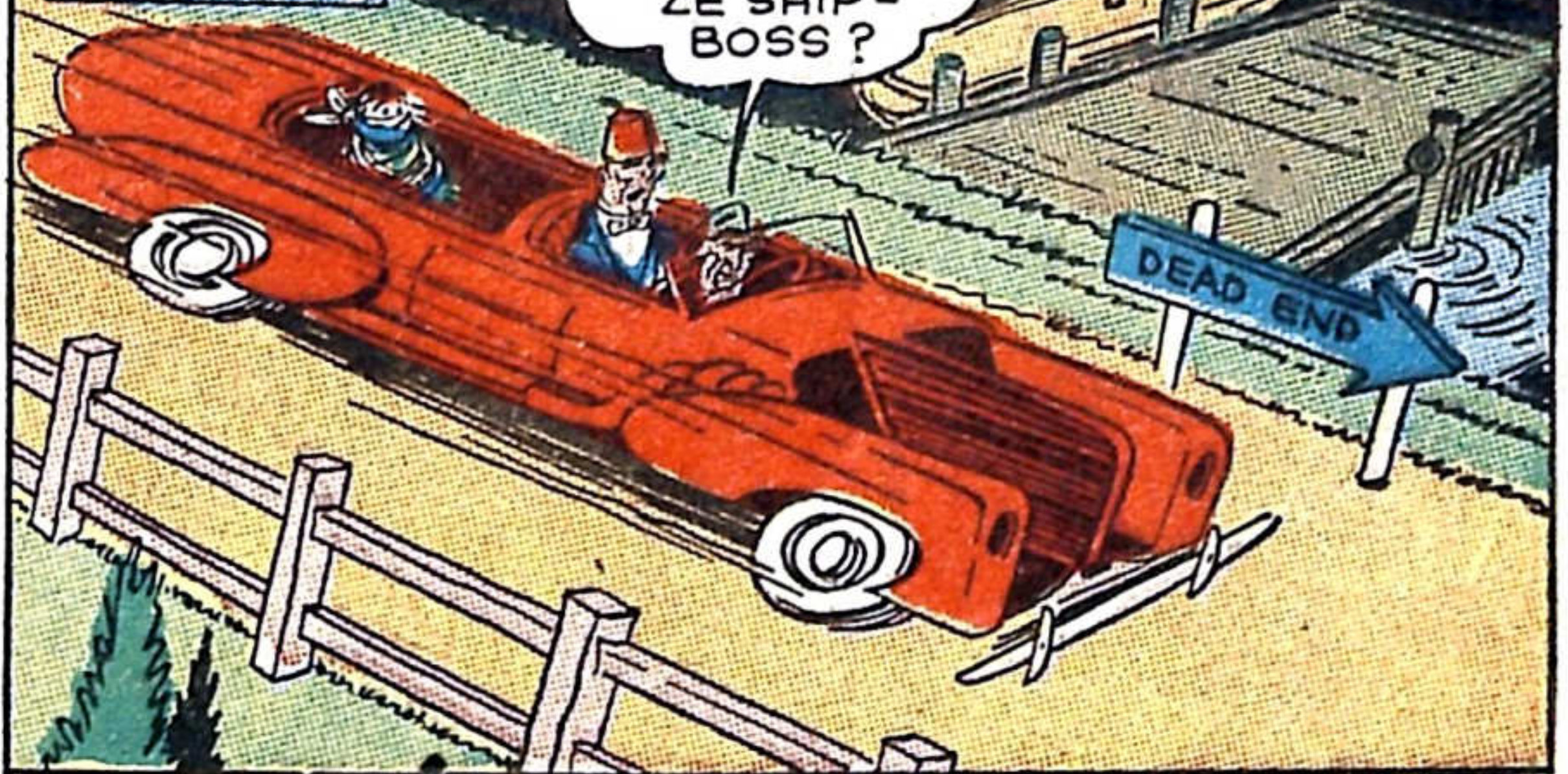
RADIO-TELEVISION-



MINUTES LATER DICKIE HEADS FOR OAK BLUFF IN HIS SKY-BUGGY -

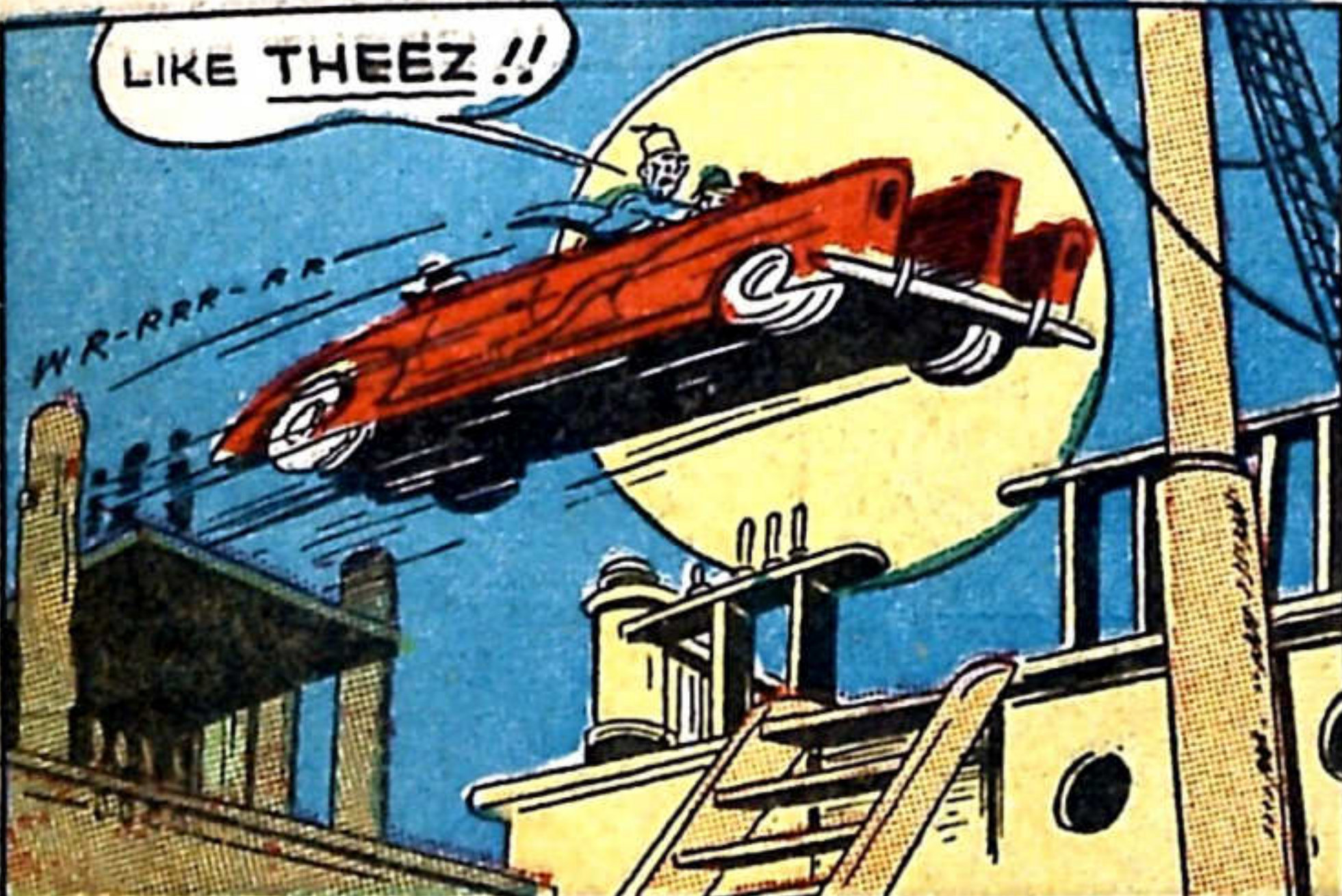


MEANWHILE

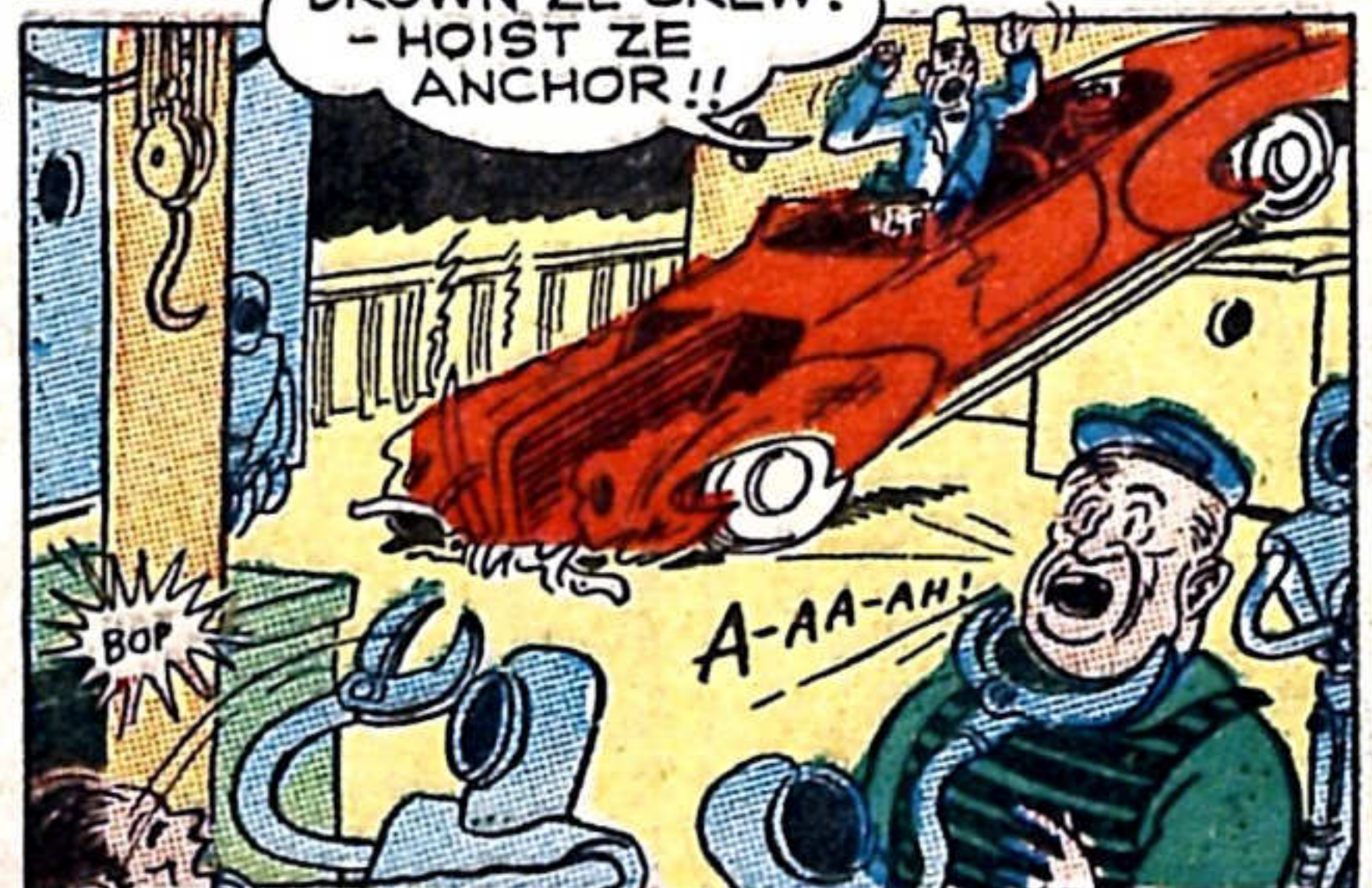


HOW WE GET ZE SHIP-BOSS?

LIKE THEEZ !!



THE ROBOTS SWIFTLY OVERPOWER THE CREW !!



DROWN ZE CREW! - HOIST ZE ANCHOR !!

- THERE THEY ARE! THEY'VE ALREADY GOT THE TREASURE! - I'VE GOTTA WORK FAST!



- OW! I HIT THE WATER TOO HARD!!



HOLY CATS!! SHARKS!



WHEW! MADE IT!



HOORAY-IT'S DICKIE! - GET ME OUT OF THIS MESS! THIS IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE MESS WE'RE ALREADY IN - LOOK!!



GOSH !!

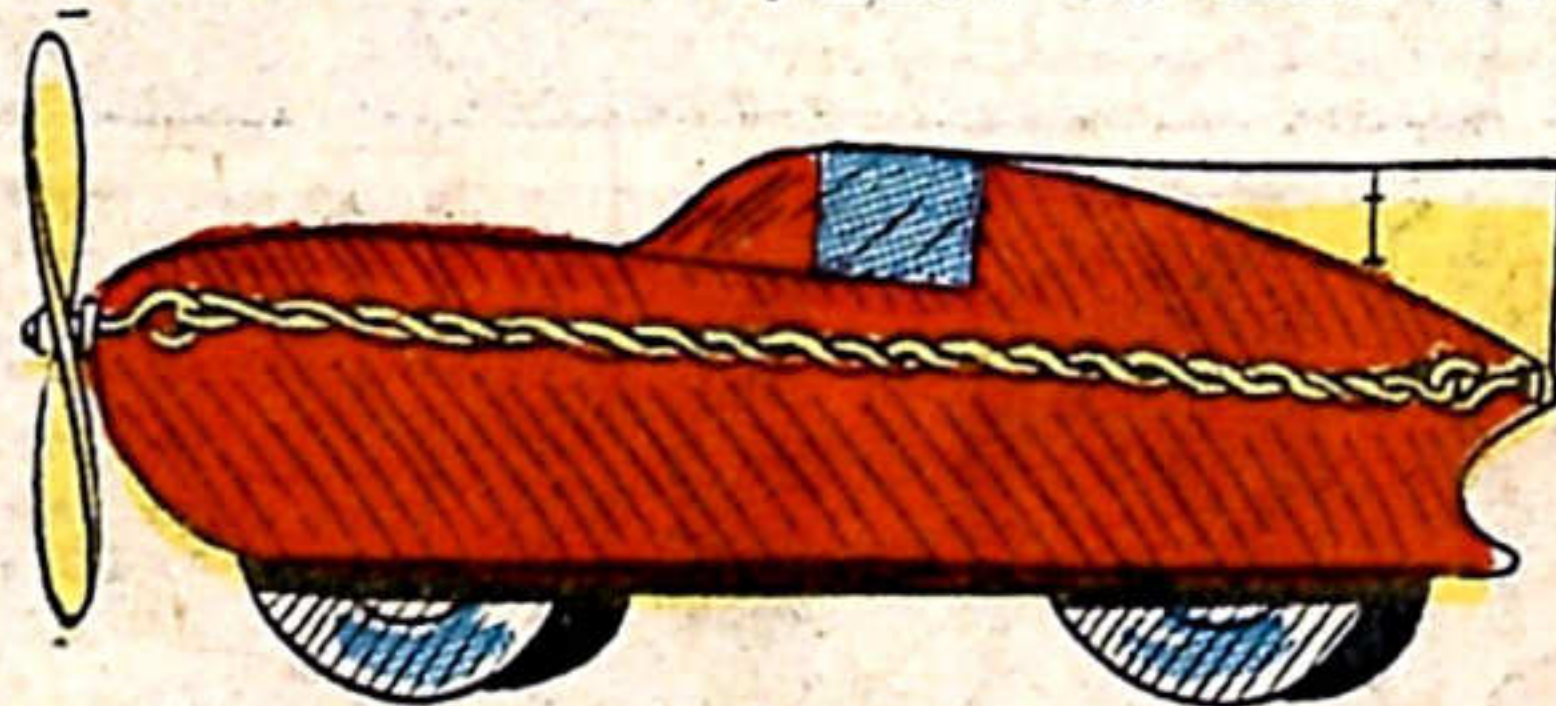






HONORABLE MENTION  
 CARROLL JACKSON  
 CLEVELAND, OHIO  
 RICHARD GARCIA  
 GRANTS, NEW MEXICO  
 DICK KINCAID  
 GRANTS PASS, OREGON  
 DONALD ALLEN  
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
 THOMAS STUDDERS  
 GLOVERSVILLE, N.Y.  
 WALTER DOYLE  
 ALLSTON, MASS.  
 BENNIE BEISNER  
 NATOMA, KANSAS  
 KURTIS WERNER  
 DES MOINES, IOWA  
 JOHN R. VAWTER  
 LONG BEACH, CALIF.  
 GEORGE JACHYRA  
 DERBY, CONN.  
 ALLAN RAYNOR  
 FOREST HILLS, N.Y.  
 JACKIE FAY  
 MARLBORO, MASS.

THE DICKIE DEAN CONTEST WINNER FOR THIS MONTH ---  
 LOUIS REICH, 2217 MALLINCHRODT, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

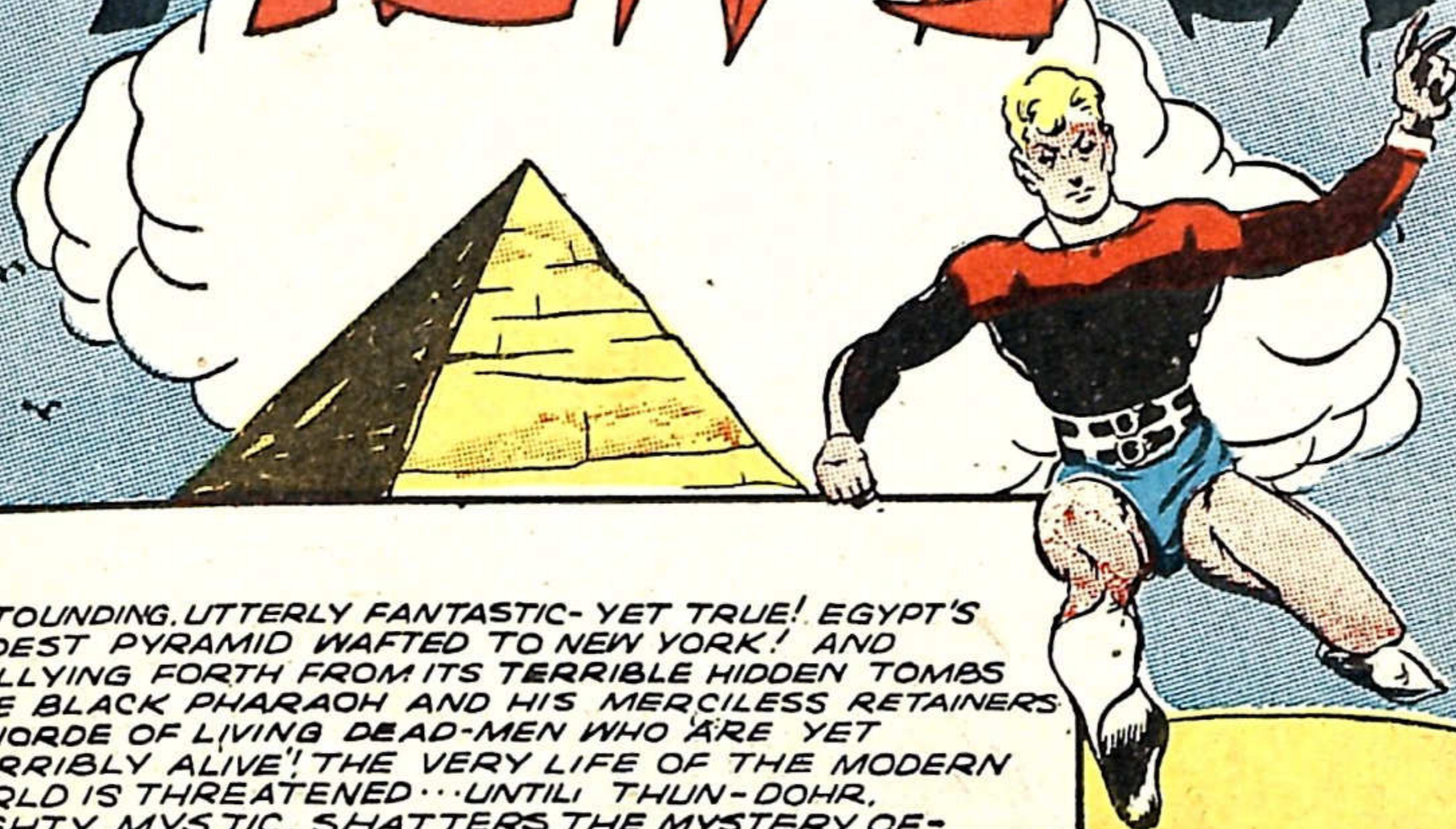


HERE'S THE BEST PART OF THIS INVENTION  
 --- YOU CAN ALL BUILD ONE --- JUST PUT  
 A RUBBER BAND THROUGH A MODEL  
 CAR AND ATTACH A PROPELLER AT  
 THE END --- THIRTY OR FORTY TURNS  
 ON THE PROP WILL SEND THE CAR  
 SPEEDING ALONG --- DICKIE WILL BE  
 WAITING FOR MORE INVENTIONS NEXT  
 MONTH --- DON'T FORGET FELLARS!

**DICKIE  
 DEAN**  
 RUNS INTO SOME REAL  
 TROUBLE WHEN HE BUILDS  
 HIS SUPER-LABORATORY IN  
 NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF  
**SILVER  
 STREAK  
 COMICS**



# THUN-DOHR



ASTOUNDING, UTTERLY FANTASTIC-YET TRUE! EGYPT'S OLDEST PYRAMID WAFTED TO NEW YORK! AND SALLYING FORTH FROM ITS TERRIBLE HIDDEN TOMBS THE BLACK PHARAOH AND HIS MERCILESS RETAINERS A HORDE OF LIVING DEAD-MEN WHO ARE YET HORRIBLY ALIVE! THE VERY LIFE OF THE MODERN WORLD IS THREATENED...UNTIL THUN-DOHR, MIGHTY MYSTIC, SHATTERS THE MYSTERY OF-

- THE GREAT AMERICAN PYRAMID -

IN A SECRET MONASTERY OF LHA-I-LHA FAR AWAY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF UNKNOWN TIBET-THE AGED DALAI LAMA TALKS WITH HIS PUPIL THUN-DOHR THE MYSTIC!



MY SON, THE DREAM WARNER / WHATEVER HIS PLANS, I AM  
MUTTERING OF THE EVIL / READY WITH YOUR  
SIN-KHAIL. HE IS COOKING / ADVICE AND  
UP ANOTHER HELL'S BREW / GUIDANCE, O  
FOR THE WORLD / MASTER, I WILL  
HE HATES! / DEFEAT HIM AS  
I HAVE DEFEATED  
HIM  
BEFORE!

THE FEARS OF THE DALI LAMA ARE NO IDLE ONES-FOR SECURE IN HIS OWN STRONGHOLD, SIN-KHAIL RENEGADE LAMA, FLUNG FROM HIS MONASTERY FOR BETRAYING THE ANCIENT SECRETS-STUDIES THE BOOK OF THE DEAD!

THE COMBINED POWERS OF THE ANCIENT DALAI LAMA AND THUN-DOHR ARE TOO STRONG FOR ME... I, TOO MUST FIND A PARTNER. AH! HERE



THE BLACK PHARAOH EGYPT'S VILEST TYRANT, WAS AT LAST OVERTHROWN BY THE PEOPLE. HE WAS SENTENCED TO LIVING BURIAL-THAT HE MIGHT MEDITATE THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES UPON HIS CRIMES AGAINST MANKIND...



THOUGH THE CENTURIES DIE, YOUR BRAIN SHALL LIVE... AND IN ATONMENT SHALL EVER BE AWAKE-SHALL EVER BE TORTURED WITH REMORSE!

BUT BEFORE THEY SEALED HIM IN HIS TOMB, THE BLACK PHARAOH FOUND AWAY WHEREBY HE MIGHT ONE DAY BE FREE!

ACCORDING TO THE LAW, I DEMAND THAT MY FAITHFUL BODY SERVANT TUT-MUT BE BURIED WITH ME, FOR IT IS WRITTEN IN THE PROPHECIES THAT IF THE PYRAMID BE MOVED HE WILL COME ALIVE TO FREE ME!

SO BE IT... YOUR LAST WISH SHALL BE GRANTED! BUT ONLY SHALL YOU AND YOUR RETAINERS BE FREED WHEN OTHER SOULS TAKE YOUR PLACES. HOW FUTILE IS YOUR HOPE!





THAT'S MY MAN! IN PARTNERSHIP WITH THE BLACK PHARAOH I SHALL ASSUREDLY DEFEAT THE DALAI LAMA AND THUN-DOHR!



HIS GIANT WILL POWER BEARS SIN-KHAI TO EGYPT— AND A MOMENT LATER HE STANDS BEFORE THE GREAT PYRAMID!



THIS RESTING PLACE OF ANCIENT EVIL WILL BEST SERVE MY PURPOSES IN AMERICA. ETH FAHNO MAL ELOM...



PRIMEVAL EARTH FORCES CONJURED UP BY SIN-KHAI'S INCANTATION—BEGIN TO TAKE EFFECT.



...EF DROP-BED S'INOD-SELAT WAH...

AND SOON THE TITANIC STRUCTURE LIFTS IN THE AIR—FLOATS AWAY...



SELAT DRIEW MNGGH AMERIKOS!

...AND FLIES HIGH IN THE AIR ABOVE RIVERS AND DESERTS—OCEANS AND CONTINENTS!!



DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? A FLYING PYRAMID—I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!

PROBABLY A MIRAGE—COULDN'T BE ANYTHING ELSE.

I CAN FEEL THE WIND, JIM, BUT THOSE TREES THERE—THEY DON'T MOVE. IT AIN'T NATURAL!



A TREMENDOUS ATMOSPHERIC STORM STRIKES NEW YORK YET NOT A BREATH OF AIR STIRS IN THE SULTRY STREETS!

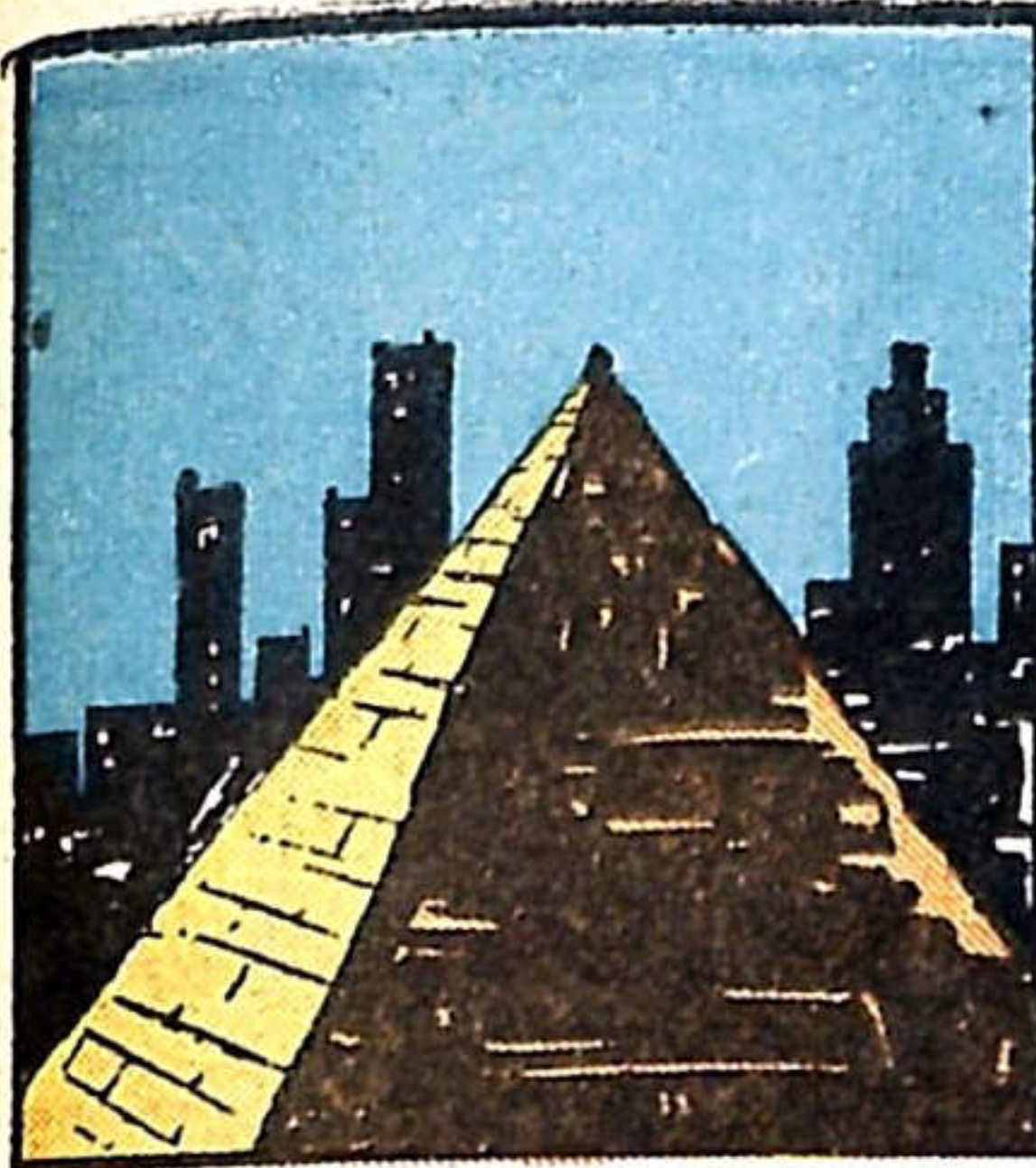
I DON'T LIKE IT—SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS GOING TO HAPPEN, I KNOW IT!

GREAT, CAESAR'S GHOST

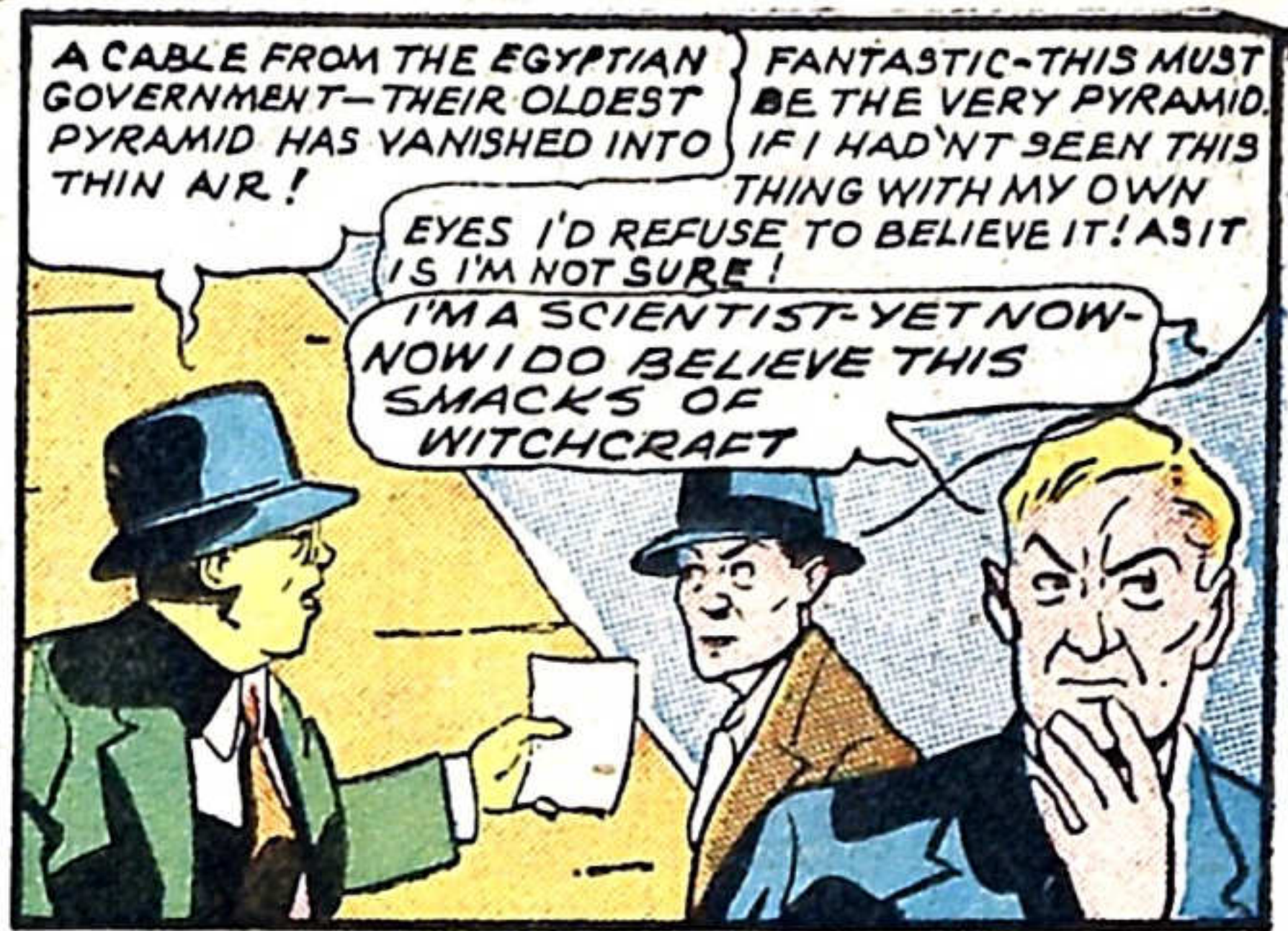


ANOTHER DAY BREAKS, NEW YORK TAKES IN THE MILK





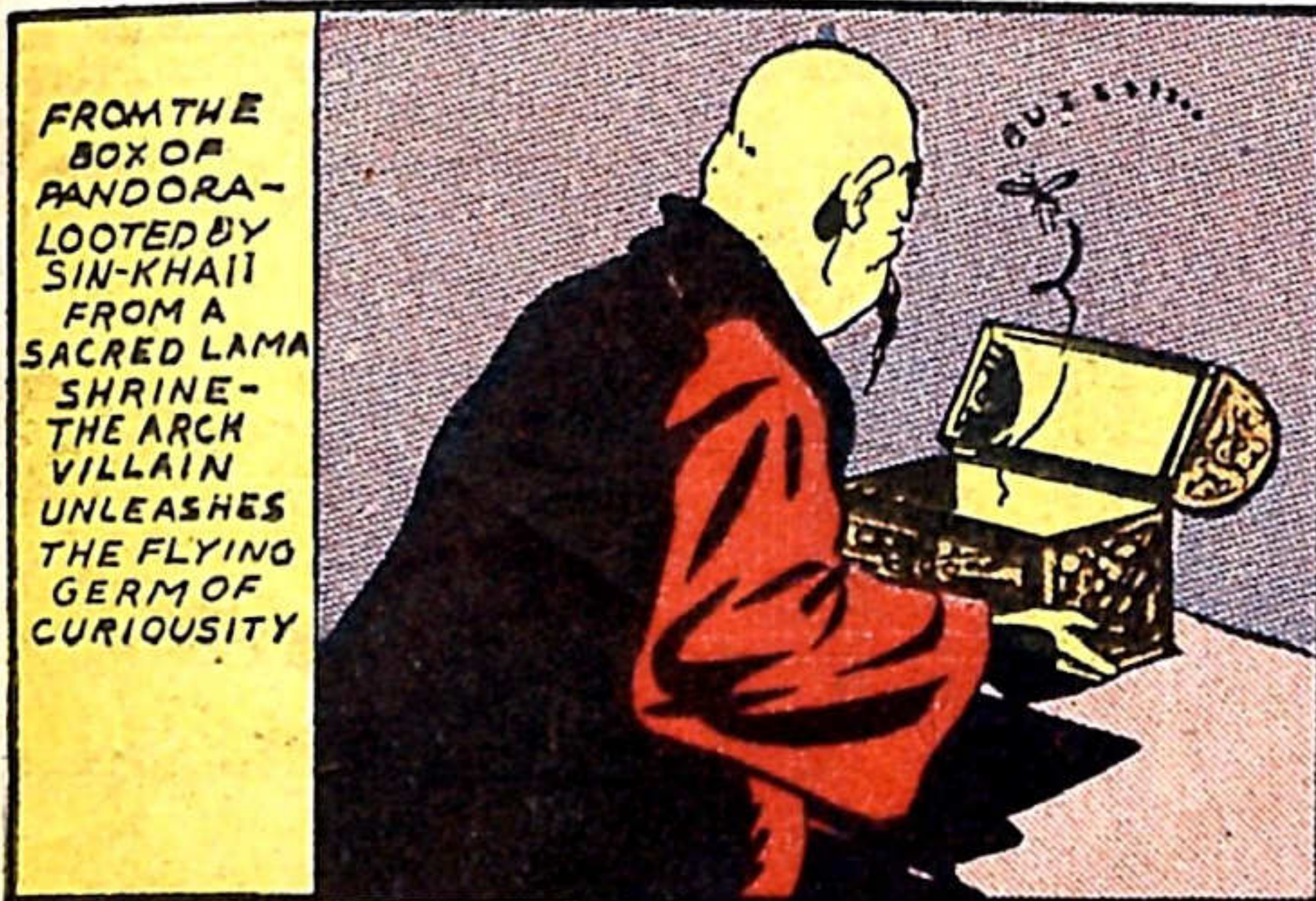
DUMPED DOWN ON THE SITE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR, THE PYRAMID—SYMBOL OF UNCOUNTABLE YEARS AND ANCIENT DEATH—STANDS OUT IN SILENT CHALLENGE AGAINST THE SPIRES AND TURRETS OF NEW YORK! AMERICA GAPS OPEN MOUTHED AT THE MOST ASTOUNDING HAPPENING IN IT'S ENTIRE HISTORY



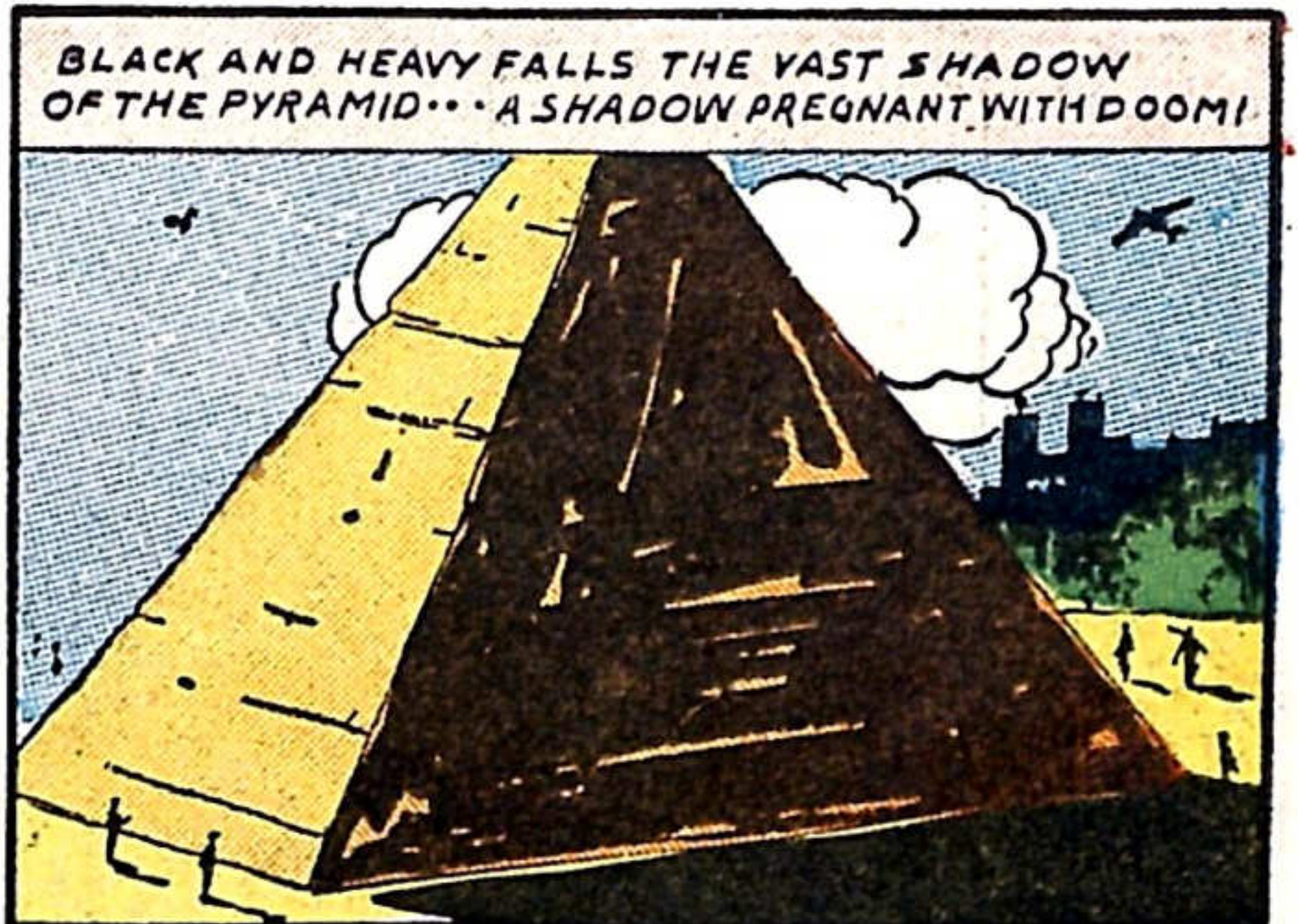
A CABLE FROM THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT—THEIR OLDEST PYRAMID HAS VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!

FANTASTIC—THIS MUST BE THE VERY PYRAMID. IF I HAD'NT SEEN THIS THING WITH MY OWN EYES I'D REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT! AS IT IS I'M NOT SURE!

I'M A SCIENTIST—YET NOW—NOW I DO BELIEVE THIS SMACKS OF WITCHCRAFT



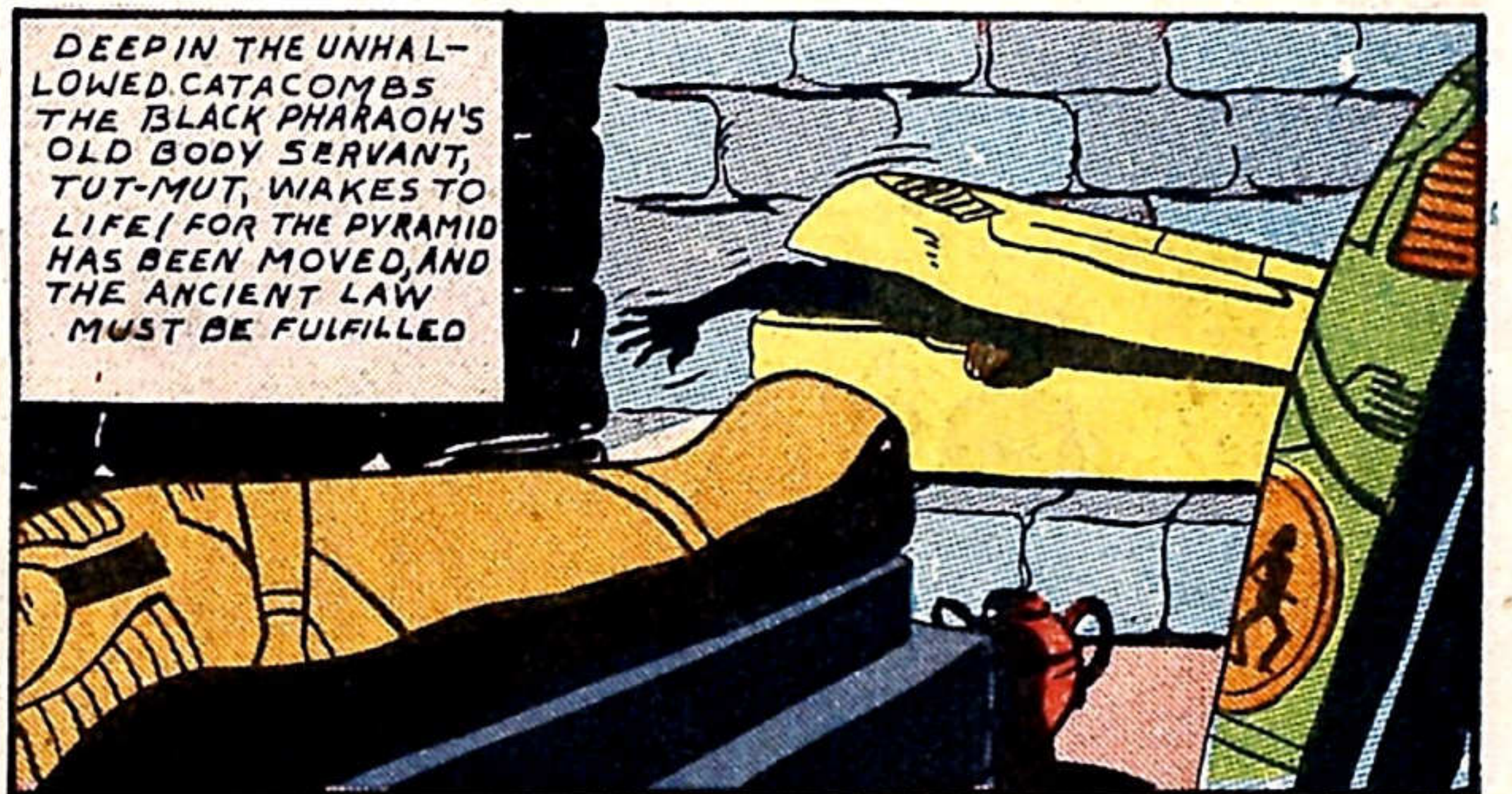
FROM THE BOX OF PANDORA—LOOTED BY SIN-KHAI FROM A SACRED LAMA SHRINE—THE ARCH VILLAIN UNLEASHES THE FLYING GERM OF CURIOSITY



BLACK AND HEAVY FALLS THE VAST SHADOW OF THE PYRAMID... A SHADOW PREGNANT WITH DOOM!



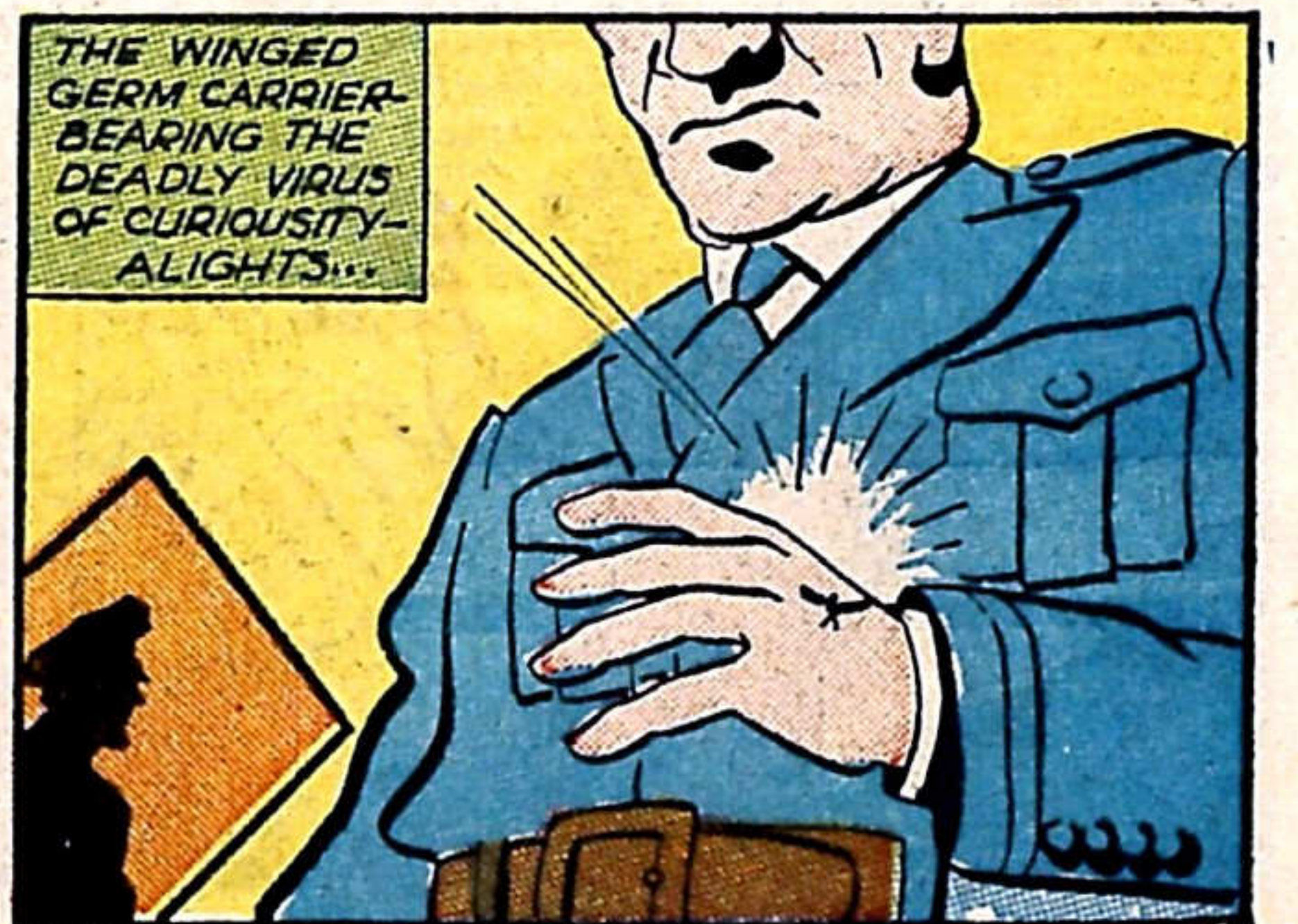
THE GERM LET LOOSE BY SIN-KHAI WINGS FORWARD ON ITS EVIL MISSION!



DEEP IN THE UNHALLOWED CATACOMBS THE BLACK PHARAOH'S OLD BODY SERVANT, TUT-MUT, WAKES TO LIFE! FOR THE PYRAMID HAS BEEN MOVED, AND THE ANCIENT LAW MUST BE FULFILLED



SOON, VERY SOON, O MASTER, SHALL I FIND YOUR SOUL'S COUNTERPART—AND ONCE AGAIN YOU WILL BE FREE—ONCE MORE THE KING OF BLACK EVIL WILL RULE!



THE WINGED GERM CARRIER—BEARING THE DEADLY VIRUS OF CURIOSITY—ALIGHTS...





SLAVE TO A GNAWING, OVERWHELMING CURIOSITY-THE POLICEMAN IS DRAWN INTO THE PYRAMID...

I MUST SEE WHAT'S IN THERE - I MUST

BUZ-B...

BUZ-B...



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW POLICEMAN AND PASSERSBY-"BITTEN" WITH CURIOSITY-VANISH WITHIN THE PYRAMID'S UNFATHOMED DEPTHS!

...YOU MEAN CHIEF THAT THERE ARE NO CLUES TO THEIR WHEREABOUTS

NONE WHATEVER-THEY'VE SIMPLY DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR! I'VE A HUNCH THAT BLASTED PYRAMID IS BEHIND IT ALL...



AN ASTRAL SOS FROM MANKIND IN TROUBLE REACHES THE DALAI LAMA STRAIGHTWAY HE SUMMONS THUN-DOHR

SIN-KHAI IS BACK AT HIS OLD GAME OF EVIL ONCE MORE, MY SON - THOUGH I KNOW NOT WHAT IT IS! YOU MUST GO TO NEW YORK

MASTER, YOU CAN COUNT ON ME ... TO THE UTMOST LIMITS OF MY POWER-AND BEYOND!



DEMATERIALIZING HIMSELF - THUN-DOHR "TAKES OFF" FOR NEW YORK!



AND THREE BREATH LATER THE YOUNG MYSTIC STANDS BEFORE THE PYRAMID

HMM, I WONDER WHAT MISCHIEF THOSE MEN IN EGYPTIAN COSTUME ARE UP TO--THINK I'LL TRAIL THEM AND SEE.



IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF EGYPTIAN ART,

OLD MAN YOUR TIME HAS COME!



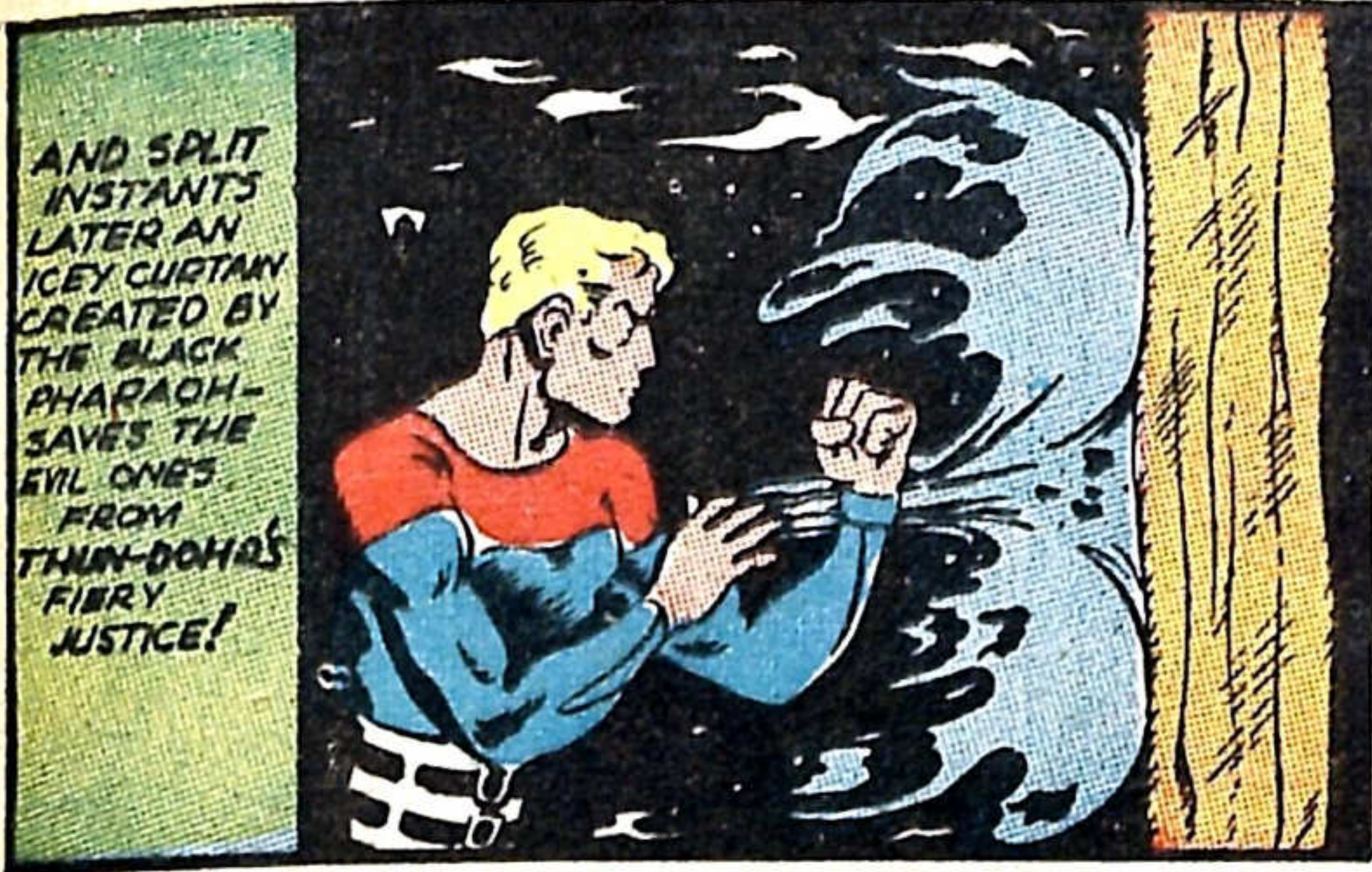
THUN-DOHR'S MAGIC CHARGES THE ASSASSIN'S BLADE WITH HIGH VOLTAGE ELECTRICITY!



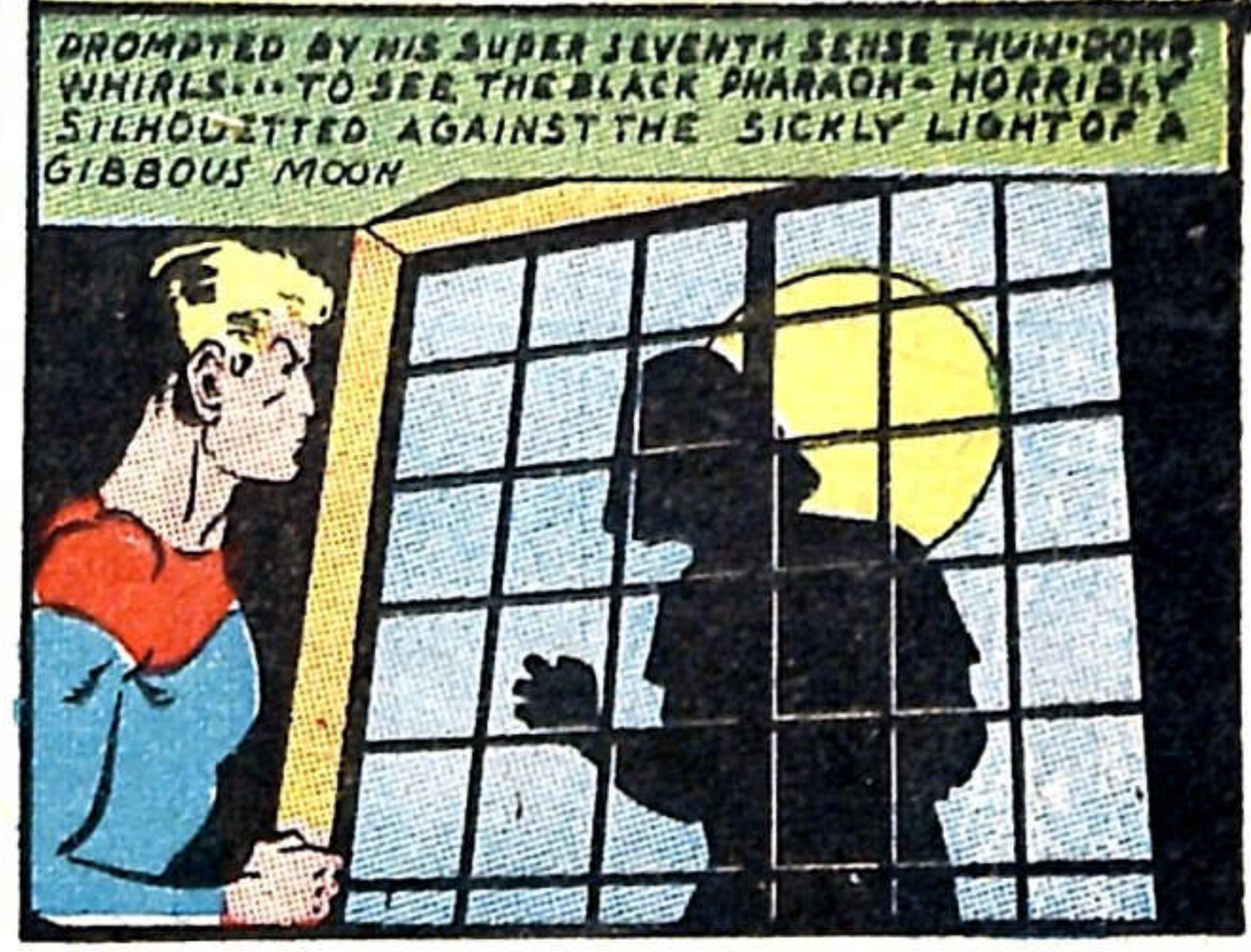
YOU ARE EVIL, UNCLEAN-THIS COSMIC FIRE SHALL CONSUME YOU UTTERLY!

O BLACK PHARAOH - O MIGHTY ONE -WE BESEECH YOU TO SAVE US!

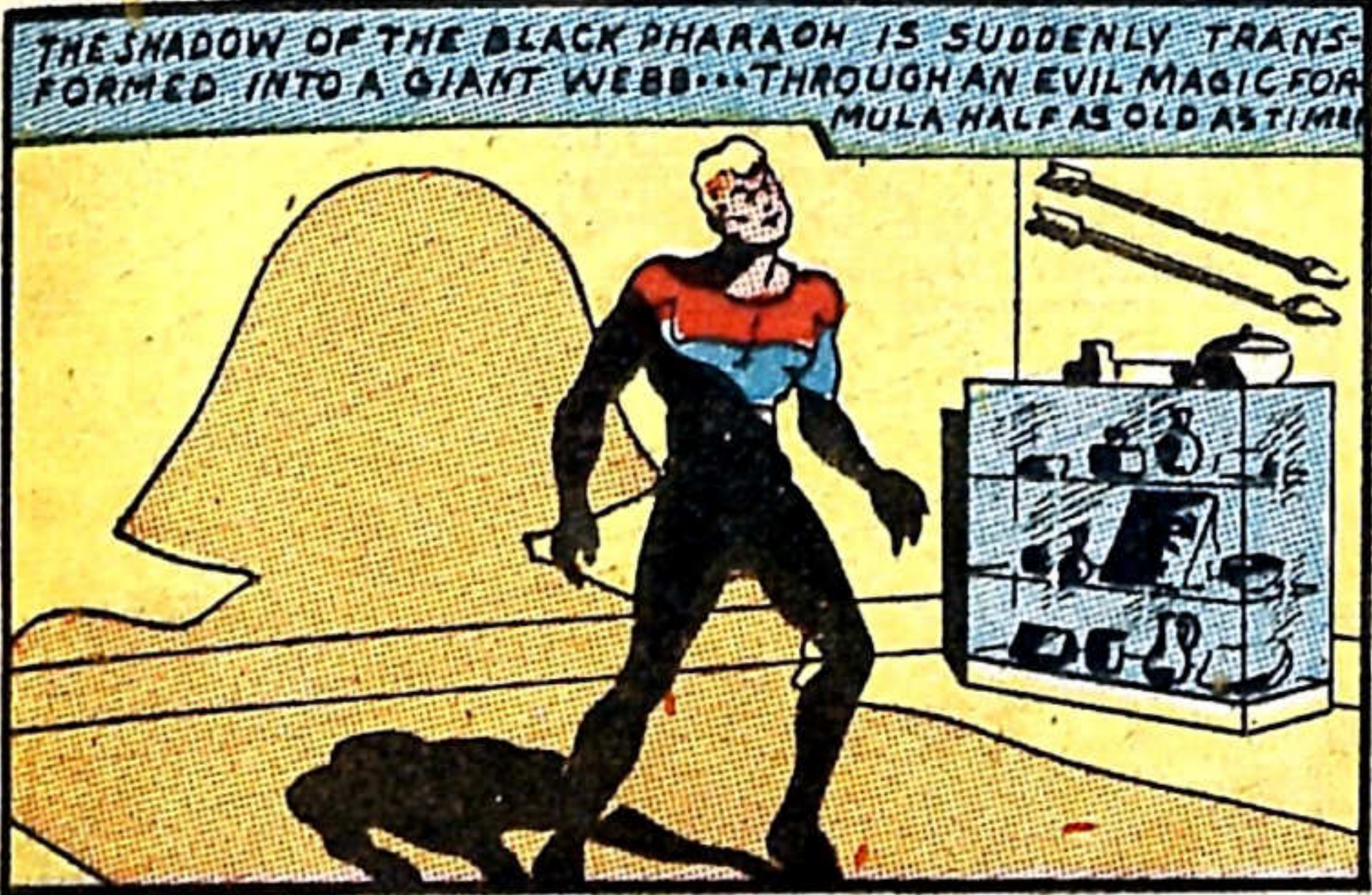




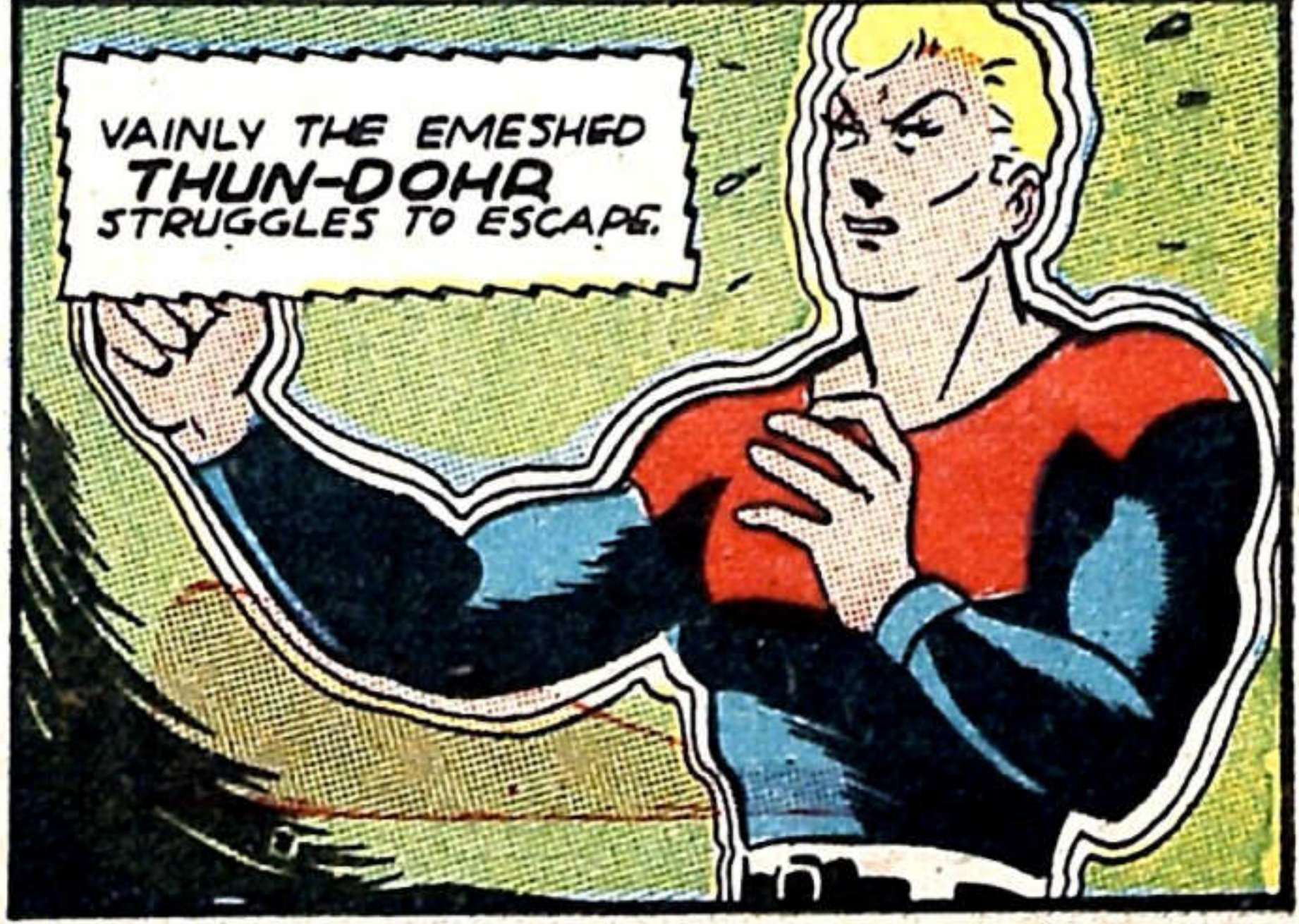
AND SPLIT INSTANTS LATER AN ICEY CURTAIN CREATED BY THE BLACK PHARAOH - SAVES THE EVIL ONES FROM THUN-DOHR'S FIBRY JUSTICE!



PROMPTED BY HIS SUPER SEVENTH SENSE THUN-DOHR WHIRLS... TO SEE THE BLACK PHARAOH - HORRIBLY SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SICKLY LIGHT OF A GIBBOUS MOON



THE SHADOW OF THE BLACK PHARAOH IS SUDDENLY TRANSFORMED INTO A GIANT WEBB... THROUGH AN EVIL MAGIC FORMULA HALF AS OLD AS TIME



VAINLY THE EMESHED THUN-DOHR STRUGGLES TO ESCAPE.



GATHER UP THESE ANCIENT THINGS, AND BEAR THEM BACK TO THE PYRAMID... FOR THEY ARE MINE! AS FOR THUN-DOHR - HE IS MY CAPTIVE FOR ETERNITY.

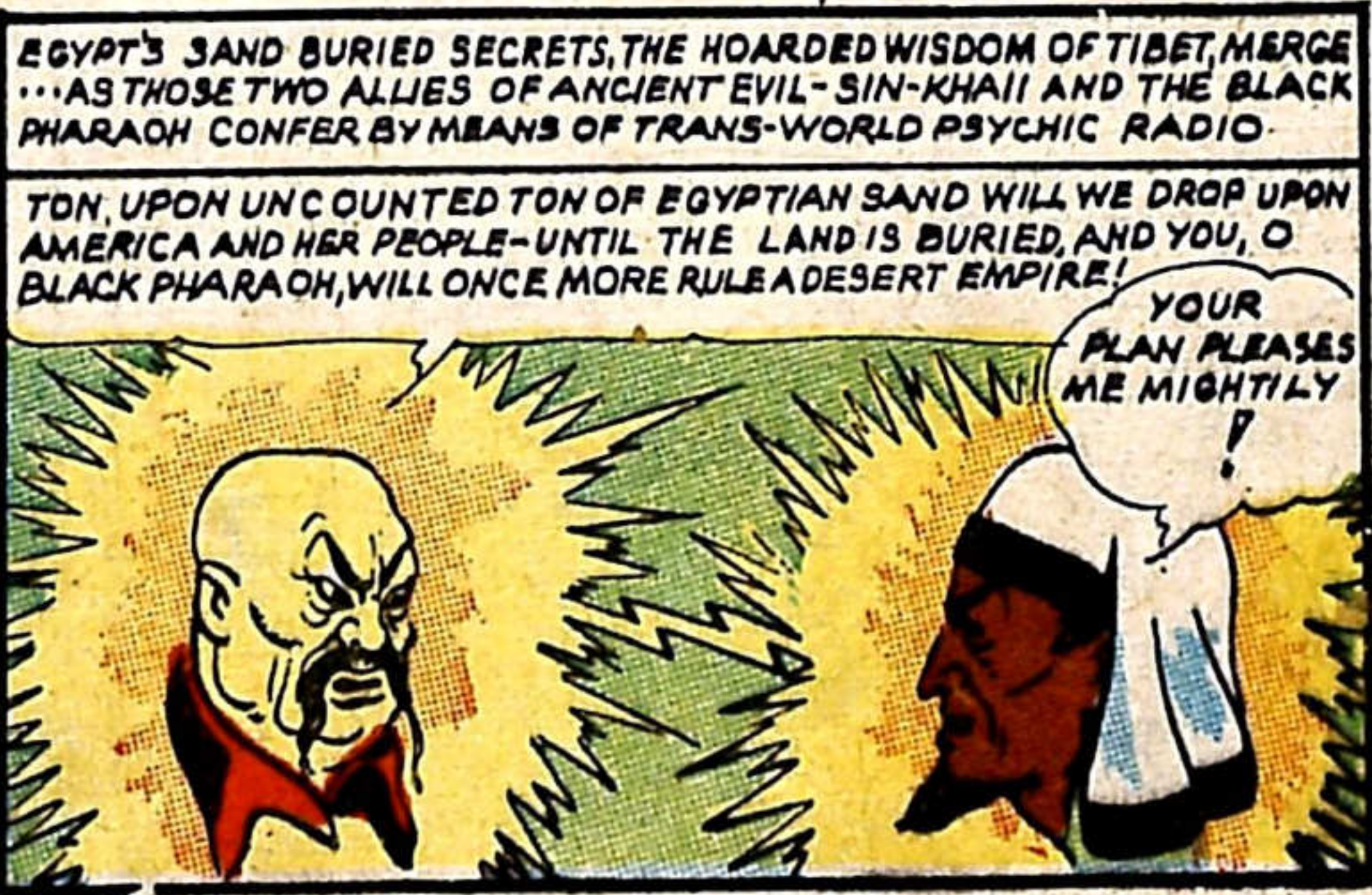


THE WEIRD PROCESSION WENDS ITS WAY TOWARD THE PYRAMID.



AND DOWN IN THE HIDDEN TOMB...

SEE, HERE ARE YOUR KEEPERS OF THE LAW... THEY HAVE TAKEN MY PLACE, AND THE PLACE OF MY RETAINERS, IN THE WORLD OF THE DEAD! I AM GRATEFUL TO THEM, FOR WITHOUT THEM TO REPLACE US, WE COULD NOT HAVE COME TO LIFE!



EGYPT'S SAND BURIED SECRETS, THE HOARDED WISDOM OF TIBET, MERGE... AS THOSE TWO ALLIES OF ANCIENT EVIL - SIN-KHAI AND THE BLACK PHARAOH CONFER BY MEANS OF TRANS-WORLD PSYCHIC RADIO.

TON, UPON UNCOUNTED TON OF EGYPTIAN SAND WILL WE DROP UPON AMERICA AND HER PEOPLE - UNTIL THE LAND IS BURIED, AND YOU, O BLACK PHARAOH, WILL ONCE MORE RULE A DESERT EMPIRE!

YOUR PLAN PLEASES ME MIGHTILY!



RUTHLESSLY MURDERING ALL WHO OPPOSE THEM, THE BLACK PHARAOH'S RETAINERS PILLAGE MUSEUMS. FOR HUNDREDS OF THEIR ANCIENT SCIENTIFIC SECRETS ARE HIDDEN THERE-AND THESE THEY MUST SAVE BEFORE SIN-KHAI'S SANDY DEATH STRIKES THE COUNTRY!



THE WILY BLACK PHARAOH STILL IN A TRANCE KEEPS IN THE LIGHT OF THE CANDLE SO THAT HIS SHADOW FALLS ON THUN-DOHR

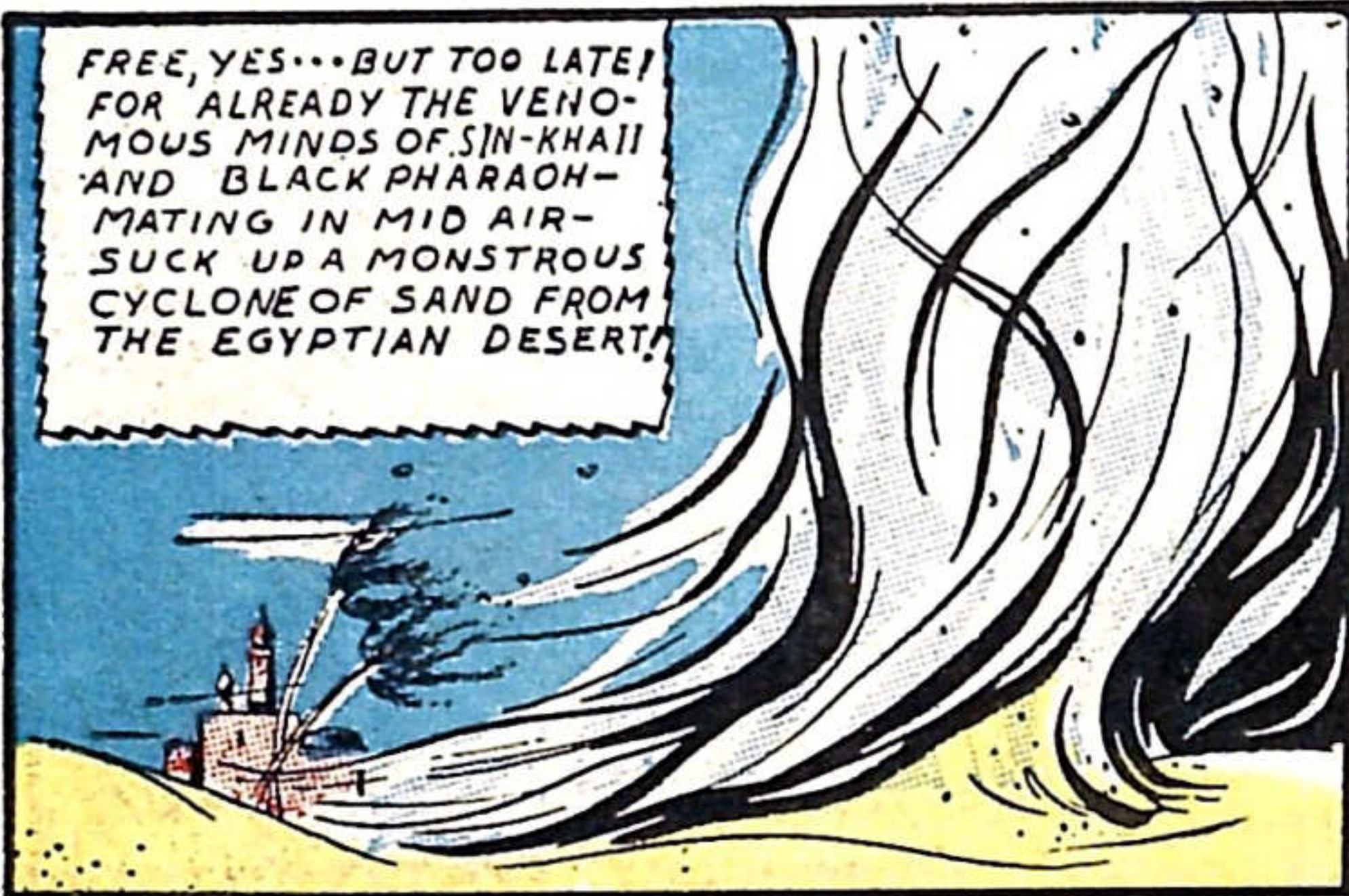
MASTER, THE WORLD IS IN DEADLY DANGER AND THE BLACK PHARAOH HAS ENSNARED ME HELP ME!  
MY SON, SOON A WIND WILL COME... THEN IS YOUR CHANCE..



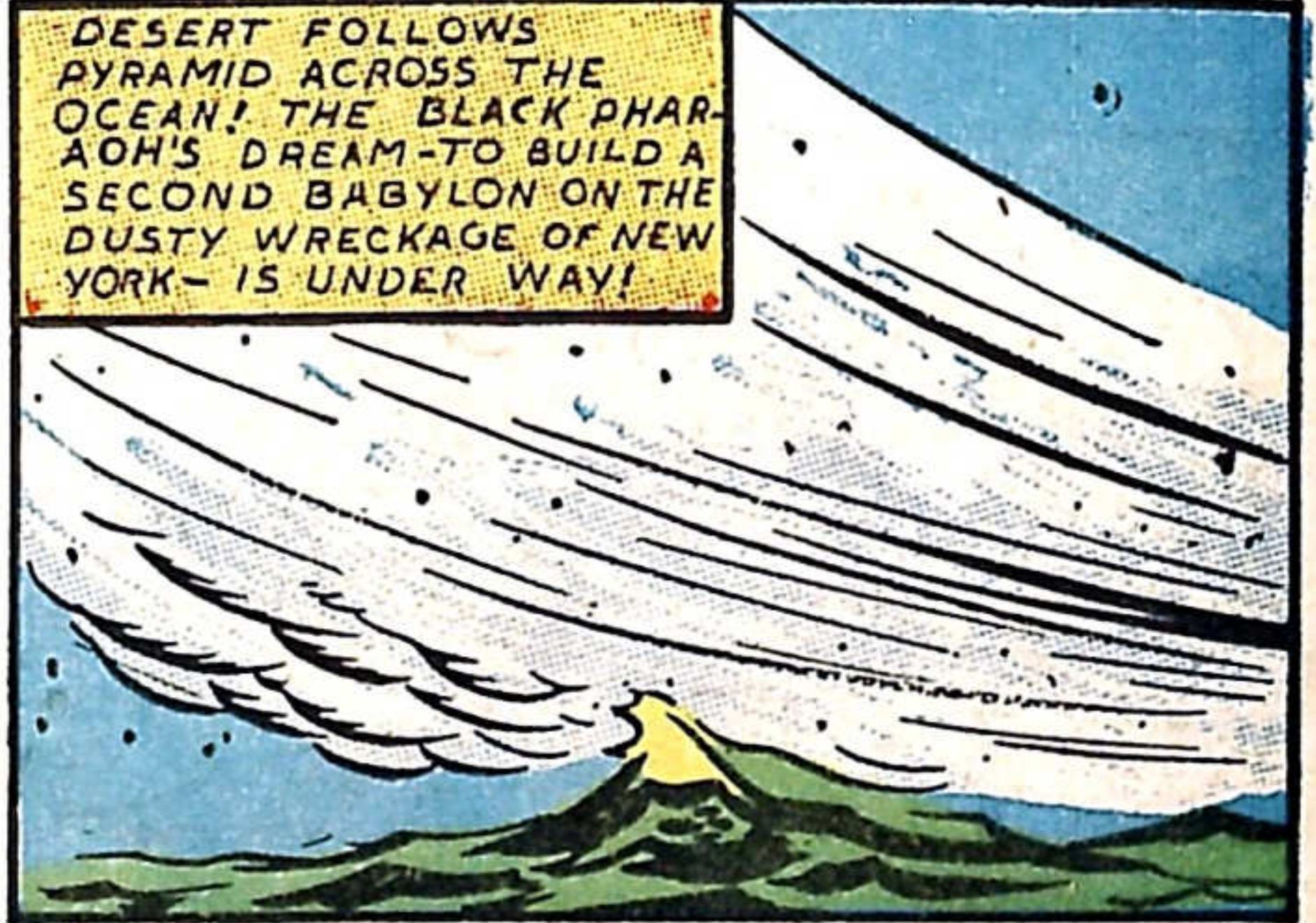
SENT BY THE DALAI LAMA, A GUST OF WIND SNUFFS THE CANDLE- THUN-DOHR IS FREE FROM THE WEBBED SHADOW!



FREE, YES... BUT TOO LATE! FOR ALREADY THE VENOMOUS MINDS OF SIN-KHAI AND BLACK PHARAOH-MATING IN MID AIR-SUCK UP A MONSTROUS CYCLONE OF SAND FROM THE EGYPTIAN DESERT!



DESERT FOLLOWS PYRAMID ACROSS THE OCEAN! THE BLACK PHARAOH'S DREAM-TO BUILD A SECOND BABYLON ON THE DUSTY WRECKAGE OF NEW YORK- IS UNDER WAY!



THE GANG OF LIVING DEAD MEN-RETURNED FROM THEIR FINAL SACK OF THE NATIONS MUSEUMS-FIND...

THE MASTER IS IN A TRANCE AND THUN-DOHR HAS ESCAPED!

THE MIGHTY ONE WILL HAVE OUR HEADS FOR THIS!



FORCE WAVES SPRINGING FROM THE MYSTIC'S FINGERTIPS PARALYZE THE BLACK PHARAOH'S RETAINERS!

HELP! I CAN'T MOVE!

HERE IS A MAGIC MORE POWERFUL THAN OUR OWN!

I AM DYING- I CAN FEEL THE GREAT OBLIVION STEALING UPON ME...

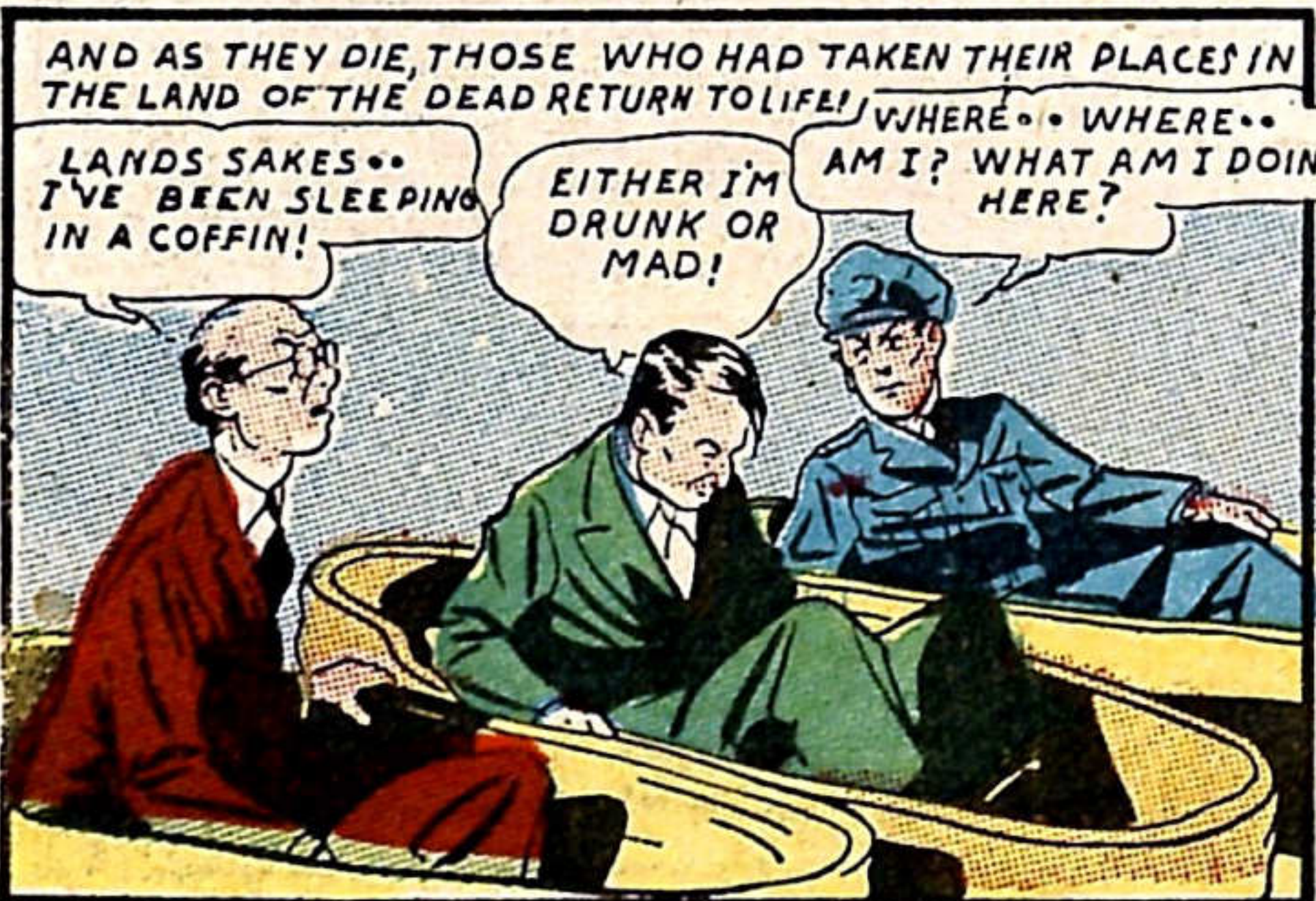


AND AS THEY DIE, THOSE WHO HAD TAKEN THEIR PLACES IN THE LAND OF THE DEAD RETURN TO LIFE! WHERE... WHERE...

LANDS SAKES... I'VE BEEN SLEEPING IN A COFFIN!

EITHER I'M DRUNK OR MAD!

AM I? WHAT AM I DOING HERE?



THE DALAI LAMA AND THUN-DOHR FLING DOWN THE GAUNTLET-CHALLENGE THE POWERS OF DARKNESS TO COMBAT!





IT'S SECONDS OUT OF THE RING!... AS THUN-DOHR AND THE BLACK PHARAOH LIMBER UP FOR THE FRAY

YOUR MOMENTS ARE NUMBERED. BLACK PHARAOH YOU FOOLISH BOY! O, OSIRIS AND MOLOCH-YE GODS OF PRIMAL TERROR BLAST AND WITHER HIM?  
ARE DOOMED. FOR THE RIGHT IS ON MY SIDE— AND THE RIGHT MUST TRIUMPH!



THEY WRESTLE HIGH IN THE CLOUDS— LOCKED IN A DEATH STRUGGLE UPON WHICH HANGS THE FATE OF THE EARTH



YOUR END IS NIGHT!

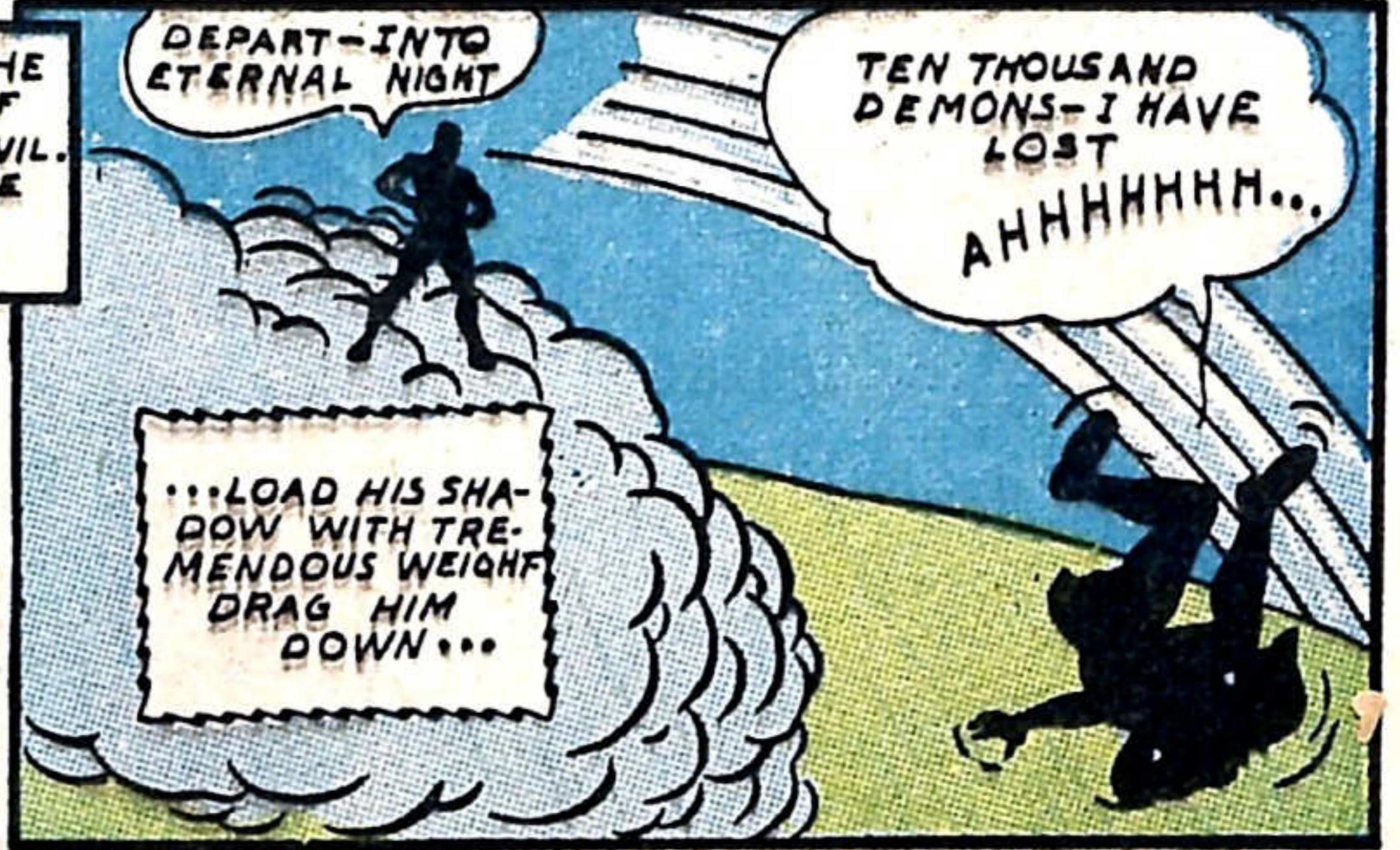
BUT ALWAYS IN THE END, THE POWERS OF GOOD BEAT DOWN EVIL. THE BURDEN OF THE BLACK PHARAOH'S CRIMES...



DEPART— INTO ETERNAL NIGHT

TEN THOUSAND DEMONS—I HAVE LOST AHHHHHHH...

...LOAD HIS SHADOW WITH TREMENDOUS WEIGHT DRAG HIM DOWN...



TO WATERY OBLIVION



THE BLACK PHARAOH DEAD, THUN-DOHR AND THE DALAI LAMATURN TO PIT THEIR STRENGTH AGAINST SIN-KHAI AND HIS WORKS!



"THE GREAT AMERICAN PYRAMID" AND THE TERRIBLE SAND MENACE, CONJURED UP BY SIN-KHAI!— RETURN TO EGYPT!

MAY THUN-DOHR ROT IN HADES— ALL MY WELL LAID PLANS HAVE COME TO NOUGHT!



ONCE AGAIN YOU AND I HAVE DEFEATED SIN-KHAI'S SCHEMES OF WORLD EVIL—

MASTER, I WILL TRAIN DAY AND NIGHT SO THAT I MAY MATCH SIN-KHAI'S CUNNING WITH MAGIC OF MY OWN!

MY SON, WE MUST BE EVER BEWARE— BE EVER ON THE ALERT!



AND YOU, TOO, MUST BE ON THE ALERT FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF SILVER STREAK COMICS— WHERE THUN-DOHR THE MYSTIC AGAIN GOES INTO ACTION AGAINST THE TERRIBLE SIN-KHAI— BATTLING A MENACE MORE GROTESQUE, MORE DREADFUL THAN ANYTHING YOU HAVE EVER READ BEFORE!





# DAREDEVIL



by  
**DON  
RICO**

THROUGH THE VEIL OF NIGHT IN WAR-TORN LONDON, STALKS A GANG OF THIEVES PREYING ON THE MISFORTUNES OF THE PEOPLE!

BUT BEFORE THEY CAN GO VERY FAR IN THEIR MARAUDINGS, A VISITOR FROM OVER-SEAS--DAREDEVIL... VALIANT FIGHTER FOR THE UNDER-DOG, SWINGS INTO ACTION--*in*  
**"ENTER THE PARSON!"**

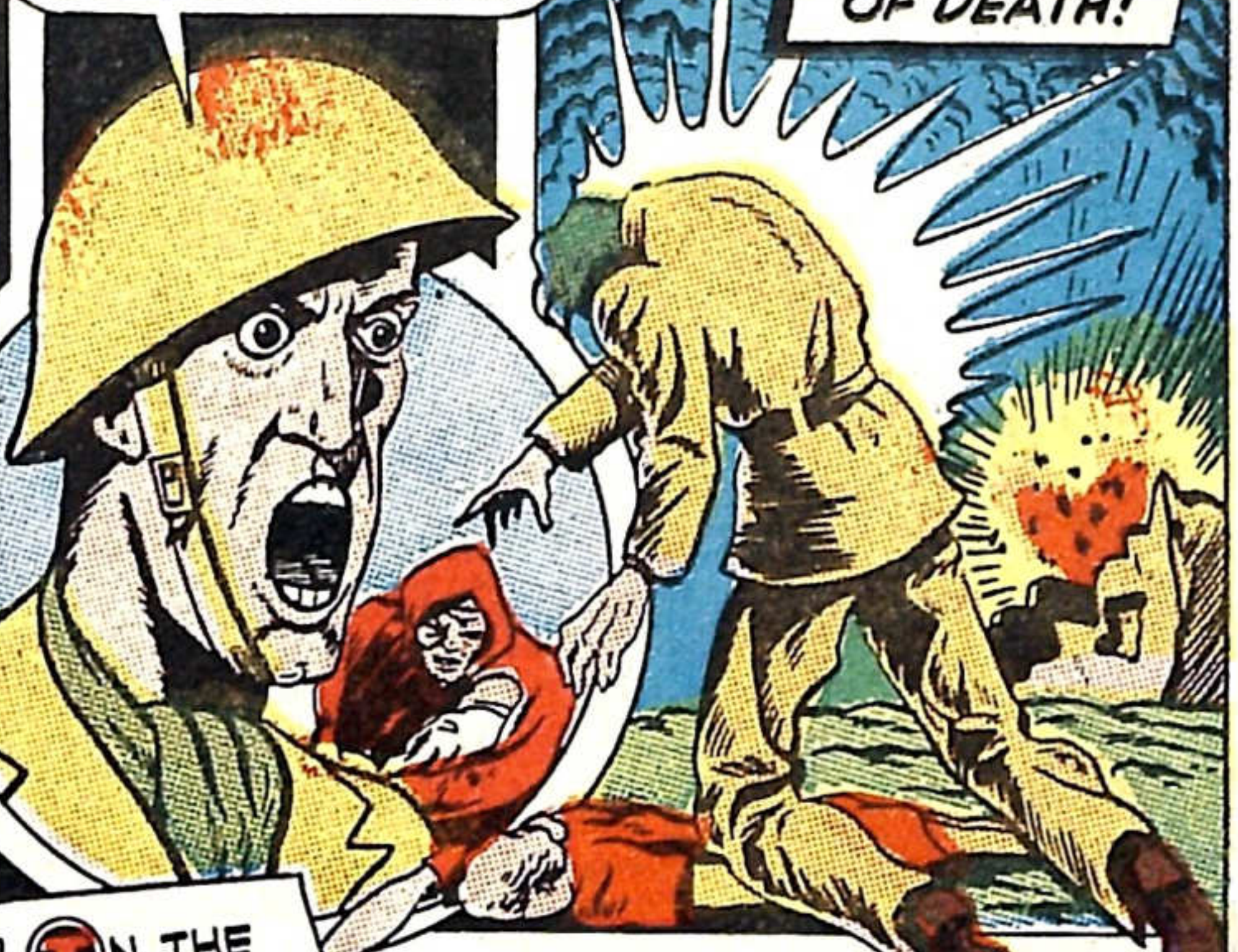


**A**S SIRENS SCREAM THEIR WARNINGS OF SHATTERING DEATH---ALL LONDON TAKES TO THE SHELTERS!

**AIR RAID!  
AIR RAID!!**

**THE BLITHERING  
KILLERS! BOMBING  
THE SLUMS AGAIN!**

**DOWN COMES  
THE RAIN  
OF DEATH!**

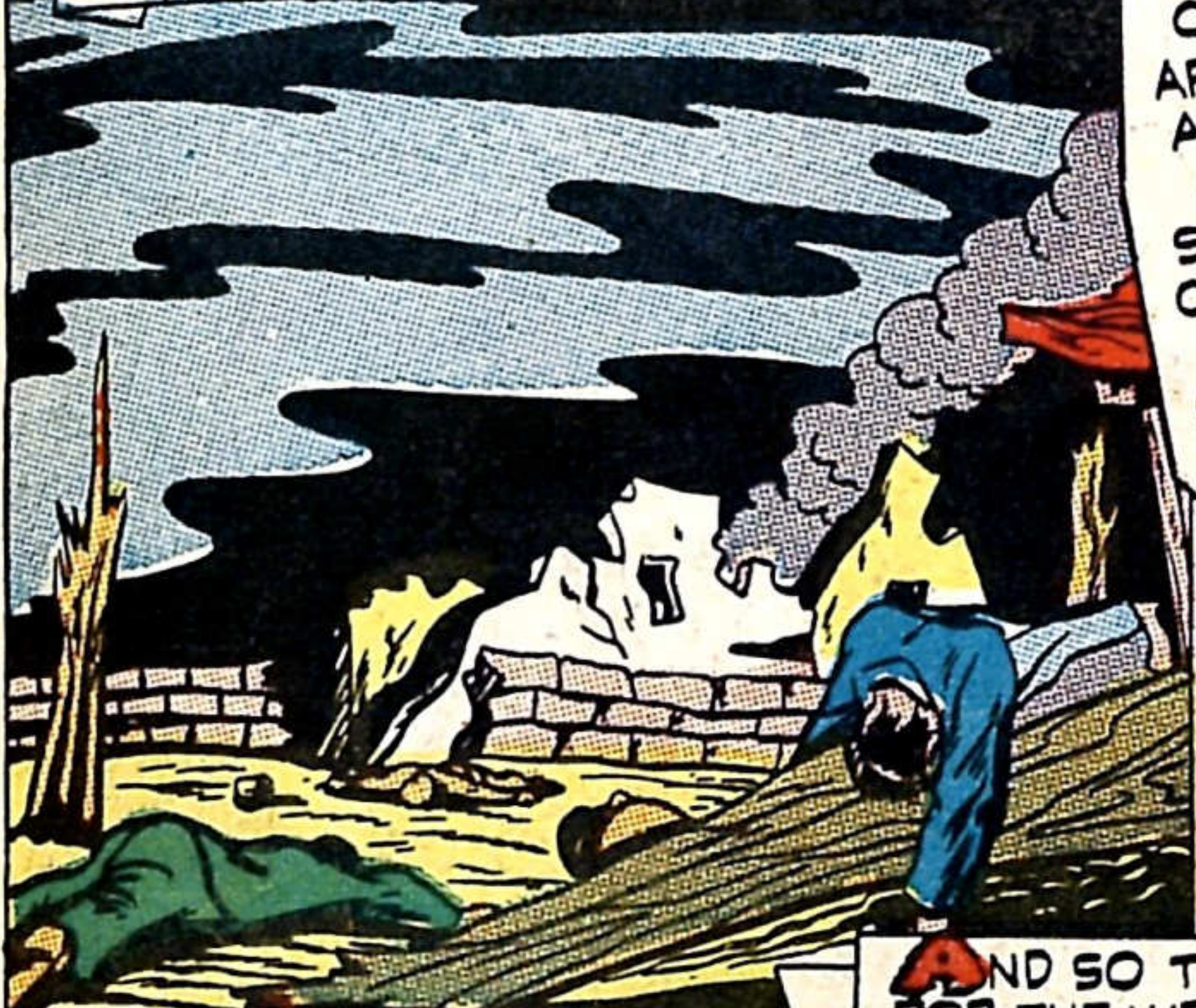


**AND AFTER THE  
STORM...THE CALM...**

**I**N THE HUSH OF THE AFTERMATH, A GROUP OF MEN STEAL OUT OF AN IRON-ENCASED SHELTER---

**BOY...WE OUGHT  
TO GET QUITE A  
HAUL OUT OF  
THIS!**

**HURRY  
UP...WE  
HAVEN'T  
MUCH  
TIME!**



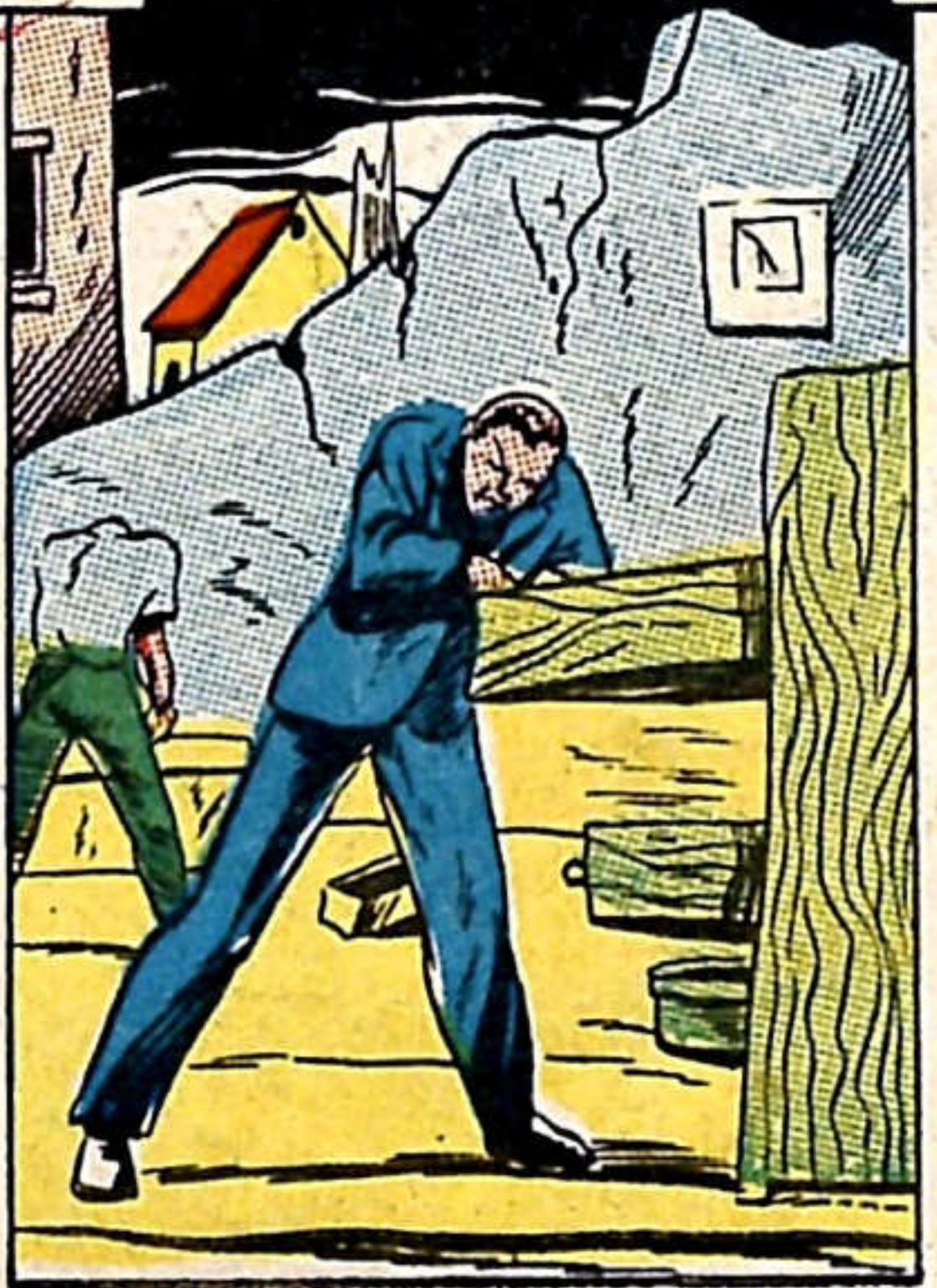
**OKAY, SCATTER...  
AN' GRAB WHAT-  
EVER YOU CAN!**

**AND SO THESE GHOULS  
ROB THE WRECKED HOMES  
OF THE IMPOVERISHED  
PEOPLE IN THE BOMBED  
AREAS!**

**AND DIVIDE THE SPOILS  
AMIDST SHOUTS OF JOY!**



**RIGHT-O!**



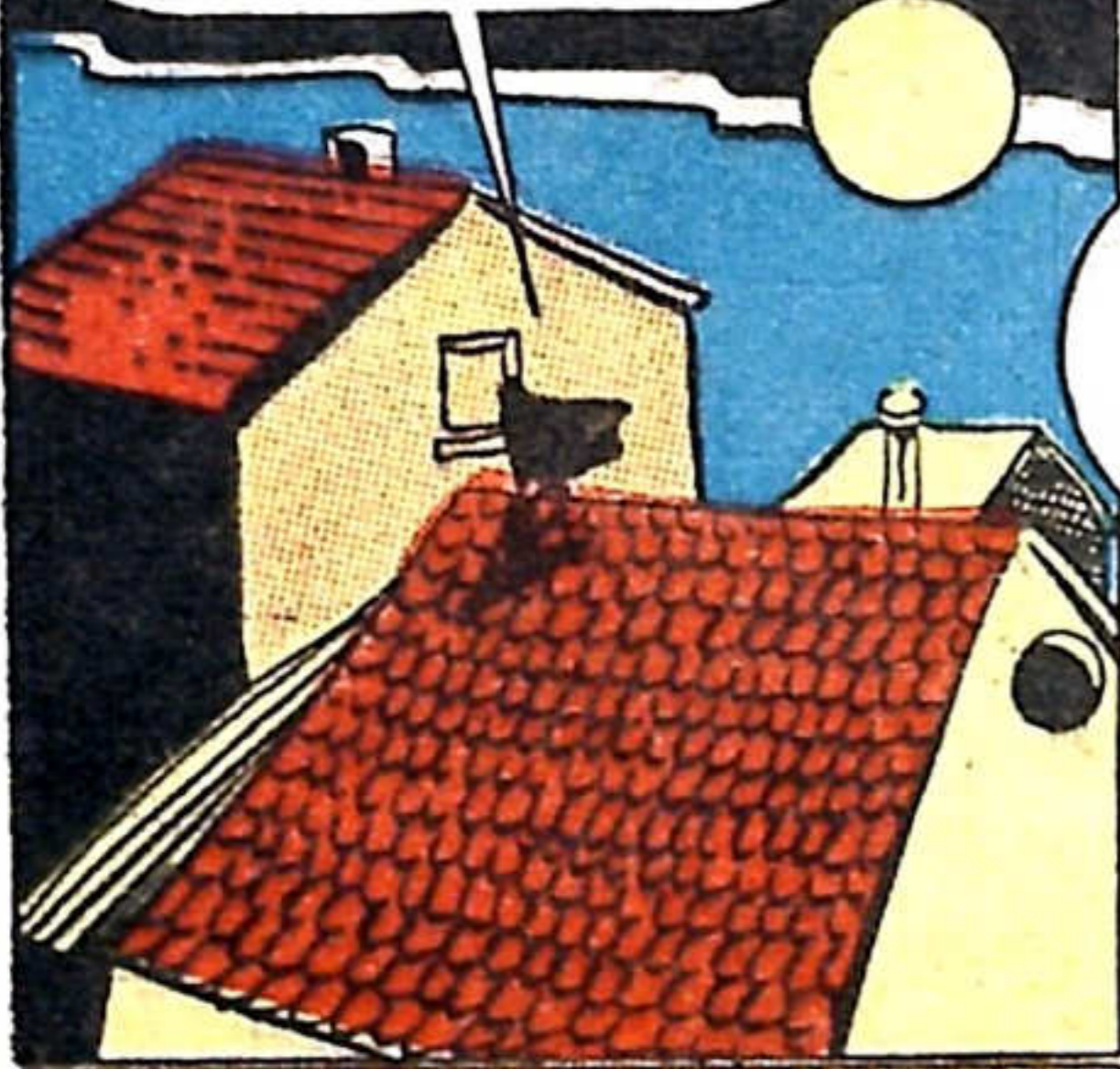
**SOME  
HAUL!**

**YEAH! NOW IF  
THE WAR'LL  
ONLY KEEP  
UP!**



BUT SPYING UPON THE SCENE OF GHOLLISH BLISS... IS A STRANGE, WARPED FIGURE!

HMM... IT'S TIME I DEALT MYSELF IN ON THIS LITTLE GAME!



BUT THE STRANGER'S EYES OPEN TO AN ENORMOUS SIZE, AND HE MUMBLES A QUEER JARGON!



EMOCEB SSELREWOP!

LOOK... HE MADE RAGS PASS OUT COLD!

WHAT'S HE WANT WITH US?



ENTER THE PARSON!

HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN!

HUH!

GREAT GUNS AND LITTLE FISHES!



OH-H! I'M WEAK!

RAGS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?



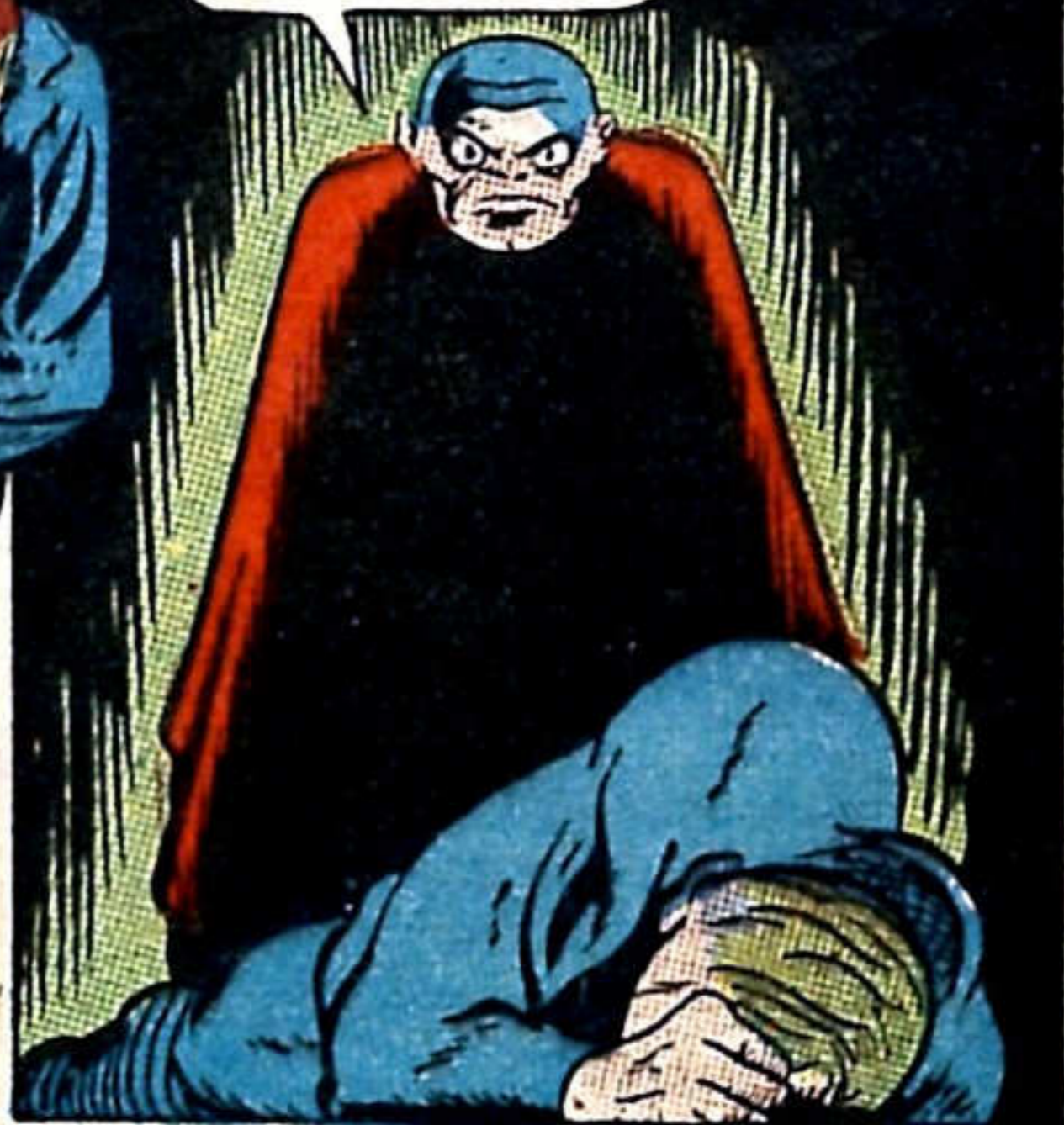
MUST BE A COPPER! I'LL SETTLE HIS HASH!

YEAH! PLUG 'IM, RAGS!



AND THE GUNMAN COLLAPSES!

DOES ANYONE ELSE DARE TO DEFY ME?

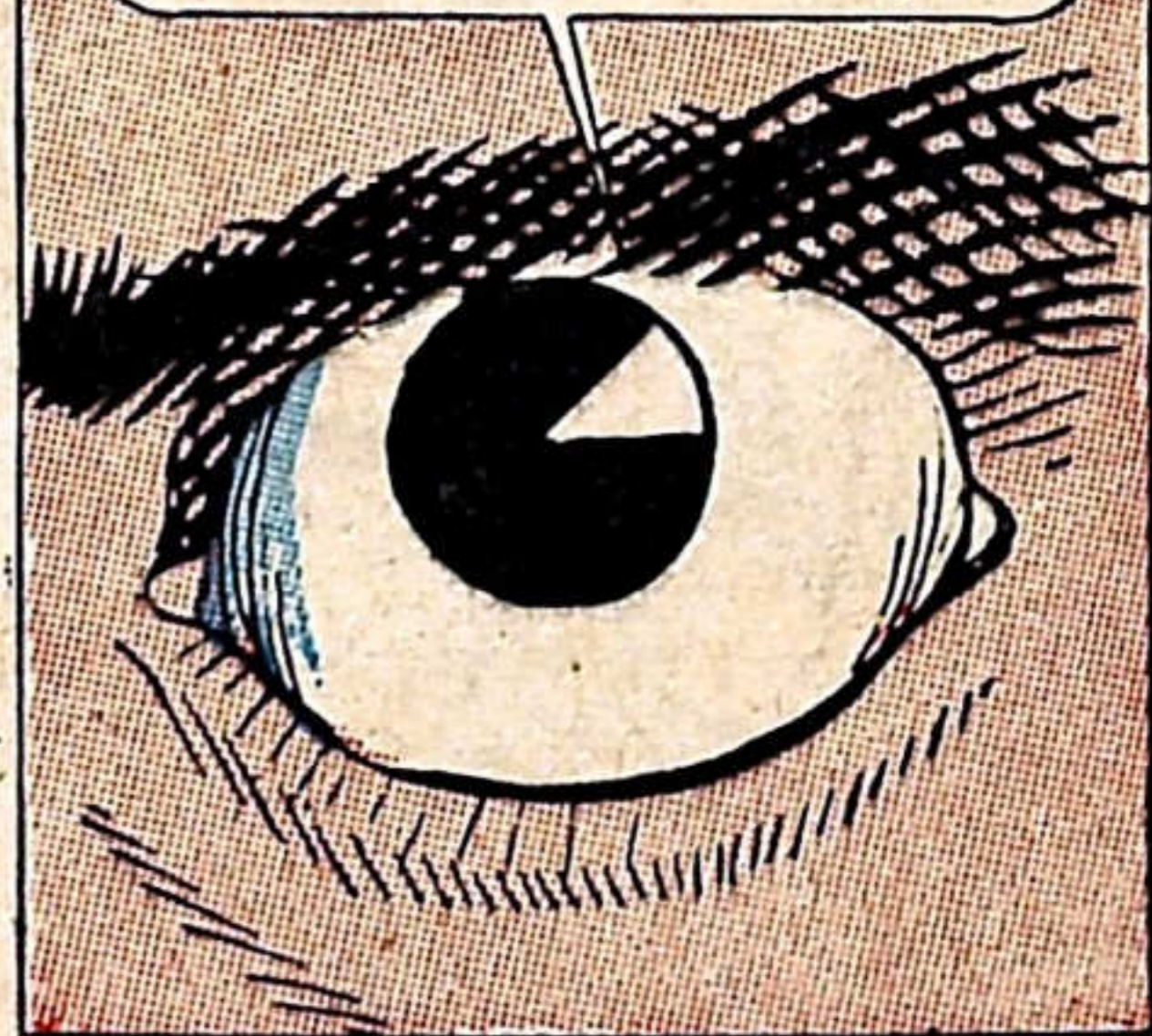


NOTHING MUCH! MERELY HALF OF ALL THE LOOT YOU GET... BECAUSE I'M YOUR NEW LEADER!

Y-YES, S-SIR!



UNDER ME... YOU SHALL RISE TO NEW AND GREATER HAULS! BECAUSE I HAVE THE POWER TO MAKE YOU DO THINGS IMPOSSIBLE TO ORDINARY MORTALS! HEH-HEH-HEH!! APPETIZING... ISN'T IT?





Ⓐ REIGN OF TERROR FOLLOWED AS THE PARSON'S SCAVENGERS-- UNDER HIS HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE, PILLAGED THE BOMBED CITY!

AT NIGHT...  
THEY ROAM THE RUINED STREETS, AND PICK AT THE BONES OF DESTRUCTION!

and TO THE HORROR OF THE NIGHT-BOMBING, IS ADDED THE FEAR OF THESE GHOULISH MARAUDERS!

KILL!  
KILL!



AND IN BERLIN...

HELLO--PARSON?  
YAH...IT IS FINE WORK YOU DO IN LONDON! KEEP IT UP AND I SHALL REWARD YOU BY NOT KILLING YOU!





**I**N THE OFFICE OF AN AIRPLANE COMPANY  
IN NEW YORK CITY---

**BART HILL!** WHAT'S  
A PLAYBOY LIKE YOU  
DOING UP SO EARLY  
IN THE MORN?

HELLO, FRANK!  
I CAME TO ASK  
YOU FOR A  
**JOB!**

**DOING WHAT?**  
TAKING MY  
SECRETARY  
OUT TO  
LUNCH?

**NOPE!** I'M A LITTLE  
TIRED OF NIGHT LIFE!  
I'D LIKE TO PILOT ONE  
OF YOUR PLANES  
TO ENGLAND!

**ALL RIGHT WITH  
ME!** BUT I WARN  
YOU---IT'S NO  
**CHILD'S PLAY!**

A FEW  
DAYS LATER,  
A SHIPMENT  
OF PLANES IS  
READY FOR  
ENGLAND!

**CAN YOU BEAT IT?**  
**BART HILL, PLAYBOY--**  
FINALLY DOING SOMETHING  
WORTH WHILE!

**B**UT FRANK RICE  
DOESN'T KNOW  
THAT THE "PLAY-  
BOY" IS REALLY  
THE RELENTLESS  
SCOURGE OF ALL  
EVIL-DOERS...  
**DAREDEVIL--**  
KING OF CRIME  
BUSTERS!

THIS IS A GOOD  
CHANCE TO GET A  
BACK-STAGE VIEW  
OF THE BIGGEST SHOW  
EVER PRODUCED!

**AND IN ENGLAND...**

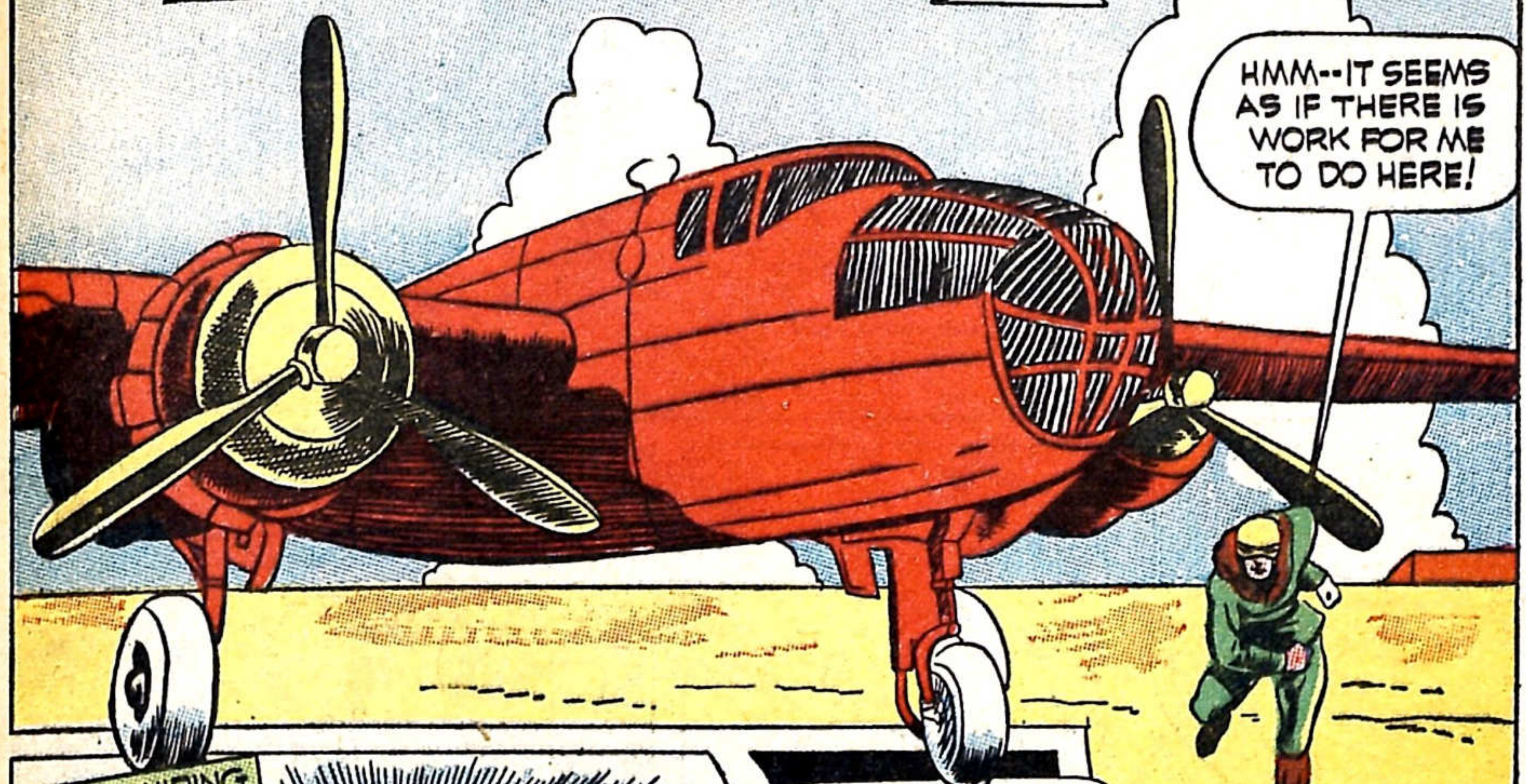
THE NEW SHIPMENT  
OF BOMBERS IS  
ON ITS WAY, SIR!

**GOOD...  
GOOD!**

IT SEEMS WE HAVE A FRESH  
PROBLEM ON OUR HANDS  
WITH THOSE LOOTERS!  
AND WE CAN'T USE  
BOMBERS ON THEM!



AS ONE OF THE GIANT BOMBERS LAND, A PILOT DASHES MADLY OUT---



HMM--IT SEEMS AS IF THERE IS WORK FOR ME TO DO HERE!

--AND HIDING BEHIND A BUILDING-- TEARS OFF HIS CLOTHES TO REVEAL--

**DAREDEVIL!**

I SAW SOMETHING FROM THE PLANE TO MAKE MY BLOOD RUN COLD--**LOOTERS!** AND IT'S UP TO ME TO BREAK THEM UP!

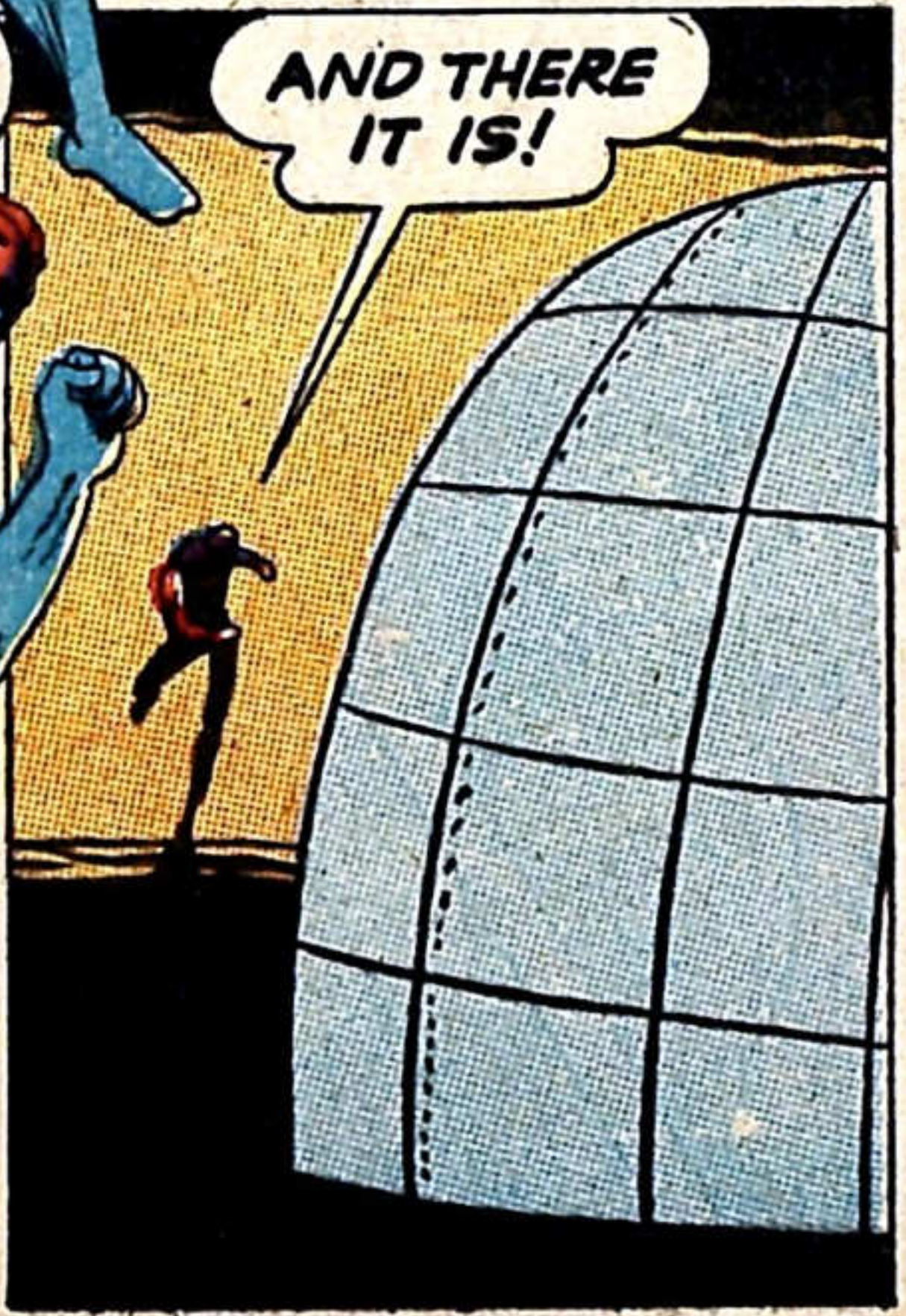


THEY'RE HIDING OUT IN A PILL-BOX!

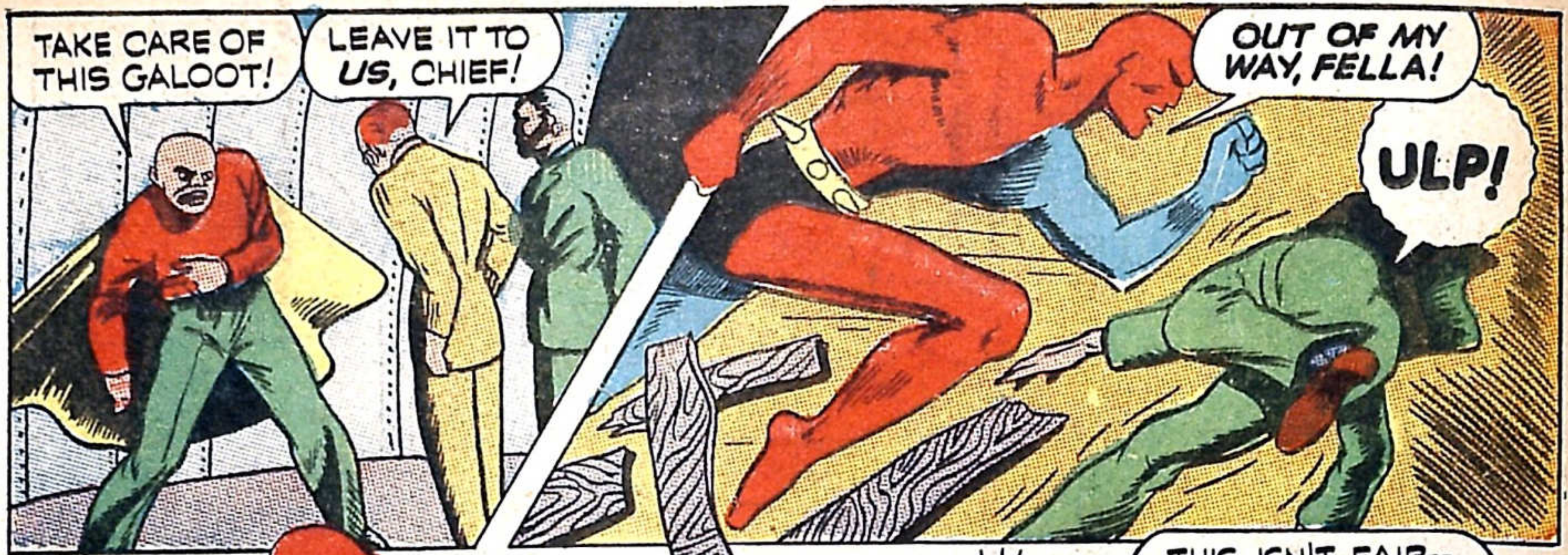
AND THERE IT IS!

BUT DAREDEVIL IS WATCHED BY A PAIR OF KEEN EYES!

WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE IS THIS?







TAKE CARE OF THIS GALOOT!

LEAVE IT TO US, CHIEF!

OUT OF MY WAY, FELLA!

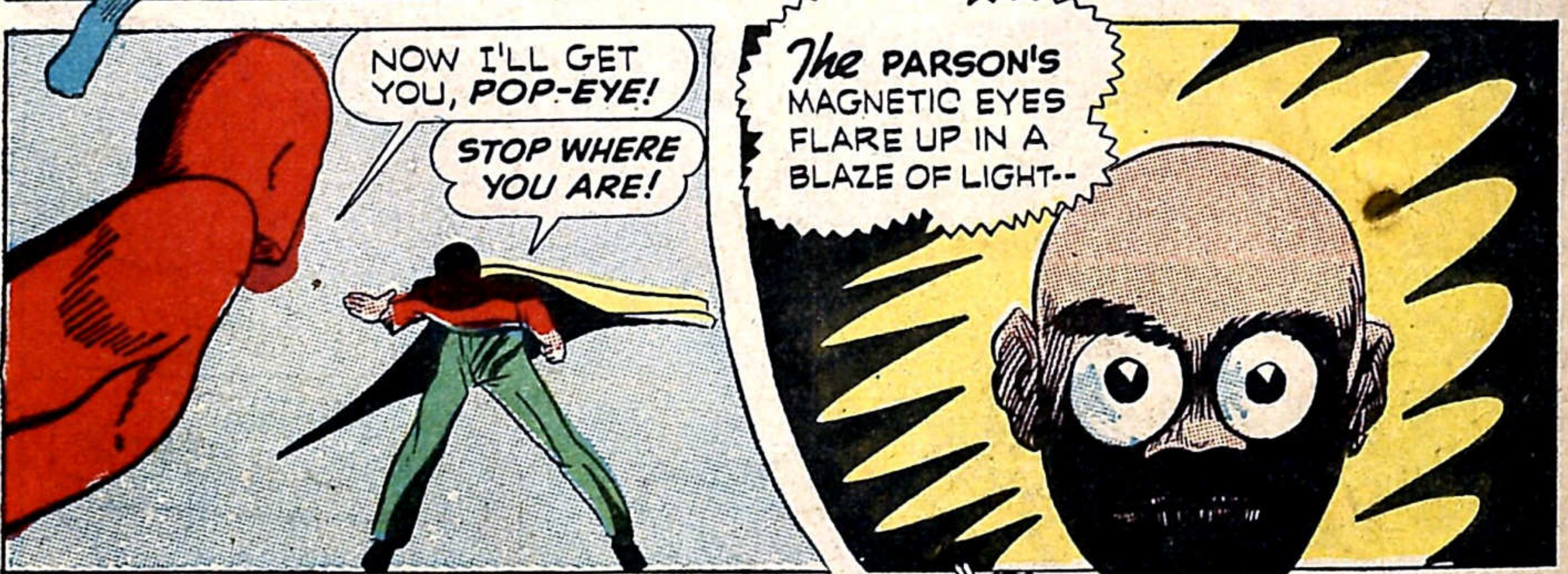
ULP!



WAAH!

BOP!

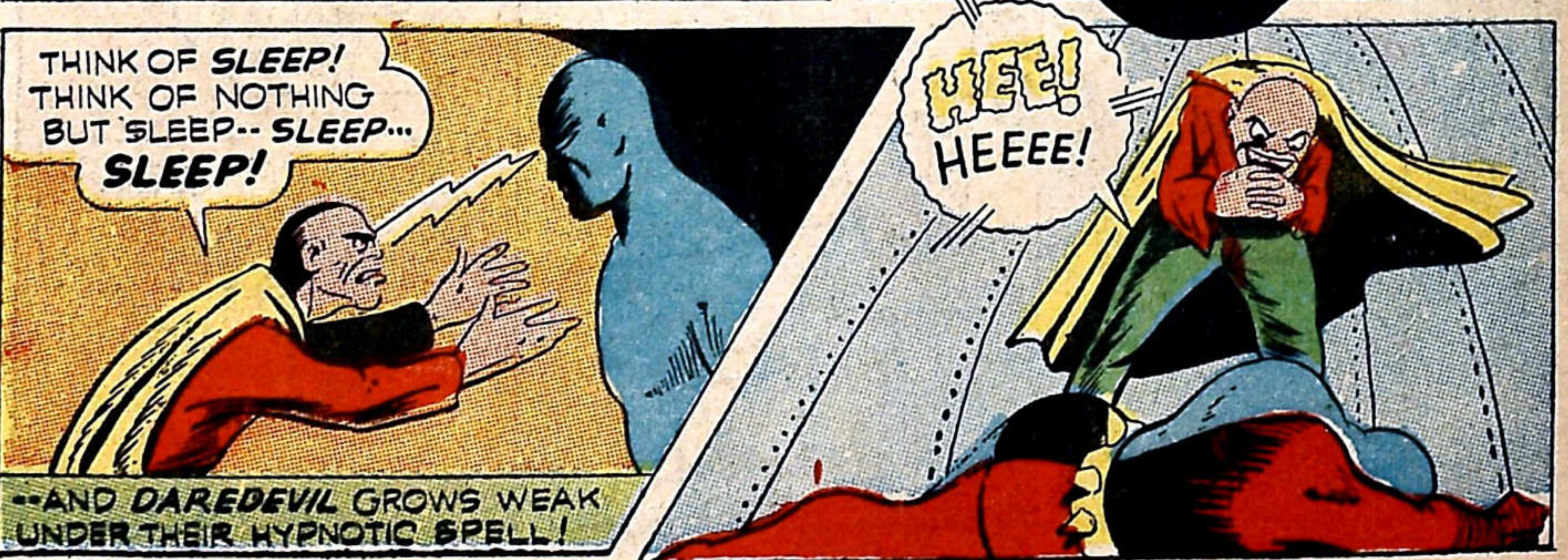
THIS ISN'T FAIR-- THERE ARE ONLY THREE OF YOU!



NOW I'LL GET YOU, POP-EYE!

STOP WHERE YOU ARE!

The PARSON'S MAGNETIC EYES FLARE UP IN A BLAZE OF LIGHT--

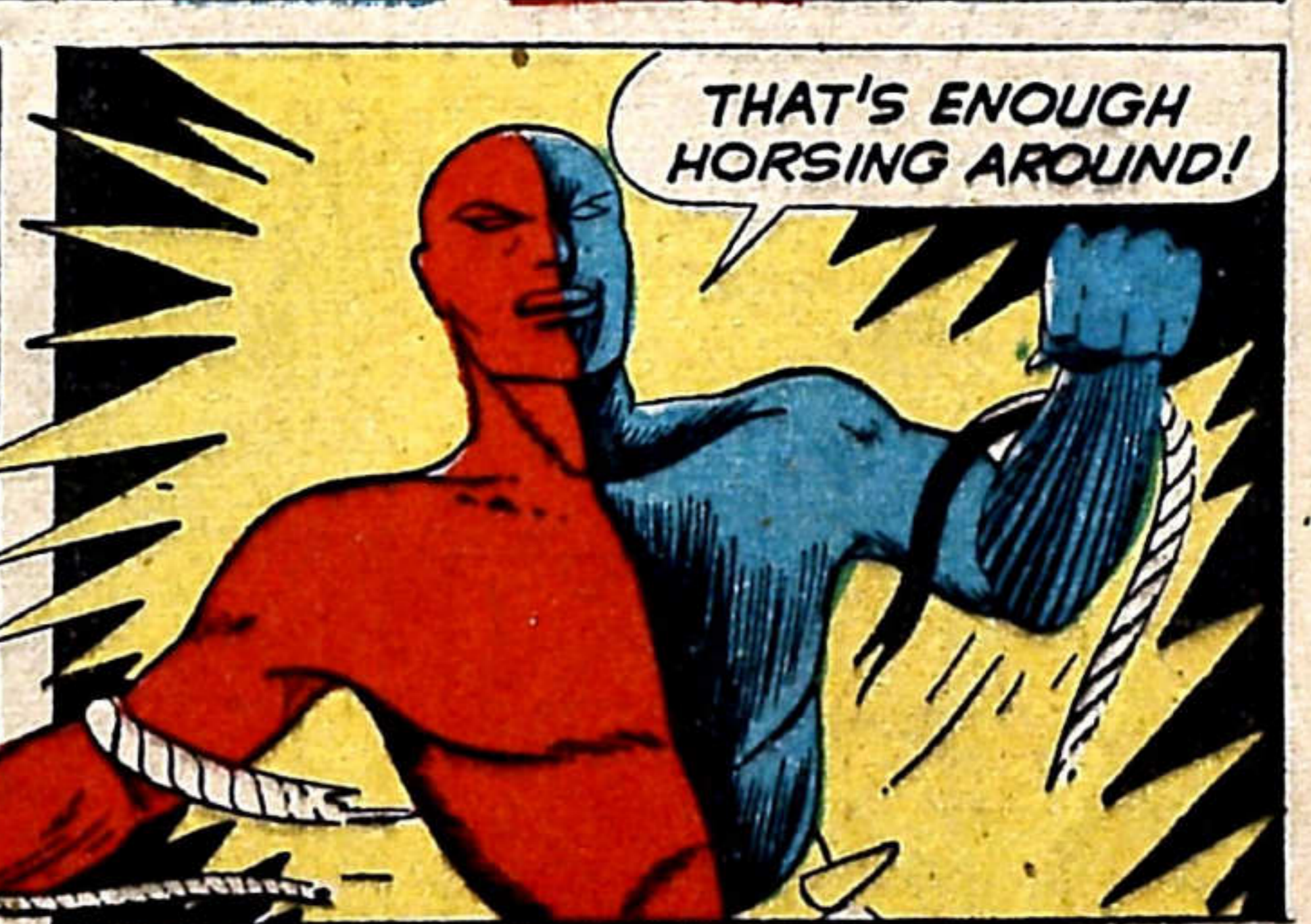
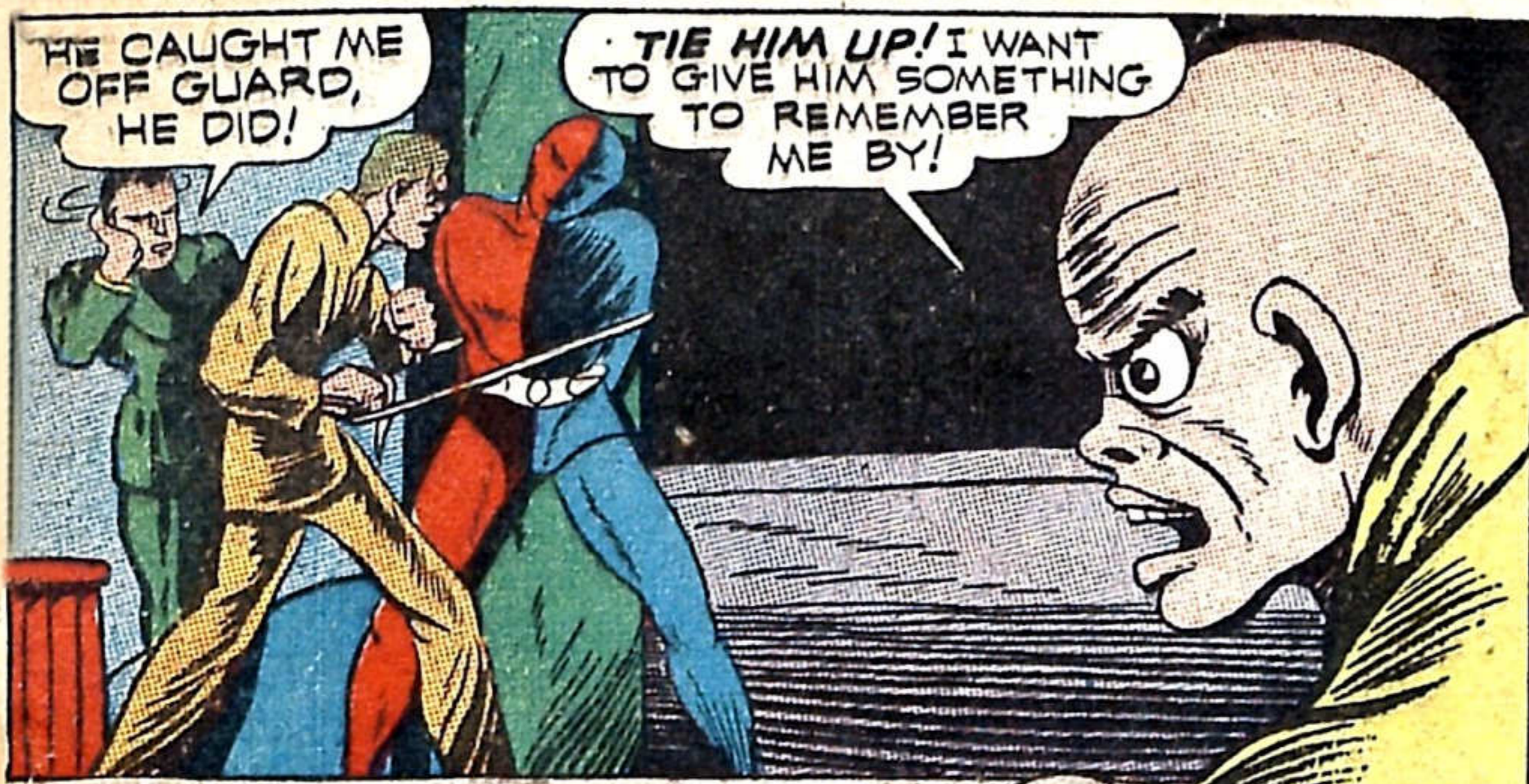


THINK OF SLEEP! THINK OF NOTHING BUT SLEEP-- SLEEP... SLEEP!

HEE! HEEEE!

--AND DAREDEVIL GROWS WEAK UNDER THEIR HYPNOTIC SPELL!





**B**UT THE COMMOTION HAS STIRRED DAREDEVIL OUT OF HIS STUPOR--



HEY...YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HYPNOTIZED!

SUPPOSE AGAIN, BUD!

SLEEP!  
SLEEP!!  
SLEEP!!!

NOPE!  
THIS TIME  
IT'S YOUR  
TURN!

THE PARSON CRASHES HEAD-  
LONG INTO THE WALL!

--YOU CAN'T  
BE TOO  
CAREFUL!

THESE  
POOR BOOBS  
ARE TOO FAR  
GONE TO DO ANY  
DAMAGE! AND YET---

WAM!

Next DAY-- AT THE  
OFFICES OF THE  
BRITISH INTELLIGENCE---

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE  
IN GENERAL, AND DARE-  
DEVIL IN PARTICULAR--  
I WANT TO SAY THANK  
YOU, AGAIN AND AGAIN,  
FOR ALL YOU HAVE  
DONE FOR US!

Introducing...



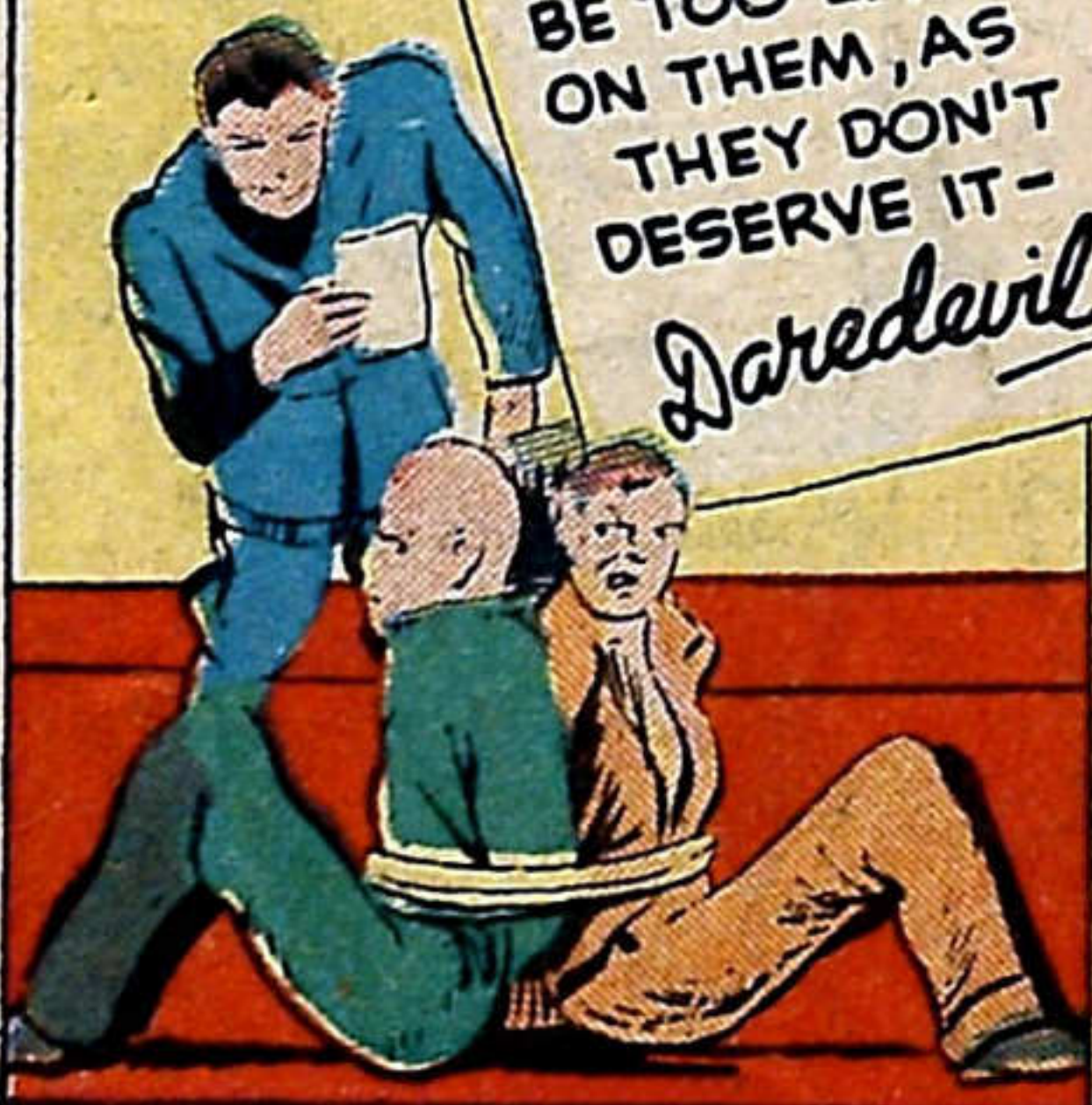
The  
COBRA

Most  
SINISTER  
WOMAN  
VILLAIN ON  
EARTH!

BEAUTIFUL!  
SCHEMING!  
RUTHLESS!

SHE MATCHES HER CUNNING  
AGAINST DAREDEVIL  
IN NEXT MONTH'S  
SILVER STREAK Comics

HERE ARE YOUR  
LOOTERS! DON'T  
BE TOO EASY  
ON THEM, AS  
THEY DON'T  
DESERVE IT--  
*Daredevil*



885



**HURRY! BOYS! GIRLS! HURRY!**  
**DON'T MISS THESE 2**  
**KNOCKOUT COMIC MAGS.**



THRILLS  
 ACTION  
 ADVENTURE



THESE ARE  
 MY FAVORITES

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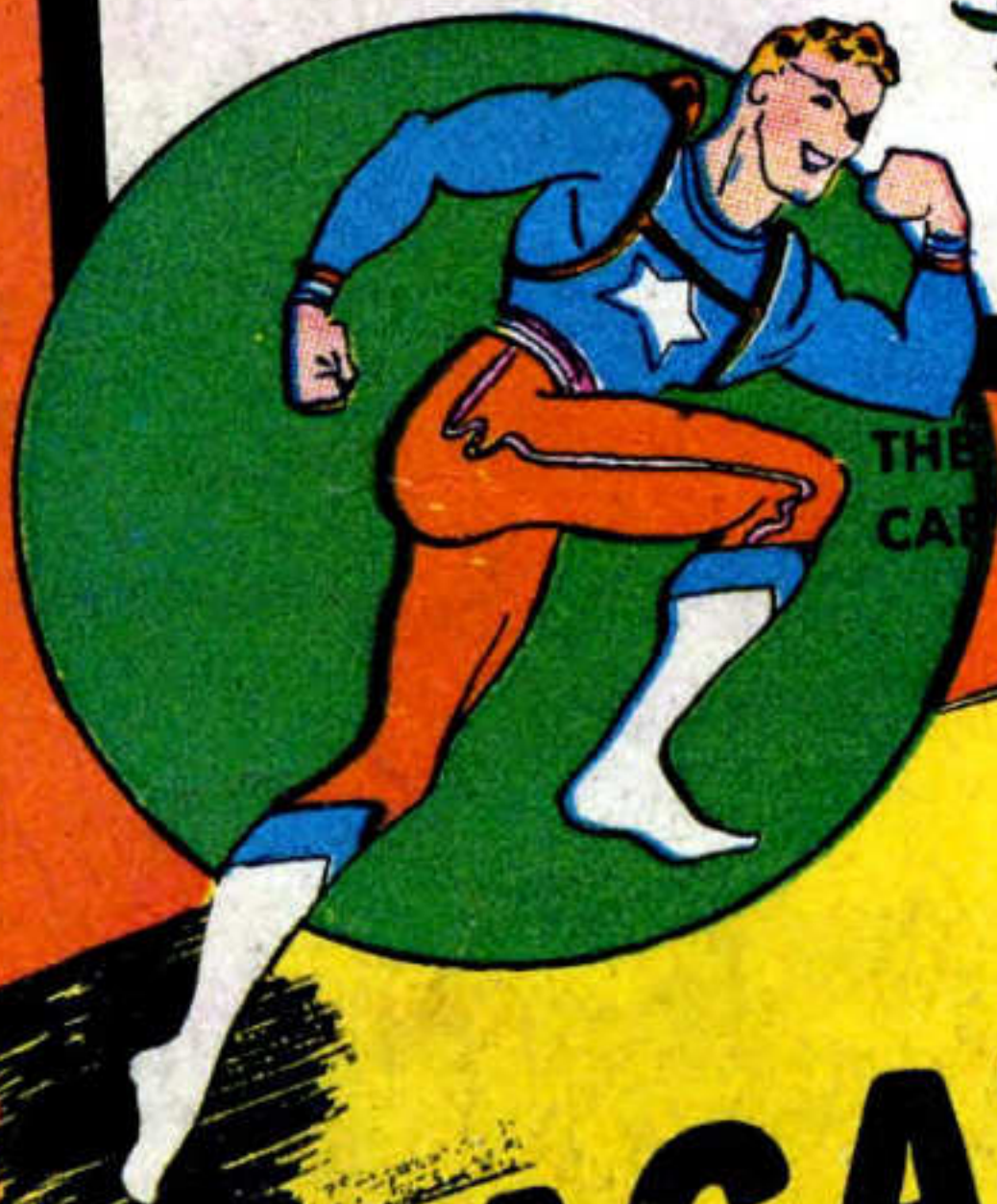
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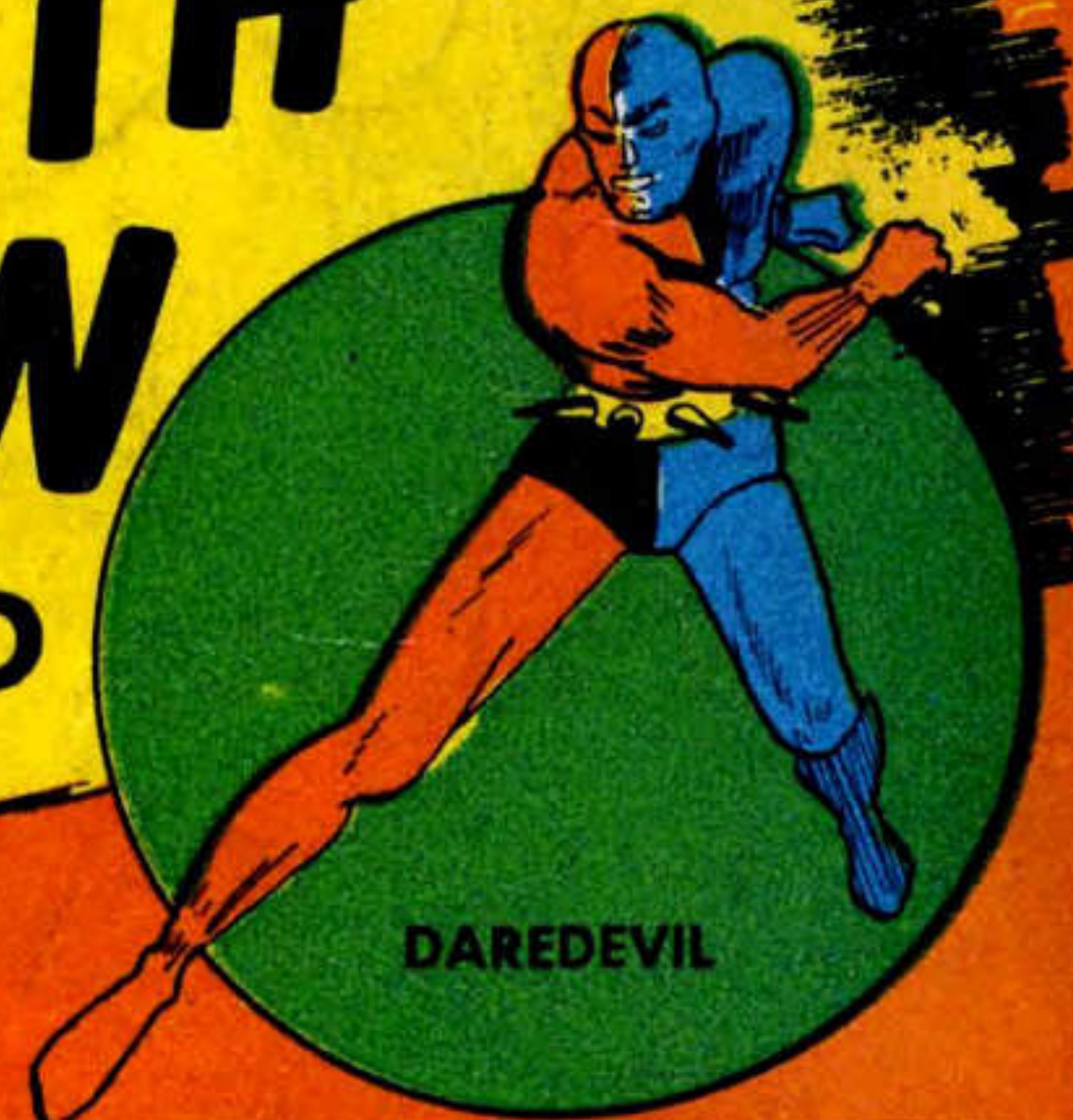


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**AND MANY OTHER FEATURES**



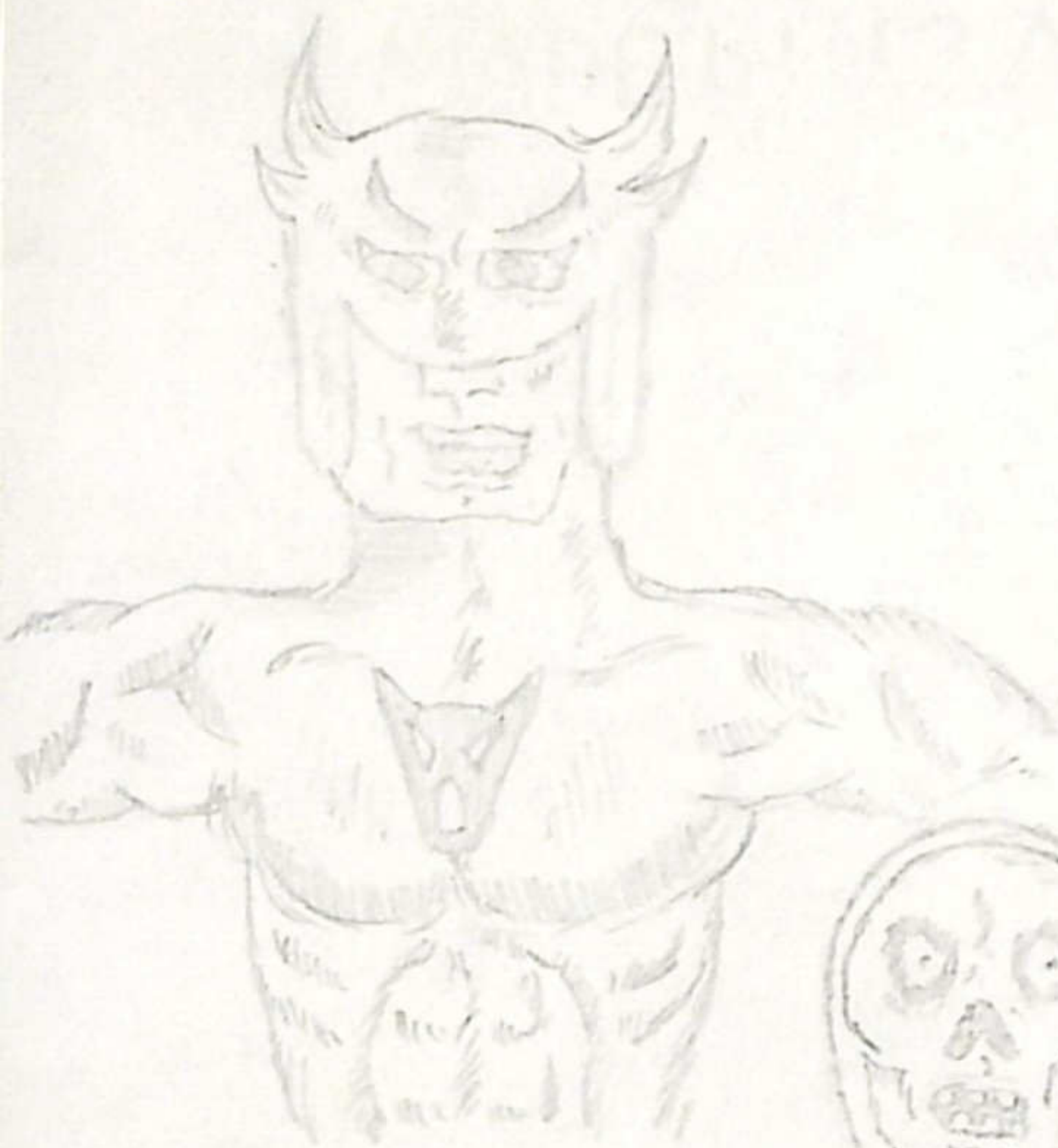
THE GREAT  
 CAPTAIN BATTLE



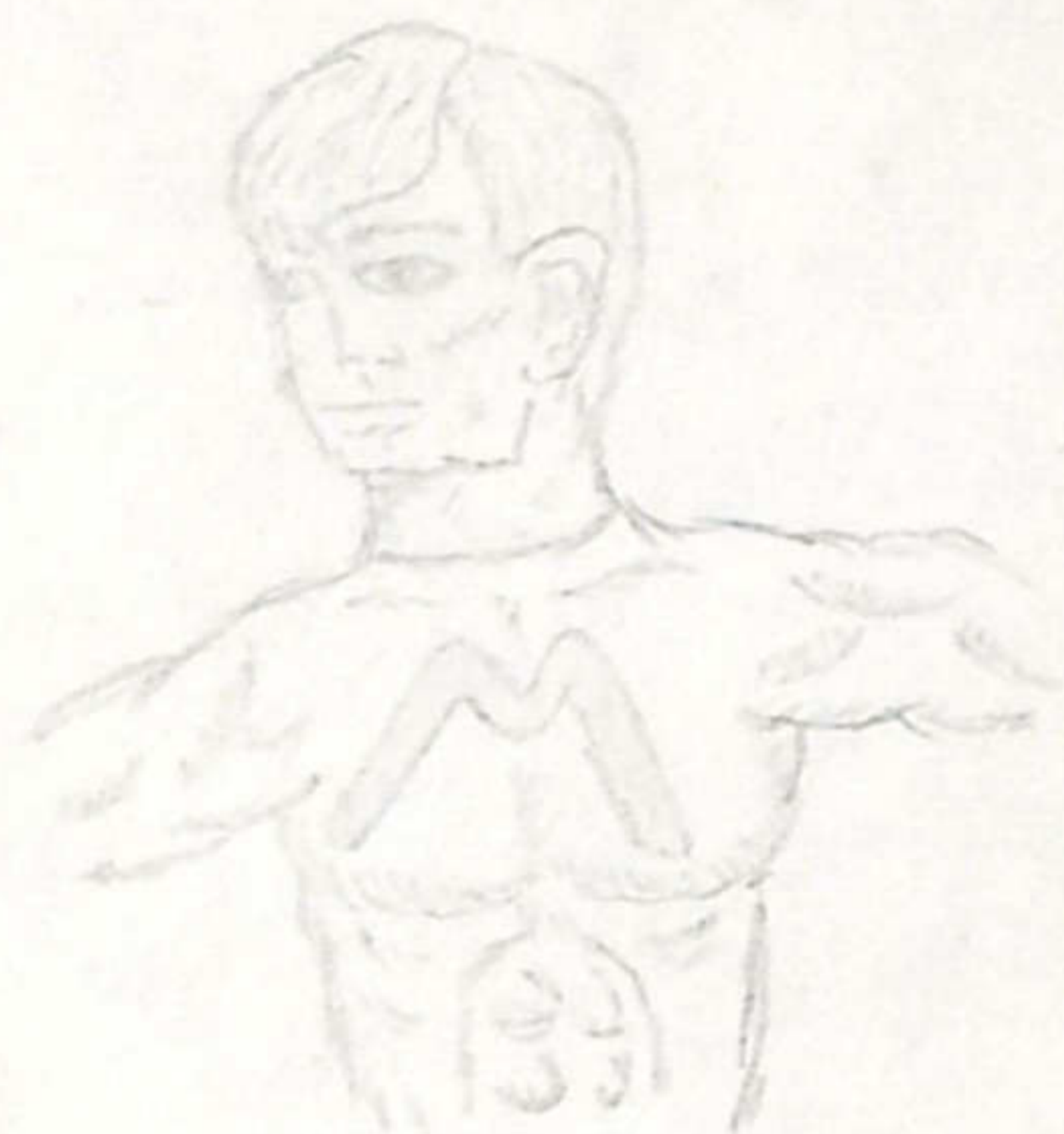
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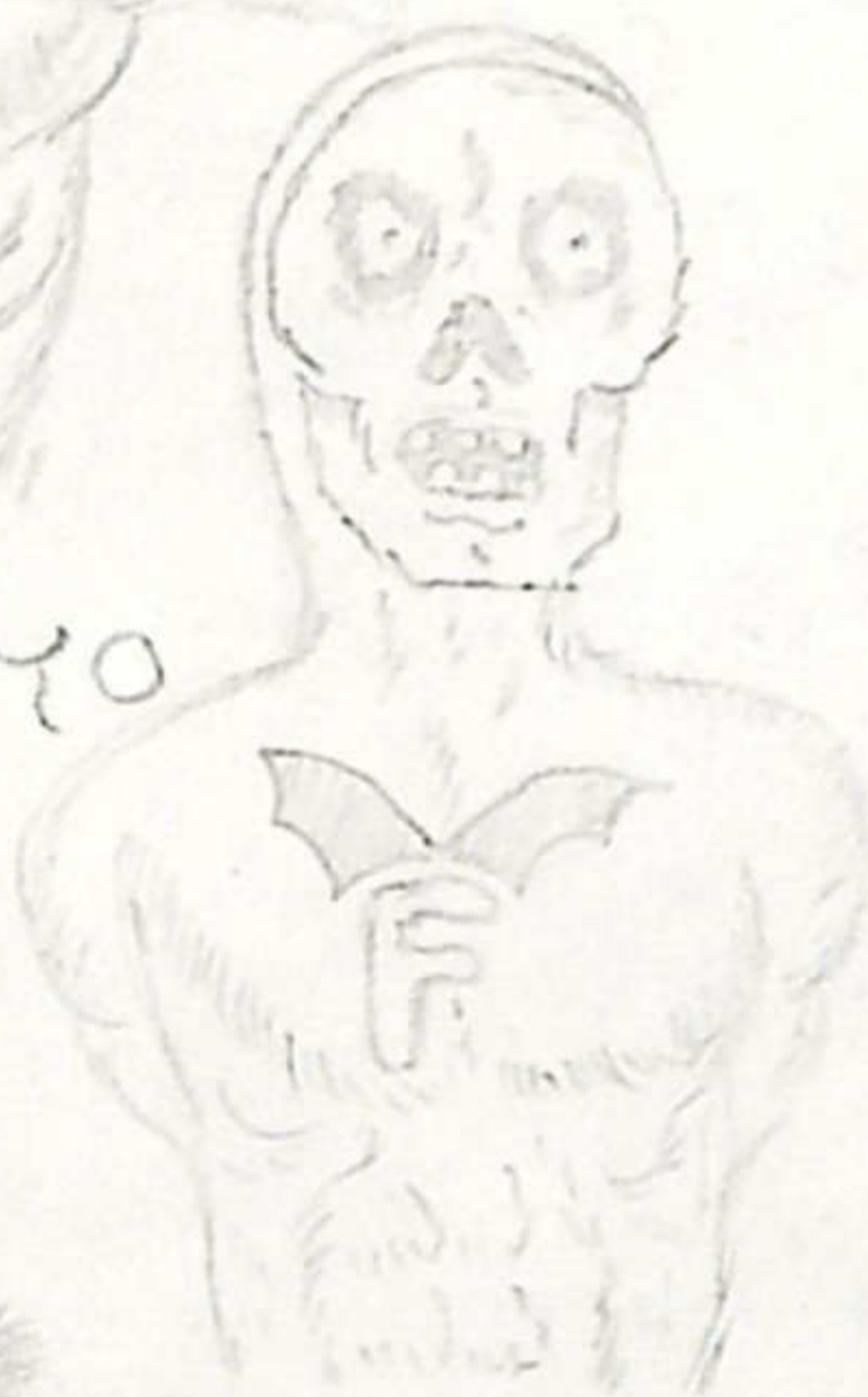




DESTRUCTO



MRTEOR



FIEND



BUTCH